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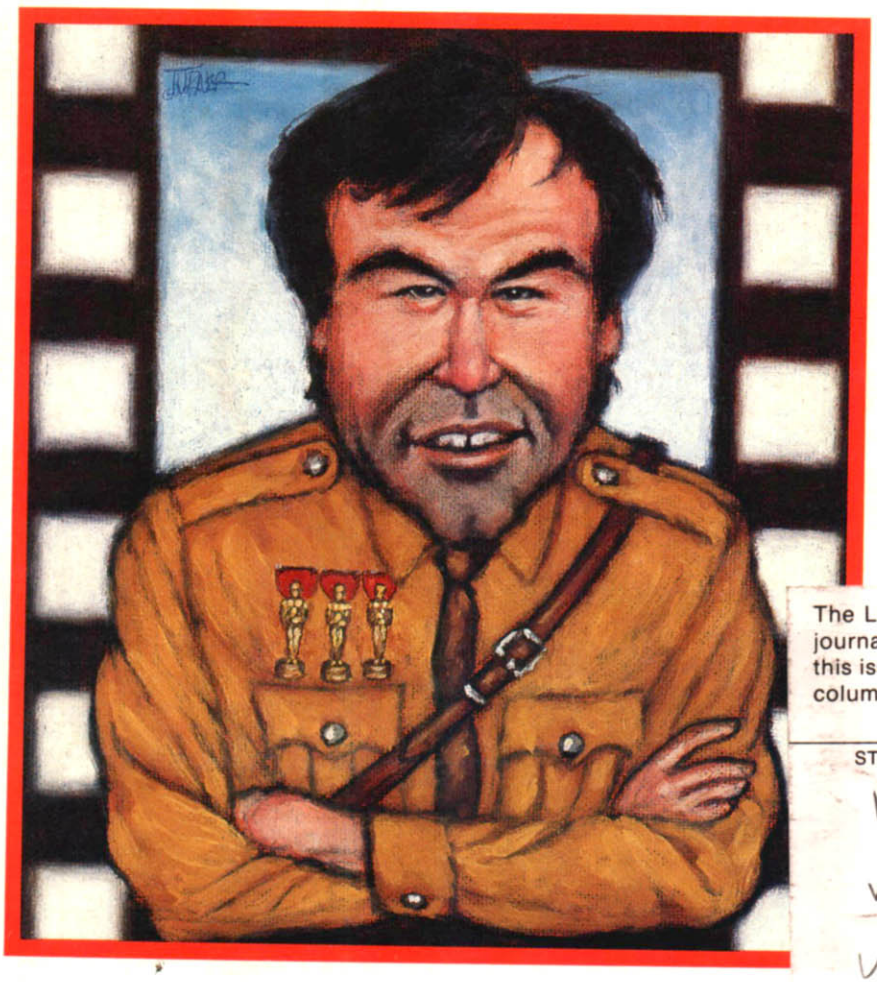

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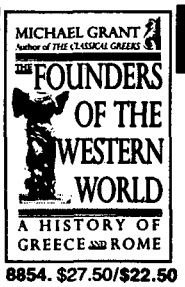

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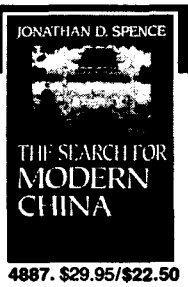

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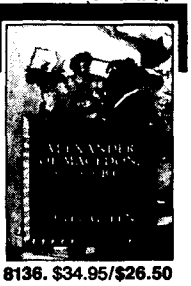
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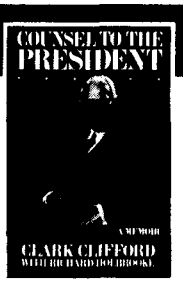

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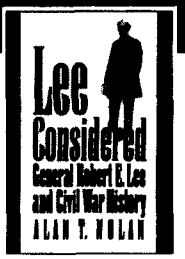

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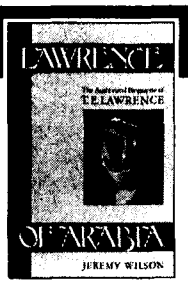

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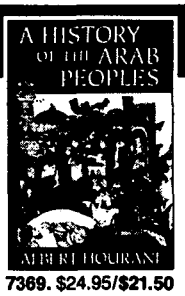

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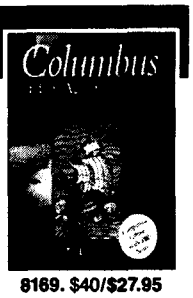

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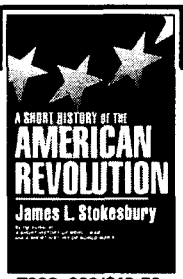

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There has been much emphasis for years, intensified in recent months, on the "land for peace" formula to solve the long-simmering problems of the Middle East. Translating this slogan into plain English means that Israel should surrender Judea-Samaria (the "West Bank") and Gaza to the Arabs. They would establish a Palestinian state. Once that happened, it is thought that peace and tranquility would soon come to the troubled Middle East.

What are the facts?

■ The concept of "land for peace" is a totally new one in the history of the world. It was formulated for one specific purpose only, namely to persuade and pressure Israel to give up territories that it has administered since the Six-Day War of 1967. By its victory in that war, Israel wound up in possession of these territories. Contrary to what many are led to believe, the "West Bank," the focus of today's attention, had never been part of any Arab country. It was part of Palestine, a territorial unit that, by the Mandate of the League of Nations and in line with the Balfour Declaration, had been designated as a national home for the Jewish people.

■ Thus, while the concept of "land for peace" is a brand-new one, the concept that to the victor belong the spoils is as old as history itself and had really never been questioned before the days of the Israel-Arab conflict. Our own country, of course, following its Manifest Destiny, has benefited greatly and has consolidated its territory by applying this motto. But Israel followed a different path. From the day of victory in 1967, it waited for an offer of peace from the Arabs. But that offer never came. Instead, immediately following the war, the Arabs pronounced their three unalterable "no's:" no recognition, no negotiation, and no peace with Israel.

■ In 1977, President Sadat of Egypt traveled to Jerusalem and presented a peace plan to the Israeli government. The Israelis eagerly embraced his suggestion. In exchange for peace and normalization of relations with its neighbor, Israel returned to Egypt the vast Sinai peninsula, together with the city of Yamit; some of the most advanced military installations in the world; the port and naval installations of Sharm-el-Sheik, which safeguard Israel's access to its port of Eilat; and the oil fields that Israel had developed and which had made Israel self-sufficient in its energy requirements. And, of course, Israel also gave up the natural buffer against aggression that the Suez Canal and the strategic depth of the Sinai itself provided. It was a first in history. Never before in the chronicle of mankind had the victor returned conquered territory to the vanquished in order to attain peace.

■ One would expect that the concept of "land for peace" would work both ways. After all, should not the Arabs also make some territorial sacrifices for peace? Unfortunately, that is not the case. Every inch of land held by the Arabs is considered "holy Arab soil" and its possession by the "infidels" (Christians or Jews) is inadmissible, intolerable, a blasphemy and a case for "jihad" (holy war). No compromise, no concession is ever possible. The way the "Taba issue" was finally resolved further illustrates the Arab belief that the "land for peace" principle is basically a one-way street.

■ The "land for peace" formulation is now applied mostly to the Judea and Samaria (the "West Bank") and Gaza regions. Israel's foes, but also some of its friends, urge Israel to yield these regions to the Arabs, in exchange for "peace." But there is no peace, and no peace will come about by Israel's giving up this area of vital strategic importance to those who are its sworn enemies and who have declared over and over again that they wish to use this land as their launching pad for the final attempt at the destruction of Israel. The conflict in the area is not only between Israel and the "Palestinians." It is first of all between Israel and the Arab nations. With the single exception of Egypt, virtually all of them are still in a state of war with Israel.

To none of the Arab countries has the possibility ever occurred of *their* trading land for peace, for instance yielding the "West Bank" to Israel for the sake of peace. Not one of these countries has even hinted that they would make peace with Israel if Israel yielded the administered territories to the Arabs. There isn't even a gesture of accommodation, such as a lifting of the over 40-year-old Arab economic boycott against Israel, an apology for the odious slander that Zionism is Racism, or a discontinuation of the yearly charade in the United Nations, in which the Arab states attempt to expel Israel from that body. For the victor to yield land for peace to the vanquished is a new idea—who knows, it might even be a good one. But it surely would have to work both ways in order to be valid and effective.

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THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR

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ABOUT THIS MONTH

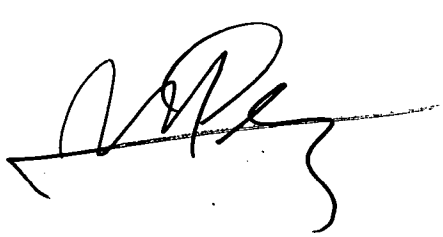
by

Wladyslaw Pleszczynski

ALTHOUGH MOST OF US could not have witnessed it, the defining moment in the South Dakota primary campaign came when eventual winner Sen. Bob Kerry accused Gov. Bill Clinton of not caring for the family farmer. The evidence? "His top economic adviser said we should end farm subsidies." Whereupon Clinton responded with a 30-second spot decrying this "negative attack" and stating unequivocally that he is "fighting to save the family farm and subsidies." Perhaps worried about the danger Clinton's subsidies might pose to their daughters, the state's family farmers put their trust in Kerry. They had evidently missed a defining moment in the New Hampshire primary a week earlier that saw Clinton giving a long, genuine hug to a frail, elderly woman distraught over the high cost of her medications. Clinton embraced her knowing full well that all eyes would see him as he sees himself: as the perfect embodiment of the ancient Democratic message that the milk of human kindness will sour without federal price supports.

Republicans, we've been told, don't go for such sentimental slop. Or do they? In the wake of what David Frum saw in New Hampshire ("Spending Time With Pat," page 65), there are two questions for them to ponder this year: Are their candidates any different from the Democratic hucksters? And are Republican voters any less addicted to federal largesse than the average Democratic junkie? It's understandable that a mush incumbent like George Bush will pander for votes. But why should a bully such as Pat Buchanan? Four years after Ronald Reagan, is there anyone left out there willing to testify to his faith in unfettered markets?

LAST MONTH'S cover story, "The Real Anita Hill," by David Brock, immediately turned out to be the most popular piece we've ever published. Countless press columns, talk shows, and radio interviews have seized on it, and we've gone back to press twice with the story that sells out the moment it hits the newsstands. More on this in due course, but before signing off I must pass along Anthony Lewis's first reaction to the piece, just in from the February 27 *New York Times*: "The lunatic right around the country is spreading the tale that there was a conspiracy among Professor Hill and other individuals and interest groups to sabotage the Thomas nomination." The man is starting to sound as out-to-lunch as George Bush.



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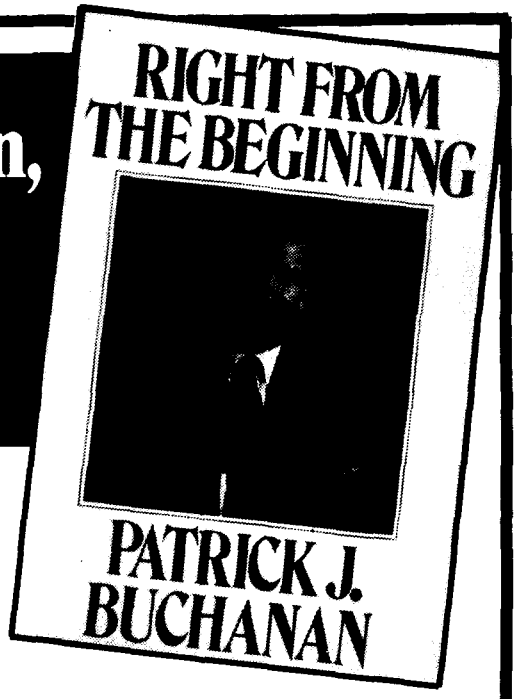

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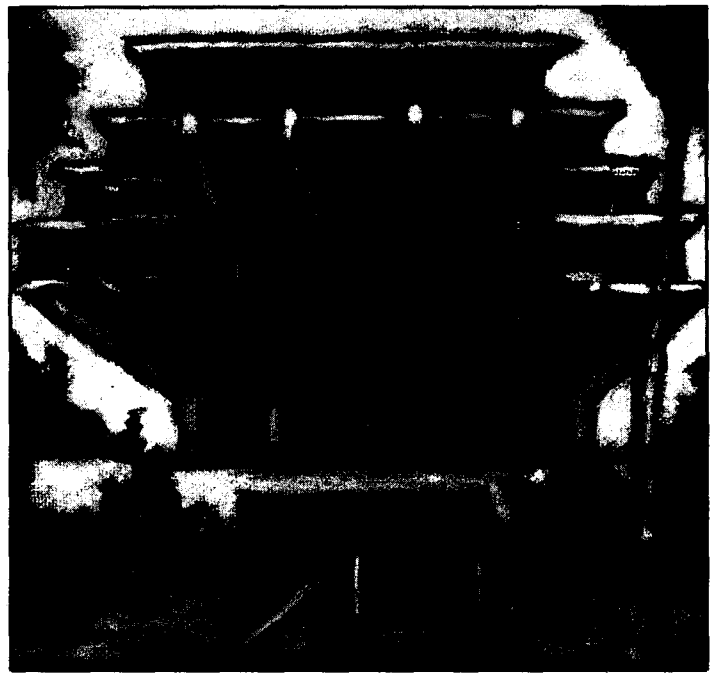

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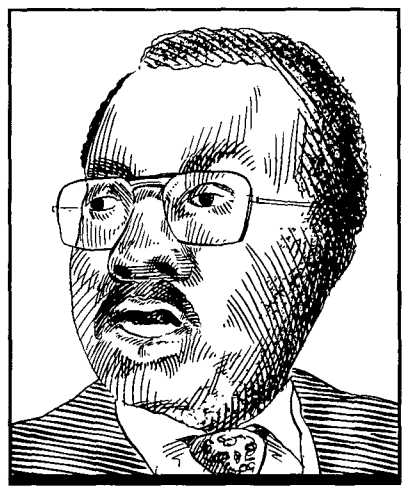

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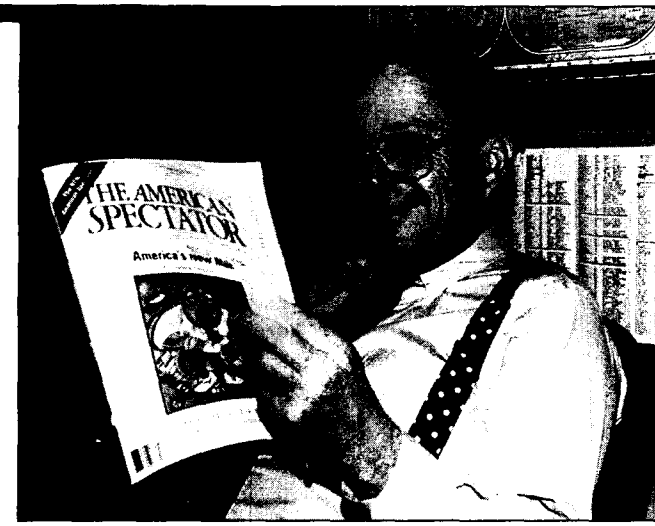

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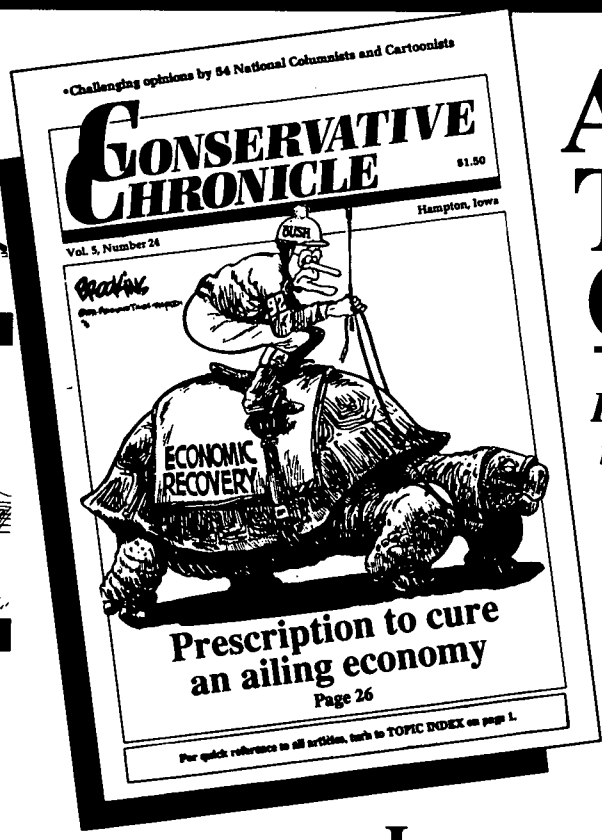
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• With February came the presidential primaries, and with the primaries came a tortured press corps and an absolutely frolicsome challenge to President George Herbert Walker Bush, whose only alibi is that for three years he has been asleep. What pains the press corps as it trundles across America in the wake of all these would-be Messiahs is that its consensus journalists sense that a fast-talking Snopes from Arkansas could be as much fun as JFK, namely, Boy Clinton. Yet is it politically correct to be JFK today, and how is one to respond to Boy Clinton's evasion of the draft? Then there is the Republican race. Mr. Pat Buchanan is having a ball. Is that proper? And what about President Bush? The entire press corps loathes him, but it needs someone to love.

• On the campaign trail this past month everyone felt a little empty except for Boy Clinton and Pat Buchanan. Is that right? And how will both of these men respond to the dynamic politics of Mr. Fernando Quispe? He is the leader of Peru's Constitutional Integrationist Movement, which calls upon the United States to annex Peru. "We will have the privilege to taste different brands of soft drinks, paying no more than a dollar for each two-liter bottle," declaims Mr. Quispe. "Our sons will immediately learn English for free, and they will have the opportunity to marry beautiful young American girls." There is the politics of hope!

• At the United Nations, where once Third World animalia growled and Lenin's heirs inveighed, President Boris Yeltsin orated on behalf of more drastic nuclear disarmament and the commingling of American and Russian strategic defense technologies into a "Star Wars" system surpassing even the optimistic visions of President Ronald Reagan. No one laughed. The infallible *Washington Times* revealed on February 3 still more improprieties being perpetrated on Capitol Hill. Apparently employees of the House of Representatives' post office have been selling cocaine to Capitol Hill staffers with the full knowledge of some of their postal supervisors. What is more, House Postmaster Mr. Robert V. Rota asserts that he was ordered by the powerful wife of House Speaker Thomas Foley to "hush up" recent investigations into this and such other questionable activities as embezzlement, check kiting, and interest-free loans, to say nothing of a 98.6 percent incumbency rate.

• After weeks of mounting tension over the legality of silicone breast implants, the FDA decided to allow their continued use, though only under the most rigorous scrutiny. The decision may have gotten the marplots at the FDA off the hot seat on silicone, but how are they going to handle that alternative bosom enhancer devised by Mr. Peter Brown? Mr. Brown is the retired mechanic from London, England, who would obviate the dangers of silicone with his beautifully designed water-filled brassière. Mr. Brown foresees no problems with our federal bureaucrats, but wait until Mr. Ralph Nader's trial lawyers hear that these bras are being sold to nonswimmers. In idyllic Nanimo, British Columbia, a thousand sports fans turned out to watch 106 nude bungee jumpers—nineteen of them members of the fair sex—yo-yo-jump from a bridge over treacherous rocks and waters made even more treacherous by pollution from butterfly droppings, lichen runoff, and the disgusting habits of corpulent German tourists. Unhappily for the crowd, all jumpers survived. The 1992 Miss USA pageant was won in Wichita, Kansas, by the calypygian Miss Shannon La Rhea Marketic, 21, after she responded so artfully to the query, "What kind of man would you like to marry?" Chirped Miss La Rhea Marketic: one who has "mastered the art of monogamy. " Mahogany is a very dark wood grown in forbidden forests and highly favored in Victorian furniture.

• Julia Child, the laughing TV cook, and her fellow directors at the American Institute of Wine and Food are being sued by Mr. Daniel Coulter, who charges that he was passed over for the post of executive director of the venerable AIWF because he is an avowed poofter and consumer of pillows. Mr. Daryl Malone, 29, the happily married father of four, ignited controversy in the Liberal camp—setting consumerists against civil libertarians—when he responded to his recent firing by Northwest Nevada Telco by going right to Nevada's Equal Rights Commission and filing a stinging protest. The honey-voiced Mr. Malone had been passing himself off as a woman on Northwest Nevada Telco's widely-respected telephone sex line, and he alleges that he got the boot because of sex discrimination. On February 10, Mr. Mike Tyson, formerly heavyweight champion of the world, was convicted of rape in Indianapolis, and the African tour of pop artiste Mr. Michael Jackson hit a snag when he was spotted holding his nose in the Ivory Coast. Sensitive Ivorians believed that the gesture was meant to indicate the prodigy's displeasure with the Ivory Coast's general stench. Editorialists from the fragrant offices of the daily newspaper *Fraternité Matin* struck back, remarking of Mr. Jackson that "his communication talents are lacking." To which Mr. Jackson's long-time aide, Mr. Bob Jones, replied "Under no circumstance would we be here if we thought your country smelled. . . . You are our roots." On February 14 in Abidjan, Ivory Coast, riot police clubbed, whipped, and tear-gassed the singer's screaming fans. Later, members of the country's main opposition rioted, provoking mass arrests and the jugging of chief opposition leader Mr. Laurent Gbagbo, a Jackson supporter and strong advocate of deodorant.

• The Winter Olympics began and ended in Albertville, France, with Germany heading the list of medal-winners. At Huntsville State Penitentiary on February 11, Mr. Johnny Frank Garret, 28, the lank-haired, gap-toothed murderer of a 76-year-old Roman Catholic nun on Hal-

(continued on page 12)

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THE Public Interest

EDITORIAL OFFICES: 1112 16th Street, N.W., Suite 530
Washington, D.C. 20036

EDITORS: IRVING KRISTOL • NATHAN GLAZER

MEMORANDUM

To: **Irving Kristol** and **Nathan Glazer**
From: Staff
Re: Ideas for upcoming **PUBLIC INTEREST** ad campaign

Here are some possible advertising themes. The only problem will be deciding what to focus on—we really have an embarrassment of riches to work with.

Press mentions

We continue to receive a tremendous amount of press coverage. In just the past year or so, articles from **THE PUBLIC INTEREST** have been repeatedly cited or excerpted in the ***Washington Post***, the ***New York Times***, and the ***Wall Street Journal***. In fact, the provocative piece we ran last spring on the WIC food program was featured in all three papers within a one-week period.

Add to this the attention we've received in such diverse venues as the ***New Republic***, ***New York*** magazine, ***Science*** magazine, the Capitol Hill newspaper ***Roll Call***, and major metropolitan newspapers around the country, and our impact on America's public-policy debate should be obvious to potential readers.

Contributors

Probably our strongest suit. An ad should stress that we publish informative, readable articles by leading thinkers on the key issues of the day.

A very partial list of some notable contributors to **THE PUBLIC INTEREST** might include: **Fred Barnes, Daniel Bell, Walter Berns, Gordon Crovitz, Terry Eastland, James Fallows, Martin Feldstein, Chester Finn, Jr., Suzanne Garment, Donald Kagan, Charles Krauthammer, Nicholas Lemann, Seymour Martin Lipset, Lawrence Mead, Daniel Patrick Moynihan, Charles Murray, Richard John Neuhaus, Norman Ornstein, Isabel Sawhill, Thomas Sowell, Herbert Stein, Andrew Sullivan, George Will, and James Q. Wilson.** (Not to mention both of you, of course.)

Readers and testimonials

Our ad should probably point out that **THE PUBLIC INTEREST** is required reading in political science departments and public-policy schools around the country. Then again, we don't want to give the false impression that our readers are all academics. We could explain that top policymakers, journalists, and plain old concerned citizens turn to **THE PUBLIC INTEREST** when they want clear-headed analysis of issues like health care, education, housing, and inner-city crime.

It might be worth underlining our reputation for shattering conventional wisdom. Maybe we could use that quote from ***INC.*** magazine saying **THE PUBLIC INTEREST** "has published the most levelheaded and myth-piercing articles to be found anywhere on subjects ranging from welfare reform to government inefficiency."

Ahead of the curve

Finally, we should explain that reading **THE PUBLIC INTEREST** is the ideal way to keep abreast both of enduring social-policy debates and of what the new issues will be.

Any ideas on what to use? It seems a shame to waste any of this material. Too bad we can't put it all in one ad!

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loween night in 1981, died by lethal injection despite protests from animal rights activists and related humanitarians. Since the Supreme Court adjudged capital punishment constitutional in 1976, 158 individuals of Mr. Garrett's distinction have been officially dispatched to hell, forty-four in progressive Texas. None, however, laid down more eloquent last words. "I'd like to thank my family for loving me," asseverated the latest *cause célèbre* of the anti–capital punishment cabal, "and taking care of me. And the rest of the world can kiss my ass." That's the spirit, jackass. Advocates of term limitation can look to Yarrow Point, Washington, for hope. There the remarkable Mayor Al Erickson, professor of wildlife and public servant, offered to resign when his research ship became stuck in an Antarctic ice sheet, delaying his return to his 975 constituents.

• In education news, Malaysian drug addicts in the northeastern states of Kelantan and Terengganu, who have been experiencing a shortage of heroin and marijuana for months, have found a splendid substitute "high," to wit, inhaling the methane and other natural gases that seep from fresh cow excrement. Without any regard for the privacy of the cows, addicts trail the unfortunate creatures and wait for them to evacuate. Then, according to Deputy Interior Minister Hon. Megat Junid Ayob, these bucolic druggies "quickly put a coconut shell over it [the steaming droppings], and sniff the gas through the hole on top of the shell. . . . You may find the cow dung smelly and awful, but for them it is heaven." Afterwards the coconut shell may be worn as a hat to ward off the strong rays of the sun and preserve happy memories of the good life. Amazingly, Harvard University rejected a request by EuroPacific International to market condoms bearing the school's insignia. The Ku Kluxian mentality has risen up against Mr. Chino Williams, the Pennsylvania State University student who in the campus paper, *Daily Collegian*, told it like it is, calling whites "devils" and "irredeemable racists," and urging fellow fuliginous students to "unite, organize and execute" students who appear threatening. He urged his fellows to carry "three handguns and two rifles, maybe an M-16." The Crisis is Continuing. —*RET*

CORRESPONDENCE

Speech! Speech!

Three cheers for Andrew Ferguson! I believe his wonderful piece "America's New Man" (*TAS*, January 1992) to be the most humorous article to appear in your pages since I began subscribing two years ago. In the fashion of the New Man, I honor him! —*John F. Fielder*
Williamstown, Massachusetts

Special thanks to Andrew Ferguson for investing the time and energy to attend a Nerd Man weekend. Just reading about all that thumpin' and whinin' and cryin' by a bunch of goofy girly-men gave me the willies. What those guys need is a weekend of John Wayne movies followed by eight weeks in boot camp at Quantico. If that doesn't cure them, they might as well give it up and go shopping for panty hose. Ho!

—*Carl F. Engelhardt*
Arlington, Virginia

There are two things wrong with Andrew Ferguson's article. One is that the subject matter is too unimportant for such a lengthy article. That is forgivable.

The other is the incredible amount of obscene words. I have *never* seen anything like it in any publication that has ever been in my house.

Please do not let this happen ever again. —*Dale E. Elliott*
Lovington, Illinois

A Public Service Announcement

Your article, "The Real Anita Hill" [by David Brock, *TAS*, March 1992], without any factual basis or justification, defamed a number of innocent people, including our colleague and friend, John Trasviña. From our many years of close association with him, we know him to be scrupulously honest and totally honorable. For your suggestion to the contrary, you owe him and your readers an apology and a retraction.

In one fleeting reference to him in your detailed 15-page [sic] article you imply that John has a poor reputation among Senate staffers and that he could have been responsible for the alleged leaks concerning Anita Hill. Nothing could be further from the truth.

John's reputation on the Hill is excellent and deservedly so. He has worked for more than five years as staff counsel to the Subcommittee on the Constitution of the Judiciary Committee of the United States Senate. He is a hard-working, dedicated, and conscientious member of the staff and has the full confidence and respect of his colleagues. In our many years of association with him, we have never known him to be less than fully trustworthy and we have never heard a critical word from anyone about his integrity, honesty, or discretion.

We also know that John, like every other member of the subcommittee staff, never saw or had any access to either Anita Hill's statement or the FBI report prior to the publication of the press accounts on October 6, 1991. There is absolutely no way that he could have played any part in the release to the press of these documents or the contents of them.

As a young lawyer who has devoted his career to public service, John deserves better than to be the target of a cheap and false shot from the press. If your publication and reporter are as concerned about ethical behavior as the article suggests, you should print an apology for the totally unwarranted aspersion to the character and integrity of an honorable person.

—*Floyd Fithian, Chief of Staff*
Senator Paul Simon

—*Susan Kaplan, Chief Counsel*
Constitution Subcommittee
United States Senate
Washington, D.C.

Coming Home

Congratulations on Joshua Muravchik's thorough dissection of the MacArthur Foundation and their programs, which seem to be based on the principle that leftists are the only geniuses around ("MacArthur's Millions," *TAS*, January 1992).

A footnote to the story may be appreciated by your readers. Muravchik mentions that one recipient of MacArthur largesse has been the Sandinista figure Alejandro Bendaña, a Harvard Ph.D. and former head of the Nicaraguan government's foreign ministry. Bendaña was a

(continued on page 14)

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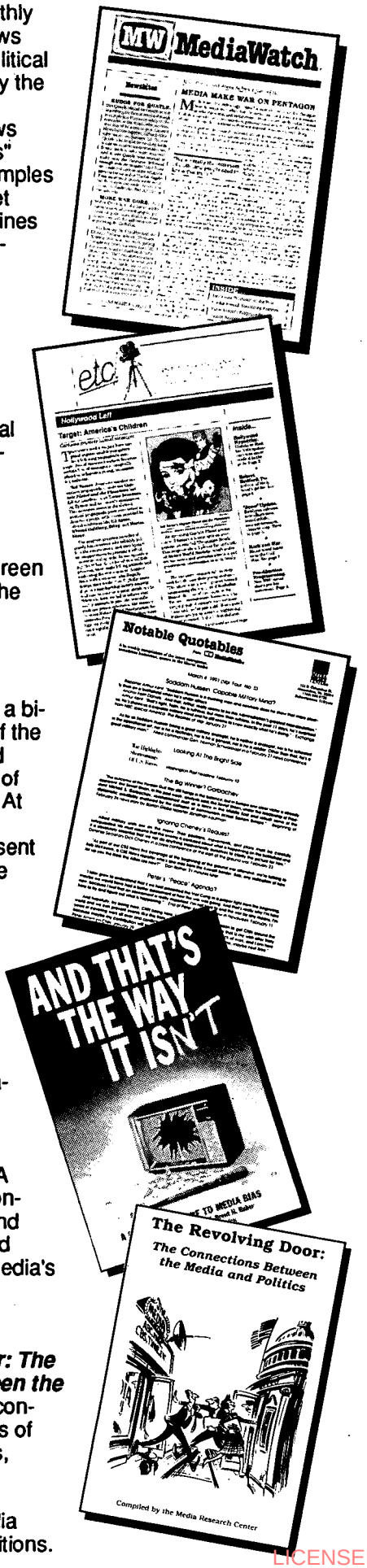
TV, etc., a monthly newsletter that investigates the liberal issue agenda permeating prime time television, current cinematic fare and record releases and catalogues the off-screen political activities of the Hollywood Left.

Notable Quotables, a bi-weekly compilation of the most outrageous and humorous examples of bias from the media. At year-end the Linda Ellerbee Awards present the best quotes of the year.

And That's the Way it Isn't: A Reference Guide to Media Bias provides 350 pages of summaries, excerpts and reprints of 45 studies that demonstrate the media's liberal bias. A one-stop resource containing all the facts and figures, examples and quotes proving the media's bias.

The Revolving Door: The Connections Between the Media and Politics contains brief biographies of 237 reporters, editors, producers and news executives who have rotated between media jobs and political positions.



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prominent defender of the Sandinista dictatorship on U.S. television throughout the 1980s.

However, while for most of its American recipients MacArthur money seems only to strengthen the pose of fashionable alienation and self-delusion, Bendaña, who has returned to Nicaragua, apparently had to face some bitter realities. Late last year he published a remarkable book, *Una tragedia campesina: Testimonios de la resistencia*, in Managua. In it, he presents a striking argument: that the contras were not simply mercenaries hired by imperialist Washington to destroy the wonderful Sandinistas but a legitimate peasant protest movement, launched with Washington's help but reflecting, above all, the failures and errors of Sandinista policy.

Bendaña describes as "ironies" the fact that the Sandinista government, which said it wanted to help the peasants, ended up as their worst enemy, and that the contra movement became the first peasant rebellion in Latin American history to gain Washington's support.

A revision of historical judgment on the contras is taking place among Nicaraguan intellectuals. How long before it becomes possible north of the Rio Grande? —*Stephen Schwartz*
San Francisco, California

Military AIDS

I found Michael Fumento's latest update on AIDS ("Do You Believe in Magic?" *TAS*, February 1992) most interesting. I continue to wonder, however, why the U.S. military's statistical experience in tracking AIDS and refuting the notion of widespread heterosexual transmission continues to be virtually ignored. (Fumento did mention it twice in passing.)

In 1987-88 I supervised the first prosecution of an AIDS-related criminal trial for the military. The defendant was prosecuted for aggravated assault; after finding out he was infected, he had unprotected oral and vaginal sex with one man and two women, one of whom he impregnated, without telling any of them about his condition.

While preparing for trial, I studied a stack of research and articles that was four feet high. I discovered that when the military began mandatory AIDS testing for everyone in the mid-1980s—at least every two years, and also upon enlistment, transfer, discharge, or retirement—the infection rate was running at 2 per 1,000. To the best of my recollection, when I retired in late 1990, the rate hadn't budged.

Consider the demographic composition of the military. It is composed largely of young, unmarried, horny, heterosexual males—many of whom are promiscuous as hell. If there was any truth to the myth of heterosexual AIDS, the military would have been the first group to show signs of the epidemic to come.

Also, about three years ago, a friend of mine in the Pentagon who had helped conduct a very interesting and confidential survey told me of its results. It was

conducted among military retirees who were seeking medical treatment for AIDS. Almost all had claimed that they must have contracted it from heterosexual intercourse. The survey was conducted with ironclad safeguards to prevent exposure and insure privacy. There was no way that the respondents could be traced and individually identified. They were reminded that, as retirees, they were beyond the reach of the military's occasional prosecution of homosexual activity. And almost all admitted to homosexual activity.

For further research, I urge Fumento to attend one of the federal government's frequent—and mandatory—AIDS-sensitivity training sessions for supervisors. These sessions are irrefutable proof of the capitulation of our government, including the Department of Defense, to the politicization of AIDS by the gay lobby.

There are many tragic exceptions. But the truth has always been, and it remains, that AIDS is for the most part a disease of promiscuous homosexuals who act as the receptive partner in anal copulation, intravenous drug abusers, addicted prostitutes—and those who consort with them.

As for the young soldier I helped prosecute, none of the three people with whom he copulated became infected, and they were tested regularly up until a year after their last contact with him. The baby was born uninfected.

—*Joseph A. Rehyansky*
Lt. Col., U.S. Army (Ret.)
Chattanooga, Tennessee

A Sage from Baltimore

The concluding line from February's Current Wisdom—"Anna Quindlen is on vacation"—is simply the funniest line I have *ever* read in my (and your) beloved *American Spectator*. —*Ray Gercke*
Baltimore, Maryland

Why the Librarian Can't Read

If the densely humorless Ms. Larson, the "assistant library director" from Sacramento (Correspondence, *TAS*, February 1992), is still reading, perhaps she'd care to reveal how much of her strapped institution's resources are going to non-reading material. To wit, my local branch of the Los Angeles County library system does not carry *TAS* (or *Reason*, or even the *Economist*), but it does feature a large and growing collection of movies, videos, cassettes, and CD recordings, and now even laser discs. No wonder the patrons talk so loud. —*Tim Ferguson*
Hermosa Beach, California

Life Goes On

Please ask those critics of the new format (Correspondence, *TAS*, March 1992) whether they buy a magazine or book for the size and quality of paper, or for its intellectual contents.

I put those nit-pickers in the same category as cotton pickers (at the risk of denigrating cotton pickers).

—*Irwin B. Golden*
Upland, California

Size, schmize, who cares? The real point is, why do you devote all that space each month to people other than Ben Stein?

—*David Woodruff*
Los Angeles, California

Here is the last word on the new format. It can now be retained on private library shelves; previously it could not. The content, of course, remains exceptional.

—*Wayne E. Bingham*
Albuquerque, New Mexico

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The Worst Book of the Year

by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

Millions of Americans are well aware of the Pulitzer Prize for literature, and some are even cognizant of less popular literary awards. Americans pursue excellence, and these awards solemnize the best. Yet we really cannot appreciate the best unless we have a sense of the worst, which is why a valuable service to American literature is provided every year by the J. Gordon Coogler Committee. For a dozen years it has acknowledged the year's worst books and raised their authors from the muck of mediocrity and oblivion, making them Coogler laureates whether they like it or not.

This year, Gloria Steinem's *Revolution From Within: A Book of Self-Esteem* (Little Brown, $22.95) has captured both Coogler Awards—for fiction and nonfiction. It is an indigestible stew of truth and falsehood, spiced with the usual feminist jargon, psychobabble, whines, and incoherence. Its goal is to make women and the occasional androgynous man feel good about themselves and hostile towards everyone else. Miss Steinem has been at war with normal life for more than two decades, much as a brat teenager is at war with normal life for, perhaps, half a decade. Yet the teenager grows up or goes insane. Miss Steinem has merely gone to a shrink and discovered that she suffers a malady common to the middle-aged battle-axe: "low self-esteem."

Frankly, such a banal diagnosis from one who has been so full of brag and bounce and pontification for so long is something of a disappointment. Twenty-five years ago, Miss Steinem and her feminist liberators arrived on the scene with a message more thunderous and apocalyptic than any ever uttered by Marx or Jesus or Leo Buscaglia. After four thousand years of domination by a male conspiracy, finally, this super species of feminist announced that it was putting an end to the Male Tyranny. Armed with feminist tracts of colossal intellectual force and with a stupendous righteousness, this epochal generation of feminists was heaving off the chains. These super gals would match

(continued on page 18)

Adapted from RET's weekly Washington Times *column syndicated by King Features.*

Why Not the Worst?: A Gloria Steinem Reader

Tyrants All

Think of such current examples as Saddam Hussein, a boy beaten and tortured daily by his stepfather, who grew up to enjoy the close-up torture of others; or President Ceausescu, whose police state normalized his own earliest years of living in one room with nine siblings and an alcoholic, sadist father. Think also of Ronald Reagan, who seems to have learned endless cheerful denial as the child of an alcoholic father; or George Bush, whose biographers describe a well-to-do childhood with an aristocratic, religious father who used a belt for discipline, controlled every aspect of family life, and insisted his sons compete, win, and become leaders, whether they wanted to or not.

True Confessions

By 1975, Marilyn had separated from a second husband. She was beginning to understand the soul-killing depth of male dominance and could no longer imagine living with a man. Nonetheless, her conscious mind still assumed she was destined to be, as she put it at the time, "that least happy of women—a heterosexual feminist who wants to be sexual, but can't speak to a man without a growl." Then, to her surprise, she fell irresistibly head-over-heels in love with another woman.

Suddenly, she began to feel an inexplicable sense of rightness and naturalness, as if she was finally living her own life. . . . As she later wrote: ". . . In my next life when I am a Lifelong Lesbian, I may be blasé about my good fortune, too, though I do not really think so."

Patti Davis's Burden

One day, her husband invited her to go with him to a gym, since at thirty-two, she was still reluctant to venture into new places alone. She began to learn the weight-training techniques of body-building, including ways to direct one's mind "into" a specific muscle, so that blood and energy were directed there, too. Though she had been warned that this process could release old toxins stored in the muscles, she had such strong responses of nausea and light-headedness that she wondered if all her childhood pain might be stored there. Nonetheless, she persisted, and by focusing in this way, she gradually began to feel as if she were *inside* her body instead of fantasizing her way *out*. Unlike dressing up and other kinds of body care that reminded her of her mother—indeed, that made her fear becoming a mother—this one had no sad echoes of the past. . . . Now, she is at work on an autobiography that will examine the effects of her family's habit of denial on her own life and, since her father, Ronald Reagan, was President of the United States, the effects of his need to insist "everything is fine" on the nation's political and economic life, too.

Death Wish

If you learn a tenth as much from this book as I have, I'll be a happy writer.

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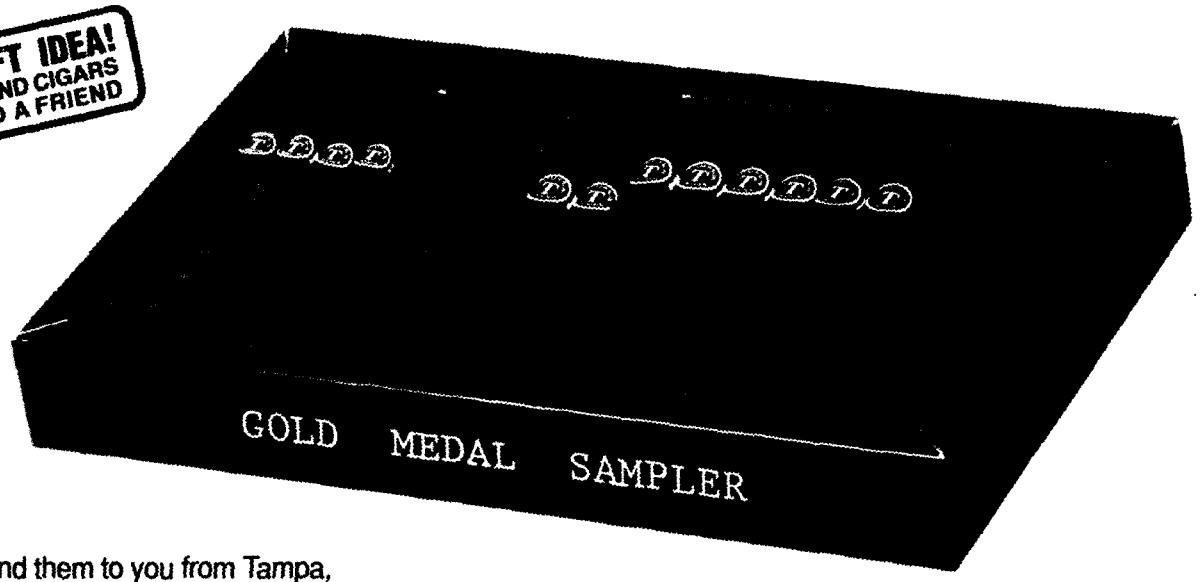

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the guys, Plato for Plato, Caesar for Caesar, Rembrandt for Rembrandt, Beethoven for Beethoven, Einstein for Einstein.

They would take over boardrooms, liberate governments, join all-male clubs, and assert once and for all a woman's right to ride a garbage truck, dig ditches, do anything she damn well wanted to do. And today they can! Feminists and their lawyers have brought their message into practically every area of American life. They can, indeed, do anything they damn well want to do, or at least they can threaten to do anything they damn well want to do. Precisely how their triumph over four thousand years of Male Tyranny came about I cannot say. Perhaps this generation of males was a bit wimpy. Perhaps it was too gentlemanly. Possibly Miss Steinem's generation of feminists is truly the greatest.

At any rate, here we are. The feminists have, as they are wont to say, "had it all." And at the end of the day, with monuments to the feminist revolution being raised all around her, Miss Steinem makes the surprising confession that she has had an image problem. But do not expect her to quiet down. Twenty-five years of feeling wretched has not scotched her urge to pontificate, for she has a new solution, beyond power! beyond equal pay for equal work! beyond a seat on the garbage truck! According to *Revolution From Within*, she is carrying a child. That is the solution.

"Each of us has an inner child of the past living within us," she writes. "Those who had to leave this crucial core behind can tear down walls, see what the child needed but didn't have, and begin to provide it now." Okay, so the "inner child" is actually a "crucial core." And we have "walls" where our stomachs should be. And they have to be torn down so we can "provide" something or other for the "inner child" who is actually a "crucial core." As the Coogler Committee notes, Miss Steinem is a very bad writer, and not too lucid a thinker, either. But she has contributed mightily to a great revolution, the main target of which has been the family. Miss Steinem insists that, whether in Hitler's Germany, Saddam Hussein's Middle East, or George Bush's America, it has been the source of much of the world's evil. (For full text, see the "Gloria Steinem Reader" excerpted on page 16.) She and her feminist colleagues have labored to break up the family, and so to divorcées and to the millions of American children brought up in broken homes and amuck in socia pathologies, Miss Steinem can presen herself as a liberator . . . and a Coogle laureate. ❐

Fantasists

One of the ironies of the twentieth century, a century stewed on politics, is that at its end it has so few gifted political leaders left. Political operators and world-savers have entered every nook and cranny of American life, summoning us to world wars, cold wars, and wars on poverty, pollution, sexual harassment, and the throw-away bottle. Our noble causes get weirder all the time. Behold our political leaders!

We still have the balmy and the venal, but at the end of this century of politics we have political leaders in astoundingly large numbers who are wholly lost in fantasy. American politics has hosted the glassy-eyed before—think of William Jennings Bryan—but never in such numbers and never so close to the throne. In the limited time we have had to sample the poetry and song of those now contending for the presidency in both parties, I have come to conclude that all are amuck in a fantasy except for George Bush. He is just another Republican amuck in politics.

Generally, Republicans are deficient politicians. Their goal is public service. Compare the Republican Bush's performance in his State of the Union Address with the Democrat Foley's suave and thoroughly dishonest "Response." Earnest to Do Good, the President heaved up some tried-and-true policies and went home. Foley spit on his hands, rolled up his sleeves, and delivered a virtuoso tirade: reminding Americans of their every fear, assuring them that his fellow Democrats would fulfill their every hope, massaging every interest group no matter the attendant contradictions, and uttering this whopper: "The supply-side, trickle-down decade of the 1980s finally led to an economy in decline." He is speaking of American history's longest period of peacetime growth; and, come to think about it, the New Deal, the Fair Deal, the New Frontier, and the Great Society also "led to" this recession.

Needless to say, the Hon. Foley reminded his listeners of past Democrati accomplishments and messiahs—h mentioned JFK. The Republican Bus mentioned no one other than FDR. Th policies he referred to were all apparent ly orphans. If there were ever any no table Republicans who figured in pas Republican revivals of the America economy, Bush was not saying. Republi can politicians never remind the elec torate of past Republican services What's the point?

As I say, at the end of a century abun dant with political causes, we have littl political talent left. Rather, we have al these creatures of fantasy, many wantin to be President.

This is what Pat Buchanan and Bil Clinton have in common. They live in political fantasy. Emerging from th delusory setting of television, Pat be lieves he can be President, though he ha never held office. Emerging from th equally delusory world of 1960s campu activism, Clinton too believes he can b President, though his reckless lifestyl has always made this project doubtful Each suffers the weakness of his ideolog ical point of origin. Pat practices a poli tics of exclusion. He picks unnecessary fights and breaks up coalitions. Clinto is from the slick left, and open to every thing. As Joe Klein has written in a re vealing piece in *New York* magazine "Clinton tends to *describe* rather than t take stands."

Of these two fantasists, Pat is unique i that he has only recently gotten the presi dential bug. Clinton is more of a late twentieth-century type, the type describe by Alan Ehrenhalt in his insightful book *The United States of Ambition*. Clinto has been obsessed with being a politica leader since his youth. For him it is a matter not of public service but of narcis sism. Narcissism emboldens the fantasie of a lot of these political lightweights, bu why is narcissism so plentiful at the end of this century? More on this as Cam paign '92 sputters along. ❐

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Weapons change, but man who uses them changes not at all.

—General George S. Patton, Jr.

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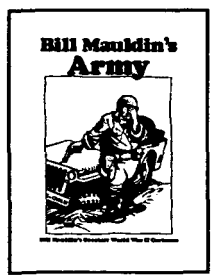

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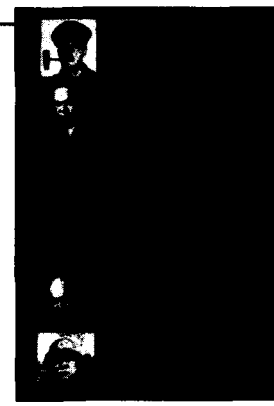

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Trojan Army

by Tom Bethell

"Queer Army will be conducting a fabulously fun condom giveaway at the University of San Francisco, which has a policy of prohibiting condoms on campus," said a campy recorded voice on the Queer Army Hot Line. "Come join the fun, and the assault, at 12 noon on Friday."

The Sisters of Perpetual Indulgence (local homosexuals who dress up as nuns) would be on hand for the occasion; also the Bay Area Coalition Against Operation Rescue—the radical pro-abortion crowd. (Pro-abortion extremists, who show up with bullhorns and shout insults at those blocking abortion clinics, are usually either lesbian or homosexual; which is odd in a way, because such people rarely get pregnant. They are obliged to perpetuate themselves by re-education rather than reproduction, and it is the whole of society they seek to re-educate.)

Queer Army's press release said: "The Roman Catholic Church opposes the use of condoms and the concept of safer sex. USF is a Catholic University. Catholic students are engaging in unsafe sex. The Centers for Disease Control states 72 percent of high school seniors are having sex. The rate is presumably higher among young adults . . . To 'Just Say No' is not enough."

The rain was slanting down. Twin Peaks, a couple of miles to the south, was shrouded in misty rain clouds. The Monterey pines were dripping. A small contingent of the Sisters, dressed in religious habits, white-chalk clown-face, army boots and military webbing, were clustered under umbrellas at the corner of Fulton and Cole, across the street from the campus. With them were a couple of dozen supporters, hooting and joking and carrying signs, one reading "A Few Good Queers."

Sister Vicious, wearing khaki tights, crimson shoes, an army officer's jacket, and a peaked military cap, stood up in a parked pickup truck and announced that the Sisters would be handing out checks totalling $5,000 to AIDS "outreach" groups. "Is anyone here from the Milk Club, or from Outrage, or from ACT-UP San Francisco?" he called out. The money had been raised at a Castro Street Hal-

loween party, he said. But one couldn't help wondering about the vast tax revenues now pouring into AIDS causes. No doubt local gay groups get to dispense some of the money, with foundations acting as intermediaries. And who do you think pays for all these condoms now flooding educational institutions in the guise of safe-sex promotion?

A campus guard from Public Safety told the Queer Army: "You're welcome to come on the campus but no condoms may be distributed. You can distribute literature or whatever the case may be . . ."

The concealed purpose of these safe-sex condom-giveaways is to establish that sex itself (as opposed to sexual harassment, which is serious business) is trivial and inconsequential, and certainly not worth moralizing about—hence the "fabulously fun" reference. Nonetheless sex does pose health hazards, about which we need frequent reminders.

The clown-faced homosisters were playing the role of jokers, about to prance across the Catholic campus like some doomed chorus in a medieval morality play, distributing their naughty little goodies to the innocents. Blasphemy was masquerading as hilarity. The condoms looked like Mardi Gras doubloons, encased in golden tinfoil. But first we heard from Sister Mysteria, a real female (unusual for the Sisters to allow such equal opportunity). Grappling with her soaking script and her umbrella she announced she had slashed her way "through the jungle of other people's dogmas and survived." As a condom-using "minority," she would be able to "live and enjoy a long, wonderful, risk-free life."

Yay!!! responded the Joker chorus. Over seven years she had served as a "primary care-taker" for nine dying friends: "I've been there during their spinal taps. I've cleaned up their messy beds and puke." Jimmy, head of radiology at NIH, "had the access and means for euthanasia," but was unsuccessful "and eventually he developed sores in his legs so severe that bones in his legs were visible. Doctors wanted to amputate his legs." He survived for a year, though, "and one week before he died he walked six blocks to Haight Street for coffee." She herself became a "substance abuser," but her message was: "I will never have to suffer through these physical horrors. I use condoms!"

Yay, but more muted this time. The rain kept coming and the chorus was getting restless beneath the umbrellas, shuffling about in their army surplus and gaudy headgear. Across the street the security guards were peering over at

Tom Bethell is The American Spectator*'s Washington correspondent and a media fellow at the Hoover Institution.*

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our odd little group. But Sister Mysteria wasn't through yet. "My abortion was the summer before *Roe* v. *Wade*," she said, her voice ringing out. "I found myself in an unsanitary abortion hotel in Harlem, New York. Women were herded into cubicles, given general anesthesia, and scraped with sharp knives."

Silence from the jokers now. Finally she railed against the suffering of women, mentioning: Caesarian sections, damaged uteruses, chlamydia, internal bleeding, and pelvic disease. "Why does June Allyson do all those Depend Diaper commercials? Her bladder's shot!"

Haw, haw, haw, went the nonplussed sisters. Where was the fabulous fun? They wanted to take up their blasphemous crosses, taunt the USF administrators and, perchance, seduce a student or two.

"Stop Crucifying Queers!" one sign read. "Condoms Equal Life!" struck an Orwellian note. Marge, an alumnus of USF who runs a women's clinic (a "very safe space"), wished us a happy Bisexual Awareness Day and said, "Hullo and love you to all my bisexual friends and lovers."

"Okay, I'd like you all to pull out your condoms," said Sister Vicious.

"Gold coated are the strongest . . . "

"Protest time!" said Sister Vicious.

"Yay!!!"

"Okay, hold them in the air. We're going to consecrate them before we hand them out. Repeat after me: I shall forever promise . . . to use this holy condom . . . uh, how's the rest of it go? . . . to give them to my friends, neighbors and strangers. . . . All right, girls, go get 'em."

The University of San Francisco, founded in the mid-nineteenth century, was long supported by middle- and working-class Catholics, at a time when the Jesuit order was more resolute than it is today. The university had issued a "position statement," its position being the familiar defensive crouch of liberal Catholicism confronted by liberal secularism: "We ask that you respect our religious principles and values as we try to collaborate with the many agencies and ministries involved in care-giving, research and education evoked by the AIDS epidemic."

The president, John P. Shlegel, S.J., was quoted as saying: "Education will promote understanding of the human as well as medical dimensions of this epidemic. Education alone can dispel the myths and fears associated with AIDS and HIV infection." The day before, at St. Ignatius Church (the largest church on any U.S. campus), a visiting professor from Howard University, Dr. Elias Farajaje-Jones, announced that "heterosexualism" was killing us and that he had earlier been arrested at an ACT-UP demonstration.

In the event, the university was unable to keep the condoms out, because the Queer Army had its own collaborators on campus, who could not be prevented from distributing them. A third-year law student tried to bring the entire Queer Army platoon into the student cafeteria, but was blocked by police.

"I'm entitled to bring any guest I want into any student building," she said, producing her ID.

"You may enter but not the others," she was told.

"I have a freedom of association that this school supposedly upholds, and I believe that I'm allowed to associate with whomever I want and bring those people on campus." (It's interesting that revolutionaries don't hesitate to invoke conservative legal doctrine when it suits their purpose.)

Students were milling about and coming out of classes. The former nun who heads Campus Ministry welcomed members of the Trojan army.

"Hi! How are you!"

The gays were giggling and hooting, calling out "National Condom Day!", demonstrating condoms on bananas and shaking their signs lofted on makeshift crosses. Some were vociferously admiring the students.

"Hey, cutie, let's you and I go out together!"

"Hoooo!!! There's a good looking one!"

According to an undergraduate junior, two of the four hall (dorm) directors are openly homosexual. The whole Queer Army maneuver was beginning to look more and more like a recruitment drive.

The rag-tag army of homosexual activists and camp followers returned to the parking lot next to Fulton Street. "I tell you, we'll see them in the gay bars when they graduate," said Mother Butch.

"Let's close our eyes for a few minutes," said Sister Vicious. They stood in a solemn witches' circle, held hands and adopted a prayerful mien. "Blow out all that negative energy from the police . . . " and they all breathed out. "Breath in the good energy . . . " and they all breathed in. "Blow out all that negative energy from the administration . . . " and they all breathed out. "I'd like us all to think with joy about the sacrifices in lives that were made for us, so that now we have power to do this today—to save maybe only one life."

"It doesn't take a lot of people to change things," said Sister Gladass, "or to do some good work. It just takes courage." After a few moments' silence, they broke up.

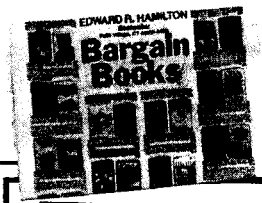
"Thank you, Queer Army!" one shouted.

"Success!"

"Victory Number One!"

I asked Mother Butch how he knew they would be seeing the students in the gay bars.

"Because they're faggots and they don't want to admit it," he said. ❐



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The Conservative Crack-Up

Excerpts.

by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

■ *Origins*

I date the Conservative Crack-Up as beginning on the afternoon of July 1, 1987, when President Ronald Reagan stepped to the microphones and with ill-considered joviality announced Robert H. Bork of the United States Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia as his nominee to replace Associate Justice Lewis F. Powell, Jr. That did it. The loyal opposition was not in a very good humor to begin with. Now they went into a capital fury. Neither the President nor his fellow conservatives seemed to notice.

Possibly a future Thucydides or Gibbon will take issue with me on this date. There is a body of opinion, most recently represented by the *Washington Post*'s E. J. Dionne, that holds that there were portentous fissures in conservatism from its very founding in the 1940s, when its fractious alliance of traditionalists, libertarians, and anti-Communists could put one in mind of the Austro-Hungarian Empire in its last irritable days. Other students of conservatism will date the Conservative Crack-Up from November 4, 1986, when the Republicans lost control of the Senate, or from November 12, 1986, when the Iran-Contra hullabaloo was auspicated. And perhaps others will hold that the real crack-up came during the Clarence Thomas fiasco, when the White House advised this conservative judge to conceal his ideas and principles and present himself as cleverly inane.

Nonetheless, I am sticking with July 1, 1987. The Bork hearings represented a watershed. Conservatism's time of greatest strength preceded that date, and it has been a rocky road ever since. What is more, all the conservatives'

R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr. is the founder and editor-in-chief of The American Spectator. *These excerpts are reprinted with permission from his new book,* The Conservative Crack-Up, *to be published in May by Simon and Schuster.*

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imperfections, as I diagnose them, could be detected in their futile maneuvers during the Bork hearings. Their response was no concerted effort comparable to the political campaign being mounted against him and later against Judge Thomas. Some conservatives were complacent. Others thought a political campaign for a Supreme Court nominee unseemly. The conservatives' political libido is only slowly roused. They form few coalitions. They reach out to others only reluctantly. Their first urge is to exclude, rarely to include, which is the first impulse of the political virtuosi. Finally, in the Bork hearings the conservatives again demonstrated a failure of the imagination that has dogged them since their early days, when they marched forth with their free market economists, their philosophers, many businessmen, some politicians, but almost no literary talent. When the opposition portrayed Judge Bork as an imperious fogy, the conservatives were utterly incapable of dramatizing his well-known wit and heartiness, or of even recognizing the high drama of one man standing alone against the Senate's kangaroo court, presided over by real kangaroos.

■ *Conservatives and Freedom*

Enormous suffering has been occasioned in this century by political ideas and the lust for power. More so than any other century in history, the twentieth century has been dominated by politics, and political misjudgments have meant concentration camps for millions, torture and death for millions more. Anyone who cares for freedom is obligated to defend it, and so during the last third of this century I have fallen in with some of the major participants in the era's political debates. My associates were for the most part conservatives, for I have found them to be freedom's most reliable defenders.

■ *Poseurs*

I can remember spending many happy times observing the arrivals and departures of college boys with monocles, walking sticks, capes. They always livened up receptions and dinners, to say nothing of seminars and street demonstrations. I remember one fellow whom I found particularly amusing. He was an inveterate user of snuff, which he delicately picked from ornate little boxes and jammed into his soiled nostrils, whereupon he would sneeze uncontrollably into a filthy handkerchief. I dreaded his presence at dinner parties and prayed that he would be seated next to some hypochondriac other than me. There were libertarians with huge bronze dollar-sign medallions hanging from their necks and dozens, possibly hundreds, of pretentious Anglophiles imitating Winston Churchill. Occasionally one encountered an epigonous Lord Byron. I cannot actually report having spotted a young squire wearing a powdered wig, but doubtless there will come a day. Every few years a new conservative prodigy would pop up and be the honored guest at a conservative assemblage, then he would disappear, never to be seen again. It happened all the time. I could never understand their rise, so I could never understand their fall.

■ *The Irrefutable Stopwatch*

A background in sports is a splendid corrective for the delusions of politics and *la vie intellectuelle*, two areas of human endeavor that can revolve wholly upon fraud. An athlete cannot dupe a stopwatch. In politics and in the life of the mind one can go far on a honeyed tongue and plastic principles. Sufficiently blessed with guile, a politico or an intellectual can avoid the truth for a very long time; some of the greats have been able to drive out the truth altogether. But in sport one's efforts are submitted to a final arbiter—the stopwatch, the finish line, the left hook to the jaw—the judgments of which are pretty much indisputable.

In the early 1960s, when the conservative movement was taking shape, I was swimming six or more miles a day on a legendary athletic team, an Indiana University swimming team that held three-quarters to four-fifths of all world records in men's swimming. No Olympic team in the world was superior to our college team; and there were years in the 1960s and early 1970s when all the world's Olympic teams combined could not beat us in a dual meet. I entered the conservative movement from an athletic background in which I had never been on a team (not even a high school team) that had lost a championship or even a dual meet. On those teams all of us were accustomed to training and to winning; and we all knew precisely where we stood in national and world standings—again, thanks to the irrefutable message of the stopwatch.

The members of the conservative movement whom I came to know were frequently hard-working, and many were keen competitors, but they were usually appalling fatalists. They did not expect to win. Possibly this was because they had lost so often to the century's waves of reformers or because totalitarianism was on the march and appeared so formidable or because many of their founding evangels, such as Albert Jay Nock and Richard Weaver, actually scorned politics. Whatever the reason, many were afflicted with an obstinate fatalism. They had a soft spot for the defeatist themes of Whittaker Chambers, the drift of which Russell Kirk imparts when he laments: "I am a conservative. Quite possibly I am on the losing side; often I think so. Yet out of a curious perversity I had rather lose with Socrates, let us say, than win with Lenin."

Well, the hell with that!

■ *Sidney Hook and God*

In the 1960s, the New Left had provoked hostility on the left itself, and from that quarter we got some of our most effective allies. These were the antiradical socialists led by a man who became a major influence on my antiradical compatriots, Professor Sidney Hook, the most competent polemicist of his generation. Sidney taught philosophy at

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New York University, where he had propounded the ideas of John Dewey, carrying on battles against those whom he perceived as enemies of enlightenment, progress, and democracy. I took a summer class from him in 1969 and left convinced that, though the snobbery of H. L. Mencken & George Jean Nathan was great fun, liberty, democracy, intelligent debate, and academic excellence as advocated by Hook were to be the fundamental values of *The American Spectator*. On religion Sidney's views were less rooted in Western tradition. He was a confirmed atheist, convinced his destination was a compost heap. Reason told him so.

Despite his ardor for combat and the high seriousness of his thought, he was a man of endless generosity and kindliness. He also had a proper capacity for comedy and contributed to some of the most ribald departments of *The American Spectator*. Late in his long life and after a pleasant supper with the Irving Kristols, we were exiting through the lobby of the New York Athletic Club. Gesticulating in his usual vigorous manner, Sidney was fondly recalling those battles that had been fought with *The American Spectator* as his ally. Many *American Spectator* writers had been his students and many more his disciples. A rapture of gratitude for the life he had led overcame him and, swelling with warm memories, the old atheist looked heavenward, palms upturned, and exclaimed: "Sometimes I'd like to look up and thank G-G-G— . . . but"—and he shook his old head in amusement—"I can't. The evidence, there's just not the evidence." And off we lurched. Supplied with the evidence from Yahweh, what a great rabbi Sidney would have been; but what a great man he already was.

■ *Murray Kempton and the* Kultursmog

Etched sharply into my memory is a debate in which three participants and a hostile upper-crust Manhattan audience had at me for an hour or so, after which one of the debaters, that master of garbagespiel Murray Kempton, charged me with dishonoring Mencken's legacy by being—get this—a "conformist." Think of it, with the entire audience against me, all other debaters onstage in superlative dudgeon over my every expressed thought, Kempton still calls *me* the "conformist"! I reminded Murray that at university debates, at egghead talk shows, wherever intellectuals gathered, I was always outnumbered, but to no avail. In the New Age neither words nor simple mathematical computations conveyed meaning.

The conservative movement was not only the Republic's underdog movement, it was also the least celebrated of movements. In the 1960s and early 1970s it received nothing comparable to the publicity attending the antiwar movement, the youth movement, or the gruesome feminist movement. And yet only the conservative movement was to attract enough support from the citizenry to capture the White House. Perhaps I should be a big enough person to let this last point pass unremarked. Perhaps it is mean and uncharacteristically divisive of me to remind the reader that, while the mandarins of the *Kultursmog* celebrated every left-wing movement coming out of the 1960s, only the conservative movement was gaining a national following sufficient to capture the White House in the 1980s. But if this is a petty point, let me make a larger one. The daily news that is warmed up and seasoned by the chefs of American journalism is frequently not the significant news of the day. In the decades since the 1960s, the journalists have often passed over the truly significant while hyping the trivial, and transmogrifying piffles into towering calamities.

■ *Conservative Party*

When in June of 1978 Governor Reagan's aide, Peter Hannaford, asked me to host a dinner party at which the candidate might be introduced to leading neoconservatives, I flew to New York and put together a soiree at the Union League Club. . . . The Podhoretzes and the Glazers joined the Reagans in the walnut-panelled fastness of a private dining room. Nat Glazer, shifting characteristically from foot to foot like a bespectacled jazz man, fell into a highly cerebral discussion of subway graffiti with the former governor. Nat, formerly on the faculty at Berkeley, now on the faculty at Harvard, had recently pondered graffiti's sociological significance in an essay in the *Public Interest*. Reagan followed his elucidations pensively as all good pols should when intent on seduction, and, if I recall correctly, threw in his own observations on fugitive art. Then he laid siege to the Podhoretzes, admiring an essay or two that had been brought to his attention. The drinks flowed, the blarney proliferated, and the Podhoretzes' residue of Liberal haughtiness for Reagan was greatly reduced by the time we exited into the Manhattan night.

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Through the evening I had stayed glued to Nancy. What immensities passed between us I cannot now retrieve from memory's dark hole. I do recall that when the room's air conditioning went berserk the gallant within me arose and covered her shivering shoulders with my blazer. In fashion this look of full shoulders and ample sleeves came to be known as the "puffed sleeves look." It became the rage of 1981 once that singularly exquisite designer, Carolina Herrera, drew attention to its beauty. The look was perfect for Nancy, giving her a stately bearing to offset the slight skittishness that occasionally glinted from her large and beautiful eyes. (We have heard *ad nauseam* about the skittishness, why not more about those eyes?) Is it possible that she too noticed the full shoulders and flowing sleeves, and passed a recommendation on to Carolina? If so, someday history will credit me with having extended the influence of neoconservatism beyond the circles of policy analysts and into a power center that no neoconservative had ever perceived or analyzed, to wit, the province of high couture, wherein at that very moment dwelt some of the geniuses destined to be the giants of American public life in the 1980s.

■ *A Café Intellectual*

On September 22, 1982, I awoke in the Hay Adams Hotel and prepared to lead representatives from *Commentary*, *National Review*, *Policy Review*, and the *Public Interest* into a luncheon with the President. Later we hoped to broaden the group to include *Human Events* and other responsible conservative journals. Irving Kristol was our veteran luncher. A decade before, his luncheon companions had included the likes of President Richard Nixon, and so effectively did he lunch in those days that his influence in the Nixon White House spread despite his presidential endorsement of Hubert Humphrey. In fact, when Pat Moynihan left the Nixon White House to become ambassador to India, Irving was in the running to replace Pat as the President's chief adviser on domestic policy. Now Irving would become a White House presence to the benefit of the conservative revolution, or so I believed.

Unfortunately this was not intellectual New York in 1969. This was political Washington in the 1980s, and the Country Club Republicans were on the alert. None believed that we were there merely for lunch or to establish something so vague as an informal relationship with our friend, the President. It was a drive for power, a *coup de main* against them, and the President seemed to be leaning our way! The most insecure of the assistant presidents, which is to say the most inveterate schemers, had been politely telephoning me for a week to reassure me that each was a genuine conservative and a faithful reader of *The American Spectator*. One, Richard Darman, had caught me just as I was leaving the hotel to pledge that he was not only an admirer but also an "intellectual"—yes, an intellectual!—and he assured me that the *Public Interest*'s executive editor, Mark Lilla, would vouch for him. "Stop by the office after lunch for coffee," he insisted. Espresso? Cappuccino? What do such intellectuals drink in the early afternoon?

■ *No Conservative Heroes*

Mention to a Liberal one of his embalmed and sanctified heroes, or, better still, one of his many imagined villains, and he will gabble on inveterately, according to the party line of the moment. Do the same with a conservative and there is comparative stillness. Conservatives are not even very long-winded in execrating their enemies, contrary to all the Liberals' myths about conservatives' hate campaigns. It is not that conservatives are restrained by high principle or that their dispositions are mild; many are excellent haters. But, unlike Liberals, most conservatives keep their hates to themselves; they simply are not very communicative. Some are almost nonverbal, for instance, many conservative businessmen.

■ *Ins and Outs*

At some point in the spring of 1981 I got a call from Peter Rusthoven, associate counsel to the president. If ever there was a fellow who could say "I got my job through *The American Spectator*" it was Peter. While at Harvard Law School he had written our public policy column at the recommendation of Professor Pat Moynihan, then an unofficial *Spectator* adviser. A Hoosier by birth, Peter took his law degree back to Indianapolis, where he practiced the forensic arts and continued writing a very competent series of pieces on public policy for us. Reagan's adviser on the 1980 campaign, Peter Hannaford, read them and commissioned a memo from Rusthoven that became a prominent ingredient

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in the Republican presidential nominee's acceptance speech. Eventually Rusthoven joined the office of White House Counsel Fred Fielding, and now my former *Spectator* colleague was on the telephone.

He asked that I cease and desist from claiming the President as a reader of the magazine. In the magazine's house advertisement, which listed famous subscribers, we regularly reproduced a photograph of Ronald Reagan's old address label from his Pacific Palisades residence. There were, Rusthoven said, complaints from the public. The ad was neither illegal nor in dubious taste, but some in the White House wanted to avoid controversy over the President's conservative ties. I acceded, but here I was allowing low prejudice to marginalize Ronald Reagan's conservative friends. The *Washington Post* had just described *The American Spectator* as Washington's new "in" magazine, but some in the White House wanted us out. I was innocent enough to go along, but once the fainthearted in the White House had distanced the Administration from us, what other magazine would authoritatively defend the Reagan Administration when it deserved defending?

■ *Walter Annenberg's Half Measures*

Returning from his stint as ambassador to the Court of St. James's, Walter Annenberg decided to pitch a few pennies from his vast fortune into an attack on the *Kultursmog*. He began to set up a periodical like *The American Spectator* under a different name and format, a biweekly titled *American Views*—an intellectual review similar to those he found in London. He brought in a fine editor and rerouted some of the best conservative writers into his pages. The higher rates he could pay to his writers made me and other conservative editors fear that we would be abandoned as both our writers and readers swarmed to *American Views*. I think it took two years, but eventually Annenberg lost interest. After blowing several million he folded his right-minded endeavor and returned to that perverse bourgeois custom of bequeathing great wealth to those who oppose its creation—that is to say, to institutions awash in the *Kultursmog*. Never again did he show any interest in the creation of a two-party media or in William Simon's salutary vision of a conservative counterculture.

■ *Paleos*

Most of the fuddy-duddies who came to be referred to as paleoconservatives were notable flops in the Reagan Administration. Government was not for them—at least not the government of the United States, at least not in this century.

Most of the paleos were thoroughly dominated by the conservative temperament, so much so that they were prisoners of their private musings. A government fit for their participation would be one suspended somewhere in the vapors of yesteryear, far away in old Europe in a time when government ministers wore powdered wigs, tucked dainty handkerchiefs up silken sleeves, and walked with elegant walking sticks. Yet many of the paleos were hopeless incompetents, and frankly I cannot see them as effective politicos even in the baroque world of their dreams. Were they to don powdered wigs, my guess is that the powder would make them sneeze. The walking sticks would keep getting caught between their legs. They would insist on wearing their monocles in an offended King's presence or on smoking their water pipes in the court's non-smoking section. In the early days of the Reagan Administration, when a paleo of some academic distinction failed to get a prized presidential appointment, he called a distinguished conservative at the Heritage Foundation who had opposed him and challenged the amazed man to a duel. I shall mention no names, but had the duel come off, the paleoconservative in question might well have blasted a hole in his silk slipper.

When I took up with the conservative movement in the 1960s I noticed these quaint figures tottering around, boasting of their arcane insights and of the esoteric tracts they read. Some of the tracts were illuminating, but others were perfectly balmy. For years I wondered about those who read them and prescribed them so ardently. Were they geniuses? They claimed an enormous appetite for intellect, but many of the things that they got most intensely intellectual about were not for me: the history of the briar pipe, the source of Winston Churchill's bow ties, books by someone by the name of Tolkien, science fiction. The political challenges of the 1980s answered my questions about them. Many were simply not very bright and those who were had no political judgment. The dim ones among them were like dim ones everywhere

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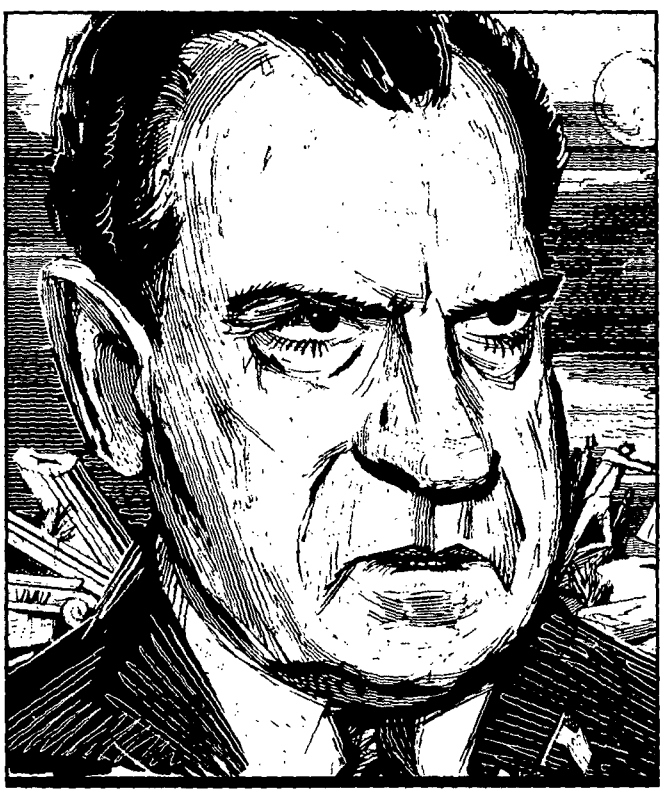
in modern America. They had been educated beyond their means; and, adrift in their hollow pedantry, they could recognize neither superior intelligence nor their own limitations. These poor fish composed the reactionary wing of the conservative movement that was so frequently pointed to by supposedly alarmed Liberals. They amounted to a very small percentage of the early conservatives and that percentage steadily diminished as the movement grew. There never was any reason for the Liberals' alarm. The reactionaries never could drag us back into another century, not even when aided by one of Professor Schlesinger's mad cyclical swings.

■ *Write Reason*

A facility with words is as essential to a political culture as it is to any social undertaking. Stories must be told, slogans devised, legends promulgated. Yet in researching the early years of the conservative movement I came across an amazing and intriguing datum. Seated round the campfires, planning the great revolt against Liberalism, there were economists, philosophers, businessmen, politicos, and even a few social scientists. Possibly there was a gastroenterologist and a showgirl, but there was only one distinguished writer. That was John Dos Passos. No poet, playwright, or novelist of distinction was sufficiently ideological or political to commit to *National Review* or *Modern Age* or any of the political organizations of the nascent conservative movement. Not that there were not plenty of distinguished writers in the Republic addressing conservative themes. William Faulkner was at work, as were the poets Robert Frost and Wallace Stevens, but of the serious littérateurs only Dos Passos became active in the conservative movement.



The absence of a literary sensibility among the conservatives abetted their proclivity for narrowness, for it shut them off from imagination and the capacity to dramatize ideas and personalities. To be sure, an economist of Milton Friedman's intellect is likely to have an active imagination, but even an imaginative man like Milton would have to spend years channeling his imagination away from chill economic statistics and towards prose and oratory were he to become as politically effective as, say, Senator Eugene McCarthy. Equipped with very few assets beyond an urge to power and a gift for words, McCarthy launched a successful challenge to an incumbent president. In his 1968 presidential campaign he demonstrated what Adlai Stevenson and other political songsters had demonstrated before, to wit, that a literary sensibility can vastly assist the pol in his need to communicate.

■ *Richard Nixon and the October Surprise*

The only glimmer I ever caught of the RN that prowled through Liberal nightmares came while we were riding along the East River Drive in the back of his ancient armored limousine. He was silently peering out on a bleak expanse of the river. We were on the last laps of the 1980 election. Republicans were in a sweat over reports of an impending hostage swap between Jimmy Carter and the Ayatollah.

At any rate, on the eve of the 1980 election Carter was obviously pursuing a deal. It was in the headlines, and I naturally asked RN what he would do were he President. "Cut a deal," he replied impassively. I objected, and sought further explanation. An impatient RN turned to me and repeated: "You cut a deal," and looking back towards the river he added, ". . . and then you screw 'em." When I asked how, the former President's impatience enlarged into exasperation: "There are a million ways to screw 'em," he said. "Tell them the deal is tied up on Capitol Hill. Tell them the material is lost in the pipeline."

■ *A Political Zoo*

The political zoologist speaks of the Liberal impulse and with good reason. We see its manifestations everywhere: reforms heaved up; reforms abominated, thence reforms reformed; protests and boycotts in bucolic Bull Snort, Georgia; wars fought against poverty, against war, against smoking in public places, against fur coats. Is there a comparable conservative impulse? No. In fact at times there is no pulse at all. Conservatism is not the opposite of Liberalism. It is not of the same genus or species. If this comes to you as a revelation, remember that the march of science abounds with unanticipated discoveries. Scientists have found that the tomato is not a vegetable but a fruit, the dolphin is not a fish but a mammal, the koala bear is not a bear but a marsupial, and the brain of a teenager is not a brain but a gland. Conservatism is not an ideology. ❐

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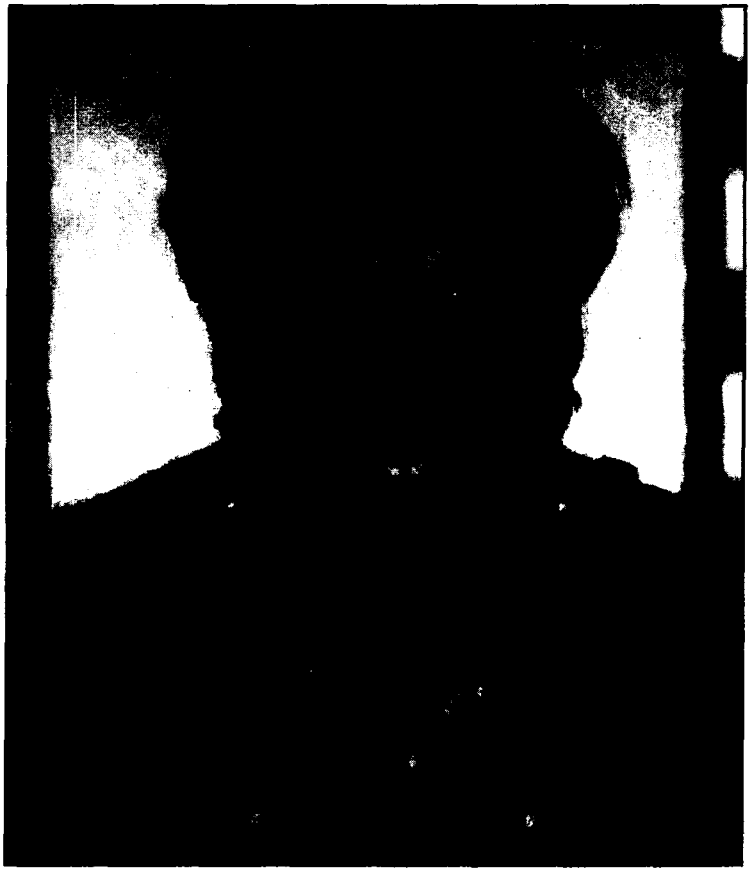
Peter Collier

Ollie über Alles

Oliver Stone's triumph of the will.



The summary moment in *JFK* comes when Kevin Costner, as Jim Garrison, addresses the jury in a closing argument that the former New Orleans district attorney never actually gave. In a last effort to knit together the wild and woolly threads of his conspiracy theory, Costner finally concludes his feverish speech, drops his voice for effect, and then says of the system that has produced this assassination: "You call it for what it is—fascism!"

One wonders if those who have decorated *JFK* with Golden Globes, Directors' Guild awards, and six Oscar nominations realize that beneath the varied surfaces of Oliver Stone's films there has always been a single obsessive theme, repeated with jackhammer insistence: America is evil, sick beyond recovery and decadent beyond redemption. In *Scarface*, America is the mound of cocaine into which the vicious Cuban gangster buries his face. In *Salvador*, America is the death squad that stalks the Third World. The homicidal sergeant in *Platoon* is one of Stone's versions of Uncle Sam; another is the rapacious capitalist in *Wall Street*. In *Born on the Fourth of July*, America paralyzes youth and promise; in *The Doors*, it kills the alternative lifestyles that promise a way out of the dead end.

Fascism has always been the charge implicit in Stone's work, although until now it has been the word that dare not speak its name. In *JFK* he finally musters the courage. The movie is only superficially about the death of a President. Its real subject is the fascist state we have been living in for the last twenty-eight years. (One suspects that Stone exempts the period between 1945 and 1963 only out of dramatic necessity.) Stone's America is a clockwork nightmare state operating flawlessly on behalf of an invisible junta. It is a conspiracy so vast (as Joseph McCarthy, a kindred spirit of Stone's, might have said) that the numbed populace perceives the unspeakable as normalcy and continues to graze on affluence and pleasure while pastured in repressive tolerance. The power of the nameless conspirators who control our government is so profound that they make the people think they are voting when they are really only validating the narrow range of choice offered by plotters of the "coup d'état" staged the day John Kennedy was murdered.

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JFK is filled with hallucinatory imaginings, with theories that appear and vanish like UFOs, and with necrophiliac fondlings of the Kennedy corpse. It is a mix of fact and fiction that in other hands might have been intellectually challenging, but in Stone's is used only to create an atmosphere of disinformation. Because nothing is what it seems, everything must be what it is not. All of the invention in *JFK*, in fact, has the feel not so much of technique as of autobiography. Stone administers an ideological litmus test to every frame; we experience the director as a political commissar. The viewer is allowed no moral complexity, no layering of nuance, no sense of discovery, only the feel of the jackboot on the neck. Like his obsessed talk radio host in another film, Stone cajoles, sneers, accuses, and bullies. His objective is humiliated submission rather than enlightened agreement. *JFK* is the cinematic equivalent of rape.

In the furor manufactured to promote the film, Stone has postured as a Ralph Naderoid figure fighting to return government to the people. But the provenance of *JFK* is hardly populist: Stone apparently stumbled onto the subject while in Havana (where he, like other Hollywood radicals, has "taught" at a film institute with ties to Cuban intelligence). Ellen Ray, publisher of *Covert Action Information Bulletin* and other such works, handed Stone a copy of Jim Garrison's *On the Trail of the Assassins* while riding in an elevator with him. Stone must have savored the irony later on—discovering a way of indicting America while whooping it up in the anti-American capital of the world, the very country with whose Maximum Leader John Kennedy had gone *mano à mano* during the two and a half years of his presidency and (at least if lifespan has anything to do with it) lost.

Fascism has always been the charge implicit in Stone's work, although until now it has been the word that dare not speak its name. In JFK *he finally musters the courage.*

The character of Garrison he distilled from the book bears no more resemblance to the real DA of New Orleans than the protagonist of *Born on the Fourth of July* does to the real Ron Kovic, whose tragedy is not so much having been paralyzed from the waist down by Vietnam as having been paralyzed from the neck up by leftism later on. Garrison, a quintessential sixties publicity hound whose prosecution of Clay Shaw was a spasm of performance art comprised in equal parts of homophobia and McCarthyism, and whose own background was marked by peculiar excursions into the penumbra inhabited by New Orleans mob boss Carlos Marcellos, is transformed in this film into an American Cassandra, another of Stone's innocents double-crossed by his country, another naïf looking for an excuse to discover the worst.

Played with dork earnestness by Kevin Costner, Stone's Garrison uncovers a coven of right-wing homosexuals, former intelligence operatives, and anti-Castro Cubans who seem to have been up to something. It takes a visit to Colonel X, the Deep Throat figure played by the saurian Donald Sutherland, for the DA to see the big picture. Colonel X tells him, in effect, that he has been dealing only with the clowns; the owners of the circus are the men of the military industrial complex bent on making America a comfortable concentration camp.

Sutherland's words might well have been scripted by the Christic Institute, a cult of radicals devoted to the Sandinistas and the FMLN guerrillas that had an impact in Hollywood in the eighties, gaining support from personalities such as Kris Kristofferson, Jackson Browne, and Ed Asner, along with Stone himself. The Christics' argument—laid out with the architectonic obsession characteristic of the La Rouchies and other colonists on the frozen edge of the lunatic fringe—was that during the early stages of the Cold War a "secret team" of intelligence operatives and conspirators had taken over America and was now leading it into war in Central America just as earlier the team had led it into Vietnam.[1] Stone has drawn upon his body of "fact" (while also pillaging the work of a generation of assassination theorists) to organize his own inchoate hatreds into a "theory": the fascists killed Kennedy because they were alarmed by indications that he had undergone some sort of conversion and was on the verge of becoming (in Stone's post-production conceits) an "American Gorbachev."

There probably are people who still believe in the myth of St. Jack, people who still keep airbrushed profiles of the Kennedy brothers hanging in their parlors and who get teary-eyed when contemplating their martyred promise. But it can be safely assumed that Oliver Stone is not one of them. In another context, he would no doubt cheerfully admit his contempt for Jack Kennedy, just as in *JFK* he has viciously slandered a far weightier liberal icon, Earl Warren. But for the sake of his argument, Stone conjures up once again the tacky kingdom of Camelot and pretends that Kennedy had come out of the Cuban Missile Crisis a stronger and wiser man, with all his inner doubts resolved and ready to cash the country out of the Cold War. "Tragically," Stone has written, "these progressive, humanitarian objectives sealed his doom." A plot was hatched to kill him because he might have "passionately sought détente abroad and an end of racist apartheid at home."

The historical Kennedy, almost as much of a cynic as Stone himself, would have gotten a good yuk out of all this political correctitude. JFK was the consummate spectator, always on the sidelines, chronically uncommitted, a kissing

[1]See David Brock's pathbreaking article, "Christic Mystics and Their Drug-Running Theories," in the May 1988 *TAS*.

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cousin of the "cool hipster" in Norman Mailer's early musings. As far as civil rights was concerned, he regarded the movement simply as an annoying problem, not an opportunity for political heroism, and not even the moral conundrum it seemed to be for his brother Bobby. (When a visitor to the Oval Office in 1962 noted that RFK was uncharacteristically somber, Jack quipped, "Don't worry about Bobby. He's all choked up over Martin Luther King and his Negroes today.")

Kennedy was always ready to change a policy, to backtrack and birdwalk, to reverse field, and to tell people what they wanted to hear. No politician in our time has equalled his adroitness in wetting a finger and putting it up in the air to see which way the truth was blowing. Yet one thing Kennedy never questioned was the intellectual foundations of the Cold War. Oliver Stone may believe in moral equivalence between the U.S. and the USSR (and between the U.S. and Nazi Germany, for that matter), but Jack Kennedy did not. As a young Democratic congressman, he had joined Republicans in attacking the Truman Administration for "losing" China. He had ridden to the presidency on a platform that excoriated Ike for cutting defense and fabricated the existence of a Missile Gap. And once in office, Kennedy in fact greatly heated up the Cold War with the truculent rhetoric teased out of the pen of speechwriter Theodore Sorensen. Bear any burden and pay any price; blunt the spearpoint of aggression; engage in the long twilight struggle—his phrases would fill a *Bartlett's* of Cold War quotations.

JFK wanted to contain the Soviet Union. He wanted even more to outdo the charismatic revolutionaries, like Fidel and Mao, whose sibling rival he became, once their wars of national liberation seized the world's imagination. He toyed with the notion that Walt Rostow, architect of his aggressive competition with these men, could function as his "Marx."

Stone asks us to believe that this was all presidential shtick, that Kennedy didn't take it seriously and secretly despised his own words. He makes much of Kennedy's remarks at American University in June 1963 ("We must reexamine our attitudes towards the Soviet Union"), while in fact this speech was an anomaly in terms not only of what Kennedy said earlier in his presidency but also what he said later on. Two weeks after appearing at American University, JFK was in Berlin (which he personally believed was the site most likely to trigger World War III), giving his famous speech of defiance and commitment. And, of course, the speech he was scheduled to deliver in Dallas on the day he died was as hardline as any he had ever given.

Stone puts much weight on the Kennedy Administration's trial balloon about withdrawing one thousand men from Vietnam, and the cognate fantasy, propagated by Camelot spear-carrier Kenneth O'Donnell, that this withdrawal was but a prelude to liquidating the entire U.S. commitment there, once Barry Goldwater was vanquished in 1964. Yet this was the President who increased the U.S. presence in Vietnam from 600 men when he came into office to 16,000 by the time of his death, giving the commitment there critical mass. The man who was so fixated on micromanaging the U.S. involvement that he intrigued to get David Halberstam, then reporter for the *New York Times*, out of the country because his dispatches were creating the image of a "quagmire."

The idea that JFK would have gotten us out of Vietnam was certainly not shared by Robert Kennedy. Interviewed for an oral history for the Kennedy library in 1964, RFK was asked about his brother's attitude toward the war. "The President felt that there was a strong, overwhelming reason for being in Vietnam and that we should win," Bobby replied without hesitation. Asked point-blank if his brother had intended to pull out, Bobby answered bluntly, "No."

This was the President who increased the U.S. presence in Vietnam from 600 men when he came into office to 16,000 by the time of his death, giving the commitment there critical mass.

More significant by far than the putative thousand-man withdrawal was the way Kennedy handled the problem presented by the Diem regime in Saigon. JFK and his advisers were disturbed by the way Diem and his brother-in-law Nhu, head of the secret police, were oppressing the Buddhists and thus decreasing South Vietnamese support for the war effort. (There were also rumors that Nhu was about to open back channels of negotiation with Hanoi.) If JFK really believed it was South Vietnam's war to win or lose, and if he really wanted to get out, this was the perfect moment. Instead, a month before his trip to Dallas, he gave the green light to the CIA to stage a coup—a real, not imagined one—against the South Vietnamese government, which resulted in the assassination of Diem and Nhu.

This was the turning point of the war. Before the coup, the Saigon government might have been a slender reed, but afterwards it was put into receivership. The United States would now have the entire responsibility for waging the war. Huge numbers of ground forces would now have to replace advisers there as part of the inevitable build-up.

Such a historical record is of course irrelevant to Stone. (And for those who reply that history should be irrelevant to art, it might be pointed out that in this case art ought to refrain from calling for the reopening of history's sealed files.) His approach to history is deconstructive. He wants to break it down and reconstitute it, not as a warning or even a lesson, but as a blunt instrument.

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Cui bono? Who profited from the assassination? Stone asks the question confident that the answer is obvious: American fascism. But not even his cinematic totalitarianism can remove the real suspects. The Soviets, for instance. Kennedy had not only faced down Khrushchev in the Missile Crisis but also regained the momentum for the U.S. in world affairs which had been lost to the Communists at the end of the Eisenhower era. Edward Jay Epstein has raised the possibility of—and, as the *Wall Street Journal* has suggested, an interesting movie might have been made about—a Soviet plot to kill the President.

Or Castro. It is unlikely that someone doing revolutionary tourism in Havana would bite the hand that blandished him, but there are plausible scenarios for a plot involving Castro. The Cuban leader certainly had motive. Stone might portray Operation Mongoose as a sort of Gay and Cuban Mercenary Action Day, but in fact, Mongoose was an operation whose purpose was to kill Castro, not Kennedy. Jack was aware of the secret plan; Bobby was in charge of it, and spent considerable time in Florida in the months before the assassination, obsessing on the assembly of its nuts and bolts. Some of the techniques Mongoose considered for achieving its end—giving the Cuban leader a poisoned wetsuit, or exposing him to depilatories that would rob him of his macho beard—may have been comic, but the ultimate purpose was deadly earnest. And Castro is always ready to roll the dice when his own survival is at stake, as we learned once again from recent revelations that he would have used tactical nuclear weapons in the event of a U.S. invasion.

Cui bono? The Mafia had the most to gain. Organized crime had been assaulted as never before (and never since) by RFK's Department of Justice. Garrison's acquaintance Carlos Marcellos had been overheard musing that the best way to get rid of Bobby would be to kill Jack. Indeed, the Mob's likely role in Kennedy's death was the focus of the 1979 congressional investigation into the assassination. Particularly with the piquant subplot of Sam Giancana and Judith Exner, it would have made good cinema. But Stone could not consider it because the Mafia is extrinsic to American society (if not to the Kennedy presidency) and thus not serviceable as the foundation for a theory about the fascism that grows out of America's malign heart.

The most deceitful portrayal to come out of this movie is not Costner's as Garrison, but Stone's talk-show routine as the Last Honest Man, who wants nothing more than to make America live up to its own best self. It is the same disingenuous persona that David Duke has adopted, and it conceals a comparable moral imbalance. Like Duke, Stone postures as a concerned citizen. As with Duke, the net effect is of someone speaking in tongues. Both men have a hidden agenda, something dark and destructive writhing under their protestations about public good. Duke believes America should be fascist; Stone believes that it is.

There is an irony in his obsession with the term. Is there anyone else in Hollywood who has pushed a radical vision so ruthlessly? Any other filmmaker who scapegoats so vehemently, who pushes a line of propaganda so insistently, or who roots so violently in dark places for enemies? Perhaps the only other director in the history of film who has relied so heavily on a Wagnerian cartoon of good and evil, fabricated such hypertrophied and demonstrably false contrasts, and used the medium for such a relentless visceral assault on logic and rationality is Leni Riefenstahl. She glorified a strong and innocent Hitler at his Nuremberg rallies; Stone damns a weak and guilty America in the ongoing Nuremberg trial he has been staging for the last decade. Like Riefenstahl, Stone places his art wholly in the service of the Big Lie. What will he take on next? The question of whether or not the Holocaust really happened?

Stone has neither sorrow nor pity for those he claims are America's victims, only hatred for the country itself. He has always used film like a Luger, and now he has fired again. Confusing the mind and exciting the senses, *JFK* fails every test of history and morality, but it is nonetheless a triumph of Oliver Stone's malicious will. ❐

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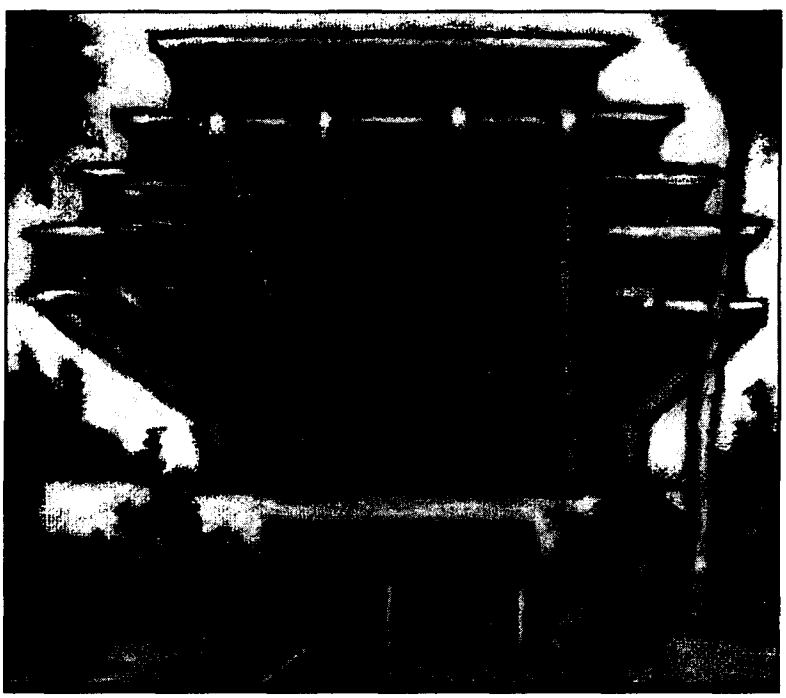
Edward Norden

A Month in Paradise

Scenes from the University of California, San Diego —a kinder, gentler campus, sort of.



I. Free Speech

Arnie's voice carried best. The living Arnold Schoenberg, we're talking about, who graduated from UCSD a few years ago and belongs to the doomed Caucasian majority. It was another gorgeous day in December on the campus of a school praised by *U.S. News & World Report*, and as he led the chants, Arnie also banged hard, very hard, on his drum. *Whump!* If the chanting was ragged, Arnie's drumming was nonstop and professional. Every time a student exited the main bookstore with a just-autographed copy of *Under Fire*, he pounced. The noise at point-blank range hurt, and Arnie's wasn't the only instrumental noise being made. Each of the six other protesters had a rattle or cymbals or pair of hollow sticks.

"HEY, HEY, OLLIE, OLLIE, HOW MANY SECRETS DID YOU SHRED TODAY?" It looked like a stab at old-fashioned guerrilla theater, right here in the sun-drenched, spanking-new Price Center, donated by Sol Price and known to progressives as the High Price Center. A girl had colored her hair green, her fingernails black. And, of course, Andrew was there—he always is. Andy, a Caucasian and *New Indicator* person who has never matriculated, stands out whenever he's on campus, thanks to his bush of naturally orange hair. He was throwing shredded paper about while Col. North, a left-hander, did his thing inside for 250 patient buyers and fans in a line snaking from greeting cards all the way to faculty publications.

A student of Asian background now came out with her book. She had paid an undiscounted $27.06 for it, including the California sales tax. Her face was as fetching as a painted dish, and her meeting with a TV personality had put her on Cloud Nine, off of which Arnie's banging—*whump!*—knocked her with a wince. Ditto one of those innumerable blondes sporting bouncing ponytails, UCSD sweatshirt, roomy shorts, cotton socks and Reeboks. And ditto a very large, crewcut type, also carrying *Under Fire*, who, if the University of California at San Diego were a different kind of place, might be getting his undergraduate education on a football scholarship.

One and all were Arnie's victims, and none of them, like, protested, far less punched him in the mouth. Indeed, it was hard to get any sort of rise out of these young, clean, fit, quiet, polite Americans and hyphenated Americans. The seven protesters had earlier invaded the store and tried to initiate dialogues. One guy in line had said, "I'm exercising my free speech, so shut up," and a girl had said, "I don't owe you an explanation." But the main reaction was no reaction. There was no dialogue, and no presentiment of violence, not even when a couple of campus cops, one Asian, the other African-American, ever-so-gently steered the long-hairs out. What's the good of free speech if no one gives a damn?

Edward Norden is a regular contributor to The American Spectator *and the* New Republic.

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II. The Chancellor

If you want to know why this gentle institution is hailed as an up-and-comer in *U.S. News*'s greatly feared annual college roundup, you could do worse than drop in on Richard Atkinson, UCSD's chancellor of the last twelve years.

You're reminded of the CEO of a large firm. He'll tell you that entering SATs are higher than they used to be, and that UCSD is no longer just a hard sciences and engineering Mecca. More kids are trying to get in to major in everything from biology to music, fewer are being accepted, more of those accepted matriculate and fewer of those matriculated drop out or switch to other campuses of the incredible, wobbling UC system. By all measures, UCSD is closing in on UCLA and Berkeley. No other public university sends as many of its undergrads to medical school as UCSD does. And then there's the money: UCSD, with $194 million, will come in fifth this year in the federal R&D sweepstakes, ahead of Yale, Harvard, and Berkeley, and with not a hint of any monkey business *à la* Atkinson's alma mater, Stanford. He'll also explain to you the virtues of UCSD's unique setup of five colleges in one.

All this under a blue sky hardly tainted by smog—the F-18s from the Miramar Naval Air Station love exercising in it—and a sun analogous to a mother's love.

On the other hand, Atkinson, former president of the National Science Foundation and current president of the American Association of Universities, isn't the best source on the undergraduate side of things. For one thing, modesty forbids him from mentioning that thirty-four chairs have been endowed on his watch, mainly in the hard and medical sciences, but also Drama and Chinese Studies and Political Science. Money talks, money helps, little or nothing happens without money, and Atkinson knows its ways. What did Roger Revelle, the late, by-now-legendary founder of UCSD, say on that subject? "The number one problem with a university is money."

True, when asked what his prime concern is, Atkinson said, "To make sure the faculty stays top-notch." But that depends on money, budgets, and position in the academic pecking order, statewide and nationwide. The Big Picture preoccupies Atkinson, maybe has to preoccupy the poor man. He has at his fingertips birth-rate statistics, immigration projections, budget printouts. He thinks about the consequences of the military-industrial complex going on the dole. He's worried about the Great Recession, UC funding cuts putting the 1960 Master Plan at risk, the expected shortfall in American-born hard science and engineering Ph.D.s. Yet his faith is that a university where great research is done, like UCSD, can also be one where undergrads in all the majors have reason to be happy.

Atkinson is also bothered by the lack of appreciation for UCSD in San Diego. More than thirty-five companies have spun off from R&D here, important players like Hybritech, Immune Response, Gensia Pharmaceuticals. They've generated employment and won prestige for a town that used to begin with the Navy and end with General Dynamics. UCSD's accomplishments in fusion energy research, Alzheimer's, digital communications, and other hot fronts have put it on the non-military, non-tourist map, just as Roger Revelle wanted. Yet many San Diegans still picture the university as it was for a moment in the sixties, when Herbert Marcuse was making headlines. It's not right—why should ancient history dog the present? In conclusion, the chancellor gave your reporter a copy of a recent paper he co-authored, "Equilibrium in the Research University."

That was all very well, but your reporter understood his assignment: ignore the graduate programs and the research. Discover the college at UCSD, or to be more exact the colleges; the substance and atmospherics; what if any undergraduate life of the mind there is at this up-and-comer; to what extent Political Correctness stifles learning; what kind of general education the kids get for their, their parents', and the taxpayers' money; and in general what's becoming of the good old American dream of a college education in a time of unemployment nightmares, budget meltdowns, and demographic sea change. To make things slightly easier for himself, and as a measure of gen ed, your reporter decided to ask kids whether they knew who Arnold Schoenberg, the dead one, was. It was unfair, of course, because the name doesn't appear in *Cultural Literacy* by J.D. Hirsch. All this, a few months after the ashes of the man whose baby UCSD is had been scattered offshore.

III. The Founder

The lanky Roger Revelle seems to have been a WASP liberal in word and deed. A liberal, that is, before liberals went off red meat. For example, Revelle organized the A-bomb test at Bikini in 1946. For another example, when Joe McCarthy was having his day, Revelle said that loyalty oaths for professors were a dumb idea, not a popular thing to say in San Diego at the time. Revelle was retired from the Navy and boss of the Scripps Institution of Oceanography. The newspaper Scrippses, along with the newspaper Copleys, were the paladins of charity and pull in town, keepers of the conscience of its Old Money. Being married to a Scripps, heading the SIO, and having held a Navy commission made it somewhat less hard for Revelle, whose name appeared on the earliest papers describing what any child today recognizes as the Greenhouse Effect, to make his dream come true.

The SIO, with its pier poking beyond the surf in the Edenic suburb of La Jolla, had been an arm of the UC

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archipelago since 1912. Overlooking it was a mesa with nothing on it except pines, eucalyptus, chaparral, and Camp Mathews, a Marine base that Revelle's friends on active duty were ready to part with if he really needed it. His idea was to build a full-fledged, world-class campus, and quickly. Big names in the hard sciences, and the soft ones and humanities also, were to be lured to La Jolla. Resistance came from the UC trustees—known as the Regents—and from some of the Old Money in San Diego. The Regents in the mid-1950s, when Revelle got his bright idea, thought UC had enough campuses. As for the local Old Money, much of it was comfortable, thank you, with a gentleman's agreement. It seems to have been easier to bring the Regents and local business types around to the idea of a new campus than it was to persuade the La Jolla Real Estate Brokers Association (REBA) to sell to Jewish professors. The Chamber of Commerce quickly signed on, and General Dynamics paid for the first appointment to the faculty. They sensed that a university could help finish off San Diego as a snug harbor and put it in the big time.

The time was right. In 1957, in the wake of *Sputnik*, a cloudburst of dollars and taxpayer understanding suddenly rained on the heads of American scientists. More than any other state, California was to reap the benefits, the UC system especially. On this, at least, the lefty *New Indicator*'s "Disorientation" issue for this year is right—the military-industrial complex was present at the inception of UCSD, spurred its growth, and remains a factor. If lots of others could benefit from the billions thus allocated—if humanists in addition to engineers could get a piece of the action, if San Diego County, buffered from the inferno of L.A. by Camp Pendleton and separated from the Third World by a fence, could burgeon with freeways and aqueducts and new hamlets far into the desert—why not? This new-type game required a major-league research university in town, and that, Revelle said, required letting new-type people into La Jolla.

"You can't have a university without having Jewish professors," he years later remembered saying back then to REBA. "That worked itself out more or less." But it took time, the fracas over Marcuse didn't help, and meanwhile Revelle, a man in a hurry, had to build a subdivision of bungalows near the budding campus for some of his transplants to live in.

Unfamiliar, scarcely credible history for the clean, fit, polite kids cramming in the Price Center. If you seek Revelle's monument, take a walk around the campus which has spread on the mesa. Looming near and over the center is the very good Central Library. An upside-down pyramid of glass fully utilized from morning to midnight, it's one of the few interesting buildings around, Engineering being another. Someone has scratched an obscenity on a wall in one of the men's rooms, but "Lassie Eats Chickens" is more typical of UCSD graffiti.

Keep strolling. The ivy is young and tentative on the dorms of the five colleges, and on the graduate schools, including Medicine. There's the Nonlinear Science building, the gleaming Career Services Building, the supercomputer facility humming beneath its outsize dish like a visitation from another galaxy, the International Relations and Pacific Studies complex from the picture windows of which you can see the world's largest ocean and the vast student parking lots. There's the non-threatening Student Health Center, with its brochures in English and Spanish on acne and AIDS. There's Niki de Saint Phalle's landmark sculpture, "Sun God," which looks more like a papier-mâché bird. All this under a blue sky hardly tainted by smog—the F-18s from the Miramar Naval Air Station love exercising in it—and a sun analogous to a mother's love. Paths lead through the trees to the various colleges: structured Revelle, easier Muir, multicultural Third, Warren for engineers, fledgling Fifth.

Not only the hard sciences and engineering, but whole departments in the social sciences and even a few in the humanities are uninfected by P.C.

Among the seniors this year at Revelle is Jason, who hails from an *American Graffiti*–like hometown in the San Joaquin Valley. One of the smartest kids your reporter met, Jason is no progressive—in fact, he's on the conservative side, which made it interesting for him in his major, Communications. Most of his complaints about UCSD, however, can also be heard at the other end of the spectrum, and in between: Atkinson cares about landing the big research grants, not about the undergraduate herd. He delegates all responsibility for undergraduate business to Joe Watson, who enforces an alcohol ban on campus. UCSD lacks communal spirit, Jason goes on. Deprived of watering holes, students flee the dorms, rent pads by their sophomore year and metamorphose into commuters, and well before that head across the border to Tijuana (TJ) every weekend to get soused. Furthermore, classes are too big and there's still not enough parking.

Oddly enough, some of these complaints were adumbrated by Revelle himself in an oral history for UCSD's twenty-fifth anniversary in 1985. Said the Founder: "You were asking me what are my criteria for a great university? One of the criteria is that the students love it." And how do you get them to do that? One way, said Revelle, is to make sure there's a Telegraph Avenue, as in Berkeley, where he was a graduate student, an "area around the campus where the students can be themselves . . . restaurants, and beer joints . . . everything to make the students happy. . . . It has never happened here." Revelle spoke thus before construction of the Price Center. For all its amenities—nationality food outlets, a waterfall, movie theater, record store, ballroom, recreation halls, bookstore, and study lounges—it hasn't triggered the hoped-for and necessary love. Yet having complained, Jason

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readily admits that the teaching is great—he has nothing to complain of when it comes to the education UCSD has afforded him on the cheap. He can identify the dead Arnold Schoenberg and is especially happy with the meaty general education he got in his college.

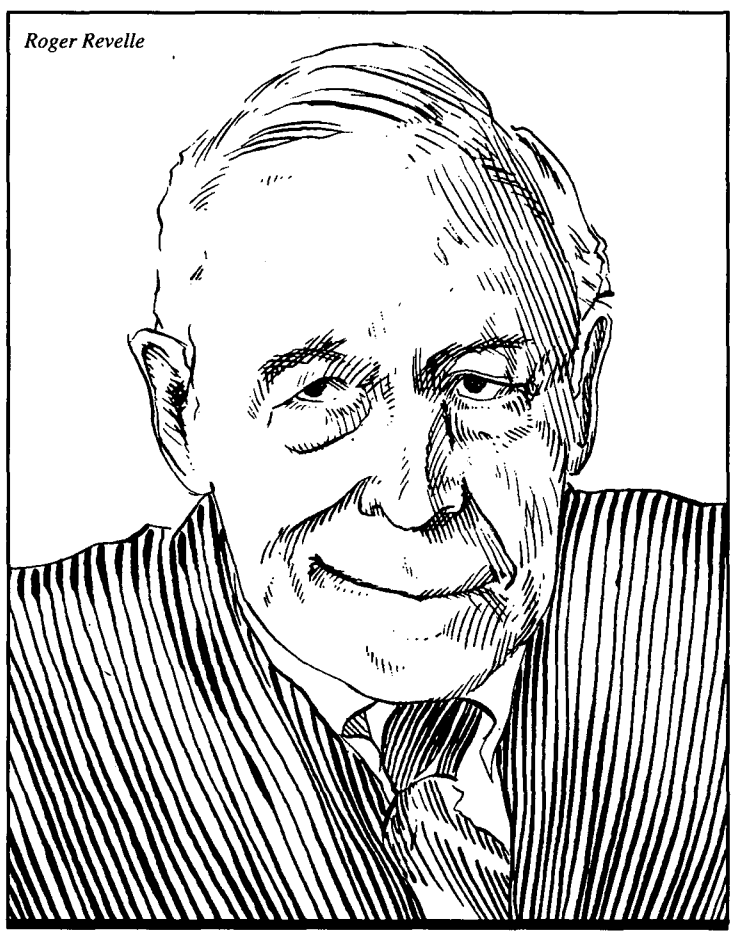
IV. Oxbridge on the Pacific

UCSD's college set-up remains somewhat unorthodox. As Revelle saw it, the colleges would take after Oxbridge, where dons and students interact in a cozier setting than the whole university, but with the whole university at their disposal. Revelle hoped to fend off anomie and balance the yin of research with the yang of undergraduate teaching and learning. Anyone in any UCSD college may take any course and major in any subject. The unique part is that each college fashions its own required courses for general education. The student must get this core out of the way, together with the departmental requirements of the major, before he gets a diploma.

The odd-numbered colleges—Revelle, Third, Fifth—load on the most general requirements. Revelle, the oldest, is the least understanding, making you study two years' worth of Humanities. This is nothing less than a Great Books & Ideas of Western Civilization survey course. It is relieved only by the occasional *Bhagavad-Gita* assigned by one or another of the professors involved, most of whom are nominally tied to Revelle but whose main affiliation is with the all-university departments of Philosophy, Literature, History, Theatre, and Music. On top of Humanities, the masochistic Revelle boys and girls must take a dollop of physics, math, chemistry, and a foreign language, plus, new this year, a course given by either the History or Ethnic Studies department on "the interaction of two or more culturally identifiable groups in the U.S."

This last is right up Third College's alley. Its "Dimensions of Culture" sequence has Locke and Madison on its list, and many readings tending to favor affirmative action, the right to abortion, conscientious objection, and so on. Third also requires math and logic. Again, the lecturers who speak to hundreds of freshmen and sophomores at a time come from all departments, but here they are selected for their radical or super-liberal slant, which most do not project too crudely. As for "Making of the Modern World" at Fifth, much depends on which professors you catch introducing the treasures of Jewish, Greek, Indian, and Chinese civilization.

The idea was that all the colleges would grow to be roughly the same size. As it has turned out, Muir is by far the most popular. "Flexibility" is the motto here, i.e., no core to speak of, virtually the run of the catalogue to do it your way. It's very good for "exceptionally able students with well-defined academic interests," as Muir's ad says. While some Muirites, like Michael of the conservative *California Review*, may be in that category, most aren't—Muir is home to lots of kids who want to take it as easy as they can. Warren is likewise a college with few requirements. But here, computer logic is mandatory, a tip-off that this is a college where engineers-to-be from Taiwan can get on with their game plans.



Roger Revelle

Revelle in that oral history declared that this college system "never worked out. And the reason it didn't work out is that college professors, university professors, are essentially journeymen professionals" who have their minds on their departments. He was tough, maybe too tough, on his baby. What's for sure is that there are no crenelated walls around these colleges. Peopling the UCSD campus on weekdays you have tweeded professors sucking pipes, trousered women faculty, a detachment of temperate-looking cops packing .45s, and thousands of nice, terribly hard-working kids on the move. Seemingly innumerable blondes sport those bouncing ponytails. The kids move in and out of their classes like shifts in a Honda factory. Nearly all the 14,529 undergrads come from in-state—the blonde Sherry from Twin Falls, Idaho, is exceptional in this and other respects. (She edits the *California Review.*) Out-of-staters, unless they can wangle residency, pay $10,185 in yearly fees, which is about what it costs the state to educate an undergrad, while the Californians grouch about having to pay the lousy greedy Regents $2,486, which if Governor Pete Wilson has his way with the legislature will jump next fall to $3,036, double the hit

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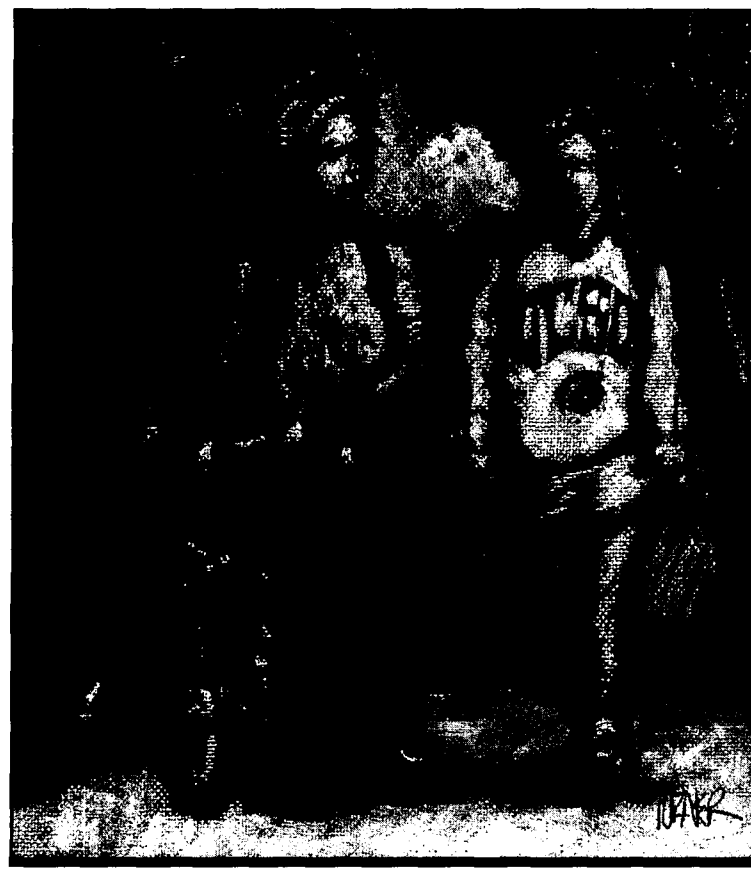
five years ago. One in three of these not-particularly-grateful kids, however, gets some fee relief.

Who knows how many thousands of hours at the beach or in front of the tube or between the earphones of a Walkman these mainly white, mainly middle-class, mainly Southern California adults-to-be have spent by the time they matriculate? But their average SAT scores are public record—524 Verbal, 617 Math. In other words, though not the very brightest and/or driven of their statewide high school class, they're up there, a few cuts below the monsters who claw their way into Stanford and Yale.

The fact that they are generally better with numbers than words can be deduced from their overheard talk. The Asian-American girl walking holding hands with her Caucasian boyfriend is saying à propos of something, "It was, like, weird, you know?" Comprising eight percent of the population of California, the various Asians are slightly more than one in five UCSD undergrads, almost their share at UCLA—the University of Caucasians Lost among Asians. The latter everywhere in the UC system allegedly study as if possessed, making the former work even harder or be obliterated by the curve. Your reporter overheard no verbalized Caucasian resentment of Asian-origin geeks—none at all. A "geek," not to be confused with a member of one of the Greek frats or sororities, is a person so devoted to studying that he's incapable of socializing—formerly, geeks were called nerds, and when your reporter was at Harvard a generation ago, they were grinds. The worst thing at UCSD isn't to be a geek, however, but a "weasel," that is, insincere. To "wease" is to speak or behave insincerely, to have ulterior motives.



Not only did your reporter overhear no resentment of the Asians—he failed almost completely to elicit it. It took digging to establish that the two geeks with whom V., a Caucasian male, was assigned to room in freshman year were Asians. Seemingly, V. hadn't understood the official UC-wide definition of Fighting Words:

> Those personally abusive epithets which, when directly addressed to any ordinary person are, in the context used and as a matter of common knowledge, inherently likely to provoke a violent reaction whether or not they actually do. Such words include, but are not limited to, those terms widely recognized to be derogatory references to race, ethnicity, religion, sex, sexual orientation, disability, and other personal characteristics.

For uttering Fighting Words in direct speech, any student may be punished. Your reporter was soon under the impression that the regulation had either been perfectly internalized, or hadn't been necessary in the first place. On this campus, such words didn't get uttered even in indirect speech, perhaps didn't get thought.

V. On the Lecture Circuit

"Gotta jet, you guys," said a Caucasian sincerely to a couple of female students as he mounted his customized skateboard. Let's follow him as he dry-surfs to his next class, American Lit. with Ronald Berman.

A cultural and political non-progressive and one of Revelle's earliest recruits in the humanities, the professor is lecturing today on *A Farewell to Arms*. This novel, Berman wishes his roughly 150, mainly female students to understand, is a great, intellectually sophisticated, prophetic book about our century's politics. Hemingway is making his modernist point by educating Frederick Henry—"Mr. Instant Gratification"—in the knowledge of who he is and the realization that there are, in the friendly Berman's words, "many things worse than war—defeat, for example." The skateboarder and the young women scribble away. No wonder that according to the student-produced UCSD Course and Professor Evaluation guide (CAPE), Berman is one of the most popular teachers. Best of all, in praising Hemingway to the skies, Berman seems to be preparing to introduce the disturbing idea that, preoccupied though he is by morality, the writer finally and erroneously and unforgivably believes everything is chaotic.

Or was it your reporter's stimulated imagination? In his month back at school, he audited three dozen lectures, to his amazement finding none sleep-inducing—none except those in Electrical and Computer Engineering, where the lan-

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guage of instruction could have been Aramaic. He was amazed, because unless his memory was going, the professors at Harvard had tended to be dull. But here in *fin-de-siècle* La Jolla, the teachers with their Ph.D.s from Stanford, Berkeley, the Ivies, Chicago and Oxbridge were all brilliant, dedicated, friendly, clear, organized, sincere, valuable—Revelle in his old age was wrong and Atkinson could relax.[1]

Not only the hard sciences and engineering, but whole departments in the social sciences and even a few in the humanities are uninfected by P.C. Take the excellent Nicholas Jolley of the Philosophy Department, an Englishman in a yellow necktie. He teaches Milton in historical and theological context. Maybe he touches on the poor man's sexism, but he leaves no doubt as to the poet's heroism and the universal greatness and relevance of his work. Listening, your badly educated reporter was charmed, and wondered if he hadn't been a callow punk on whom Harvard was inevitably wasted. More to the point, he wondered how much of Jolley's knowledge, reasonableness, and eloquence was traveling over if not right through the heads of most of his wide-awake, busily note-taking students with their ponytails and backwards Dodgers caps.

The question came up in other lectures, too, especially when the professor interrupted himself to try to involve the youngsters. Getting a volunteer to finish a thought or fill in a blank fact was analogous to pulling teeth. Unusual indeed was a word from the floor in a lower-level humanities or social science lecture addressing the material in its own right, much less challenging the professor. Question periods were focused on pinning down as firmly as possible what might be on the exam. It was like the press trying to get a usable answer out of Margaret Tutwiler, except that the professors are handier with words and a lot more forthcoming. Does the level of lecturing at UCSD connote and inspire a genuine life of the mind among undergrads, or does it obscure their real business, i.e., racking up grades? Donald Tuzin has the answer. Co-author with Atkinson of "Equilibrium in the Research University," he's an anthropology prof who has jumped from teaching to administering and should be upbeat when talking to a reporter. Tuzin, it seems, visited Harvard recently—how wonderful, he says, it would be to hear at UCSD the kind of "intellectual talk" he heard in the Freshman Union there!

In his teaching days, Tuzin despaired of students who didn't believe him when he swore he would be delighted to talk with them one-on-one, or who, if they did show up, apologized for wasting his time. The dedicated Berman warned of likely interruptions when he agreed to a chat during office hours, yet just one kid materialized. You apparently can't have everything—what Berman calls "stability" in the young doesn't coexist with the itch of curiosity, at least not these days. The professor seems almost, yet not quite, sorry about that. He's a born teacher who wrote in 1968, presciently, that "the new Jewish radicalism is conservative," and who, when he took leave to be chairman of the National Endowment for the Humanities under Nixon, persuaded Congress to open the till, implicitly to reclaim culture from the America-haters after the plagues of the 1960s.

UCSD got away with a relatively mild case of the sickness, according to Berman, and with few permanent ill effects. This is thanks, he says, to its hard sciences pedigree and the type of student it draws. Granted, some of the revolutionaries of yesteryear have job security at UCSD today, including in Berman's own Department of Literature, where they spread the deconstructionist, neo-Marxist, multicultural, feminist, illiberal faith—Roger Kimball's infamous tenured radicals. Or to be more exact, where they try to spread it. What Berman approvingly calls the "pragmatism" of most students here makes them bad material for such indoctrination, compared with, say, the high flyers at Stanford. They're too sensible, and too nice. Of course, this raises the question of how deeply Berman's own lectures penetrate, not only those on Hemingway and Fitzgerald but on even deader white males like Aristophanes. Being nice himself, your reporter didn't pose it. He did get Berman to admit that the passivity here, the general flatness, wears down a scholar's edge. If this be the price of keeping P.C. at bay, the professor is determined to pay it with a smile.

You apparently can't have everything—what Berman calls "stability" in the young doesn't coexist with the itch of curiosity, at least not these days.

VI. What's Left of the Left?

The too-sincere Tuzin was right about brilliant talk, however. You hear little of it at the Wendy's in the Price Center. And not much more at the Grove Cafe, in the funky Old Student Center that functions as a rival hub. Most of the doings and denizens make it the nearest thing on campus to a liberated zone. Peasant dresses, torn jeans, and Birkenstocks hold their own against Reeboks and sweatshirts. The Gay & Lesbian Organization, a pottery and jewelry workshop, the Grove, the Student Affirmative Action Committee, the various embattled co-ops and Groundworks Books, are here. Skip Groundworks if you're after Solzhenitsyn, Milton Friedman, or P.J. O'Rourke—they don't stock that kind of thing. But there's a full range of feminist novels and apologies for Fidel, as well as Greenpeace buttons and the required reading in P.C. courses. *"Save the Co-ops!"* appeals a painted bedsheet draped from

[1]Well, maybe not all, some of the teachers of P.C. comprising the known exceptions. Expelled by Dr. Lisa Lowe from her "Intro to Women's Studies" class before the lecturer started doing her stuff, your reporter can't say whether she's brilliant, etc.

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a balcony facing the Hump, a grassy knoll below. *"No More Fee Hikes!"* says another.

Also headquartered in the Old Student Center is the New Indicator collective, which occasionally publishes a newspaper of the same name. Its manifesto reads in part, "Capitalism is the underlying source of so much injustice and suffering that it must be replaced," though of course "we are opposed to all forms of dictatorship." Its free annual "Disorientation Manual" proudly traces the group's roots to the Students for a Democratic Society in the legendary sixties. Some of the articles are horribly dated—especially the one accusing UCSD of being the tool of forces "currently responsible for the mindless drift toward World War Three." There is a wistful air about the manual, as if the powers-that-be had been having it their own way for too many years now. But as a compendium of P.C., the manual is unrivaled, and some of its formulations are pungent indeed: "[The Regents] believe, as did Hitler's Eichmann, that students should sit quietly at their desks."

Curiously, the manual doesn't count the advent of P.C. departments, courses, and tenured faculty as victories. The only political success of note in a couple of decades was the forced divestment by UCSD of its South African holdings, and the only progressive "enclave" remaining are the co-ops, which "function, to some extent, as microcosms of what a socialist society would be like." As such, the co-ops are the target of "relentless Administration hostility." All students should patronize and defend them.

Concludes the manual: "This year, students may rise up, studying and struggling, towards a better future!"

If they're going to, they'll have to be diverted from a lot of other activities. The bulletin board in the Old Student Center is always a horn of plenty. Announcements of the Marines coming to recruit future pilots, of evangelical Bible study, Greek rushes, prep courses for the Medical College Aptitude Test and Law School Aptitude Test, Chinese movies, lesbian movies, Chicano movies, a meeting of the student council and another of the UCSD chapter of the Objectivists, cars and motorcycles and surfboards and bicycles and dogs and books for sale, air tickets to San Francisco, meditation, Alcoholics Anonymous, Filipino dancing, apartments to share, come hear Ralph Nader. The usual extra-curricular cornucopia available to American collegians, making them the envy of the world—so usual and ordinary, in fact, that it wouldn't be worth mentioning, but for the following poster stuck among the rest:

THIS IS WHAT THE KOALA THINKS ABOUT MEXICANS:
"Bottom Five Things to do in TJ
1. Piss on a cop's shoe
2. Buy some chiclets
3. Volunteer to help out with the donkey show
4. Contract a disease from someone named 'Juanita'
5. Use the phrase 'f---in' beaners' "

THIS IS WHAT THE KOALA THINKS ABOUT AFRICAN AMERICANS:
"I don't wanna be called YO! Niga . . .

JOE WATSON HAS A BIG HAIRY PUSSY
Joe Watson, our favorite Vice-Chancellor of Undergraduate Affairs, has come out of the closet. He told us last week that he has a big hairy pussy. That's right, our Joe Watson is a cat lover who owns a 15 lb. Persian pussy cat. Mr. Watson is relieved that his little secret is out and he says that he plans to show off his pussy and will even let students play with it if they want to. We are all grateful to Mr. Watson."

The *Koala*? What's the *Koala*? Your curious reporter removed this poster and filed it in his notebook to ask Lauren and Greg about.

Once she gets her diploma in biology and history, she'll be the first college grad in her family. What does this mean to her? "A piece of paper," she answers. "That's the only reason I'm here."

A senior, Lauren puts in forty hours a week at the Food Co-op and the Recycling Co-op. This she does because she's in accord with the goals of the co-ops, and because she needs the dough, having she says lost most of the value of her scholarship after the latest fee hikes. Lauren's dad isn't in a position to cover her expenses—he's just the foreman, not the owner, of a vineyard in Carmel, home of Joan Baez and Clint Eastwood. This is a first-generation American speaking. Her family came to the U.S. in 1968, shortly before Lauren's birth, after her dad got in trouble in his native Guatemala. He has a year of college from back there. Her mom only got her high school diploma a couple of years ago. There has been no rebellion on Lauren's part against her parent's fairly left-wing views. She considers herself, however, a pacifist, an absolute pacifist, no fan of the gun-toting Sandinista women, photos of whom the *New Indicator* likes to publish with their infants. Nor does Lauren hold it against her brother and sister that they both enlisted in the U.S. Army to get ahead.

Once she gets her diploma in biology and history, she'll be the first college grad in her family. What does this mean to her? "A piece of paper," she answers. "That's the only reason I'm here." What's she going to do? "Start a co-op, maybe go to medical school." Is she grateful for her education? "Yeah—I'm grateful to myself." Greg, her boyfriend, child of gringos, also a progressive, received his UCSD degree in communications last year. He says he is looking for work. He vows it won't be with a corporation, not CNN and not Sony. In need of a shave, unhappy compared with Lauren, he says when asked which books have meant the most to him, "Marx and Engels," though he is unable to explain why. Your reporter entertains, then excludes, the possibility that Lauren's young man is putting him on. "I could have

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skipped college for all the good it's done me," says gloomy Greg.

The cheerful Lauren wears a beat-up, felt prospector's hat with a band of Navajo metalwork around it. "Professor Irons is good. I like him," she says in answer to the question whether any UCSD teachers have made a difference for her. And that bedsheet? She explains that the administration and the co-ops have been at war for years. The co-ops are financed by the students, by a cut from student fees, but the administration wants to kill them and put in commercial vendors, so she says, and if the "apocalypse" of this war comes, the "apathetic, naive, ignorant" mass of students will be mobilizable. The *Koala*? "Oh, that's the humor magazine. It's racist, but sometimes it's right on." Neither Lauren nor Greg seemed as astonished by the content or style of the posted material as your reporter was, or as upset as whoever it was who had copied and put it up. Nor did either know what the dead Arnold Schoenberg's claim to fame is, though Lauren took "Making of the Modern World" at Fifth, and Greg took "Dimensions of Culture" at Third.

VII. The Ex-Chancellor

"Never heard of it," claims William J. McGill in his office in the McGill building. "The campus humor magazine, you say?" The ex-chancellor is a white-haired, shirt-sleeved, crew-cut gent, an authority on reaction times. He has adjunct status, teaching a course in the psychology of student rebellion, keeping up and, he says, being consulted. His sincerity is of the twinkle-eyed variety, and returning the poster he says, "This is awful stuff—racist." Framed on the wall is a *New York Times Magazine* cover from 1970, portraying a younger McGill in front of the Low Library. McGill, president of Columbia for a whole decade starting then, did as much as anyone to save it from the Visigoths, exactly what he was hired to do. A still younger McGill had made his administrative name at UCSD in the very special years 1968-70. This man's accomplishment had been to keep the tender young campus open and working, at a time when, if it had been shut down or the National Guard called in, UCSD might never have grown to be what it is.

He wrote a book about it after returning from Columbia. "One of those bedrock ordeals," he called it, when he was "caught between an opaque state administration and ruthless campus adversaries." A pugnacious Ronald Reagan sat in the governor's mansion, insisting that UC clean up its act, otherwise he would do it himself. The local chapters of SDS and the Black Panthers demanded that UCSD (1) cut loose from the military-industrial complex, and (2) get their approval on course and tenure decisions. Otherwise they, the people, would shut it down.

The great student revolt was a product of "idealism" and a symptom of "extended adolescence in post-industrial society," aggravated by Vietnam, wrote McGill, and he wasn't the only one. He was kept busy on his right flank, too. The local American Legionnaires and the Copleys' *San Diego Union* demanded severance for Prof. Herbert Marcuse, the 69-year-old neo-Marxist guru of the young revolutionaries and inventor of the concept of "repressive tolerance." Marcuse had been imported a few years earlier to beef up the non-sciences. Well, said Marcuse, of course—San Diego was "one of the most reactionary communities in the United States," and the capitalists' sly habit of repressing dissent by tolerating it notwithstanding, was unable to tolerate a free university.

McGill didn't like this refugee from Hitler, nor his ideas, but was determined to prove him wrong. He disappointed the Uptight Right on the Marcuse affair, which for him came down to academic freedom and UCSD's future. He engineered a one-year reappointment for the over-age professor, after which Marcuse had to take mandatory retirement—a dénouement that remains a scandal in the eyes of the progressives, a triumph of expediency over virtue. But it actually laid down an important principle. If today UCSD is a fixture in a town it has done a lot to civilize, and if it is the plaything neither of the ideologues on campus nor the politicians and lobbies outside, McGill deserves a healthy portion of the credit.

As, the modest ex-chancellor hastens to point out, does the object of the *Koala*'s attentions, Joe Watson. Rumors of Watson's troubles and achievements as provost of Third reached McGill on Morningside Heights. On his return in 1980, he found the scene of his ordeal again "benign, al-

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most languid," and Third College a successful experiment in "minority education." McGill declares himself well satisfied with Third, which was Watson's baby in its formative years. It's what's happening in some UCSD departments, and especially what's brewing out there in the state and the nation, that gives him pause.

"Certain kinds of linguistic orthodoxies have come to be demanded, especially in the humanities," he says. "You can still say what you want, there's freedom of speech, yes, but it takes courage sometimes to say it. It's because of multiculturalism." Is he for multiculturalism or against it? Well, yes. What's for sure is that the demographics are closing in on the UC system. The Caucasians are going to be a minority in California by 2012. The majority of non-Caucasians who get into the system on pure merit are and will be Asian-Americans. McGill isn't sure that this isn't a recipe for big political trouble. He is sure that he loves the Asians—they're studious, they're quiet, they "beat you at your own game."

Or as goldminer William Kelley said about the Chinese in San Diego in 1882: "[they] are quick, industrious and persevering; . . . you never see a Chinese lolling about, or amongst the group of idlers."

VIII. Asians

Not a bad characterization of Walter Ku. He lopes quickly around the campus, gray-haired, a smile on his face, hurrying from undergraduate lecture to graduate seminar to faculty conference. Busy as he is, he gave your reporter a nice chunk of time in his office in the sleek Engineering Building. Ku has come a long way. He was born in Peking, taken to Taiwan after the revolution, then immigrated to Philadelphia. In 1925, his father was the first Chinese to get a Ph.D. from MIT. Ku has an ongoing grant from the National Science Foundation to design the next generation of ultra-high-speed integrated circuits. The best of his graduate students are in on the project. Sure, in an American recession, R&D is the first thing to be chopped, but his own grant doesn't seem to be in danger, maybe because, as the PR brochure on it says, it's to "help the U.S. remain in the vanguard of semiconductors." The Electrical Engineering department in which Ku is a professor has a red-hot feel about it and continues to be sponsored by, among others, General Dynamics, Hughes, Lockheed, and McDonnell Douglas. Ku is about to take eighteen months off to go back east to work on something "more interesting than Star Wars." He couldn't give details about that, but did invite your reporter to meet David.

Young David is one of the best students in Electrical Engineering—so good that when Jerry Waldorf of troubled IBM came by the other day to scout the talent and discuss future chip materials, he was the only undergrad brought by Ku to a small get-together. There were seven prodigies around a table meeting the eye-patched, jovial Waldorf, six of them Asian-American. They spoke of Gegahertzes, they spoke of substrates. But is David a proper Asian-American? No, he's still no more than a Californian, if to be an American means to be either native-born or naturalized. So far, he's in the country on a student visa. The diploma he got from a high school in Orange County, entitling him to a place at UC, was thanks to his hard work and the fact that his dad, the owner of a teahouse in Taipei, sent him over to live with his aunt when he was 15 and hardly knew a word of English.

Now he has learned to speak it more than well enough to be interviewed. This wasn't easy, but as David says, "No pain, no gain." Which isn't to say that he's masochistic. Finding himself at Third College as a freshman, he quickly transferred to Warren to escape all those core and diversity and extra writing courses an engineer can live without. P.C.? What's that? When it's explained to him, David understands in a flash and says he's never run into it himself, but a former roommate at Third, another Taiwanese immigrant, mentioned that his writing prof always dumped on Reagan in class.

P.C.? What's that? When it's explained to him, David understands in a flash and says he's never run into it himself, but a former roommate at Third, another Taiwanese immigrant, mentioned that his writing prof always dumped on Reagan in class.

No kid interviewed by your reporter had his mind so powerfully focused on his work and future as David, which at UCSD is saying a lot. David evidently loves his electrical engineering for its own sake, and also knows that when he graduates, unless he continues on to graduate school or gets a job, he'll lose his visa. Of course, with the likes of Prof. Ku and Jerry Waldorf vouching for him, there wouldn't seem to be much danger that he'll have to return to his dynamic little island or take a job washing dishes. Still, he's worried. The UC system is "trying to cut down on us," meaning on Asians, and stateside research slots, as the IBM man said, are fewer for the time being, due to the economic situation and the whimpering end of the Cold War. Arnold Schoenberg? Sorry. David didn't know who the living one is, let alone the dead one. Nor, smiling apologetically, could he identify the *Koala*.

Your reporter saved his question about that publication for last, when he went to see Joe Watson. First, however, he had to get to the bottom of this P.C. thing.

IX. P.C. Up Close

Come what may, your reporter tries to be personable. In spite of that, he wasn't made welcome by the departments of Literature, Communications, Visual Arts, Ethnic Studies, Third World Studies, and Women's Studies—i.e., those departments that have either fallen into P.C. hands or were purpose-built. His telephoned requests for interviews were like pebbles down a bottomless well. This is not to say that anyone was morally obliged to give

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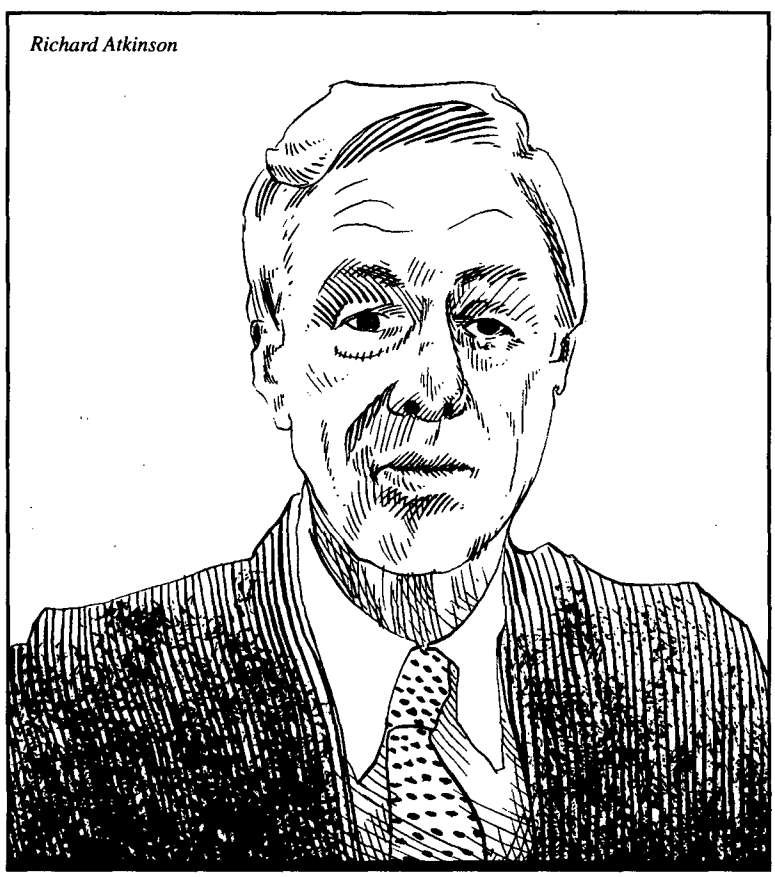
him the time of day, or that he had no chance to see and hear P.C. as she is taught.

George Lipsitz of the Ethnic Studies department wears Harris tweeds and pops caramels. He was careless enough to allow a perfect stranger to sit in on his smallish "Ethnic Images in Film" class, which of course includes clips and videos. "Ethnicity," Lipsitz reminded his students, "is a construct. . . . It does not inhere in the blood line." His first aim that day was to illustrate how Hollywood since time immemorial has "constructed"—that is, misrepresented and exploited—ethnicity, while the counterculture and rap, also known as hip-hop, have told it like it is. Lipsitz, however, is anything but colloquial. His fast-talking presentation was chock-a-block with polysyllabic jargon. "Intertextuality," for example, and "scopophilia," pleasure in looking. "He talks so fast," one of the girls whispered to another.

It was hard for the kids to write as fast as Lipsitz talked. All relaxed, however, all were rapt, all were scopophiliacs, whenever the teacher screened material on a pair of suspended TVs like those you see hanging in hospital rooms. There was some black-and-white Charlie Chan, some black-and-white Stepin Fetchit, some Technicolor *Medium Cool* by Haskell Wexler—"You are the ones who exploit and emasculate!" screams a black character to a white TV guy in that 1969 docudrama. "When the black cat shoots, then he really lives!" You could have heard a pin drop in that classroom.



Richard Atkinson

But it was during the rap videos that these white kids, mainly females, sat there with their mouths open. First there was Kid Frost doing Chicano Rap—truculent, sexist, bilingual. Then Public Enemy fightin' the power—hypnotic, imbecile, appalling. At least it was appalling to your out-of-it reporter, who believes that he is not a great racist, who has always dug Tito Puente, Miles Davis, and B.B. King, and who once long, long ago gave a dollar to the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee. If any of the kids responded in the same way to the violently racist and exploitative stuff on the two monitors, they didn't show it. The professor, after all, was treating this not as symptomology, not as part of the problem, but as an entrance to the solution: truthful, visionary, liberating material, artistically, socially, above all politically.

For there was his second aim, his message, finally made explicit: "A vision," said Lipsitz, "is not enough. You can't just imagine yourself free. There must be a real struggle over resources, power." Lipsitz was suspected by your reporter of having a good mind. He decided to ask him why he was abusing it. But he never got the chance. "I don't want to be caricatured like D'Souza caricatured some of my friends," was Lipsitz's stated reason for refusing to be interviewed. Encountering your reporter several times afterwards on campus, he wouldn't return his glad hello.

Never mind—the starkest P.C. lecture your reporter slipped into wasn't Lipsitz's but "Intro to Communications," with Vicente Rafael (Ph.D., Cornell). If memory serves, Harvard in the old days lacked a Communications Department. This is one of those new provinces of the contemporary university that is "inter-disciplinary," meaning it has license to raid history, art history, sociology, psychology, anthropology, literature, and what-have-you. At UCSD, the department is home to some of the people who years ago were prevented by Watson from naming Third College after Emiliano Zapata and Patrice Lumumba and running it accordingly. The stated aim of the major in communications is not, God forbid, to train people for careers "in advertising, journalism, production, or public relations." It's rather to give them "a solid liberal arts background" so they can proceed to graduate studies or "professional work in a number of communications-related fields"—for example, "teaching in the elementary and secondary schools" of California. Which might be all right if communications at UCSD didn't boil down to what it does.

Take Rafael. His topic the day his lecture was infiltrated was "the masculine gaze." Before telling the hundreds of dutifully note-taking boys and girls what that is, he reminded them that "all gender relations are relations of shifting, unequal power." Scribble, scribble. "*Everything*," he said with emphasis, "is implicated in the agendas, largely covert, of those power relationships. Is that clear?" It

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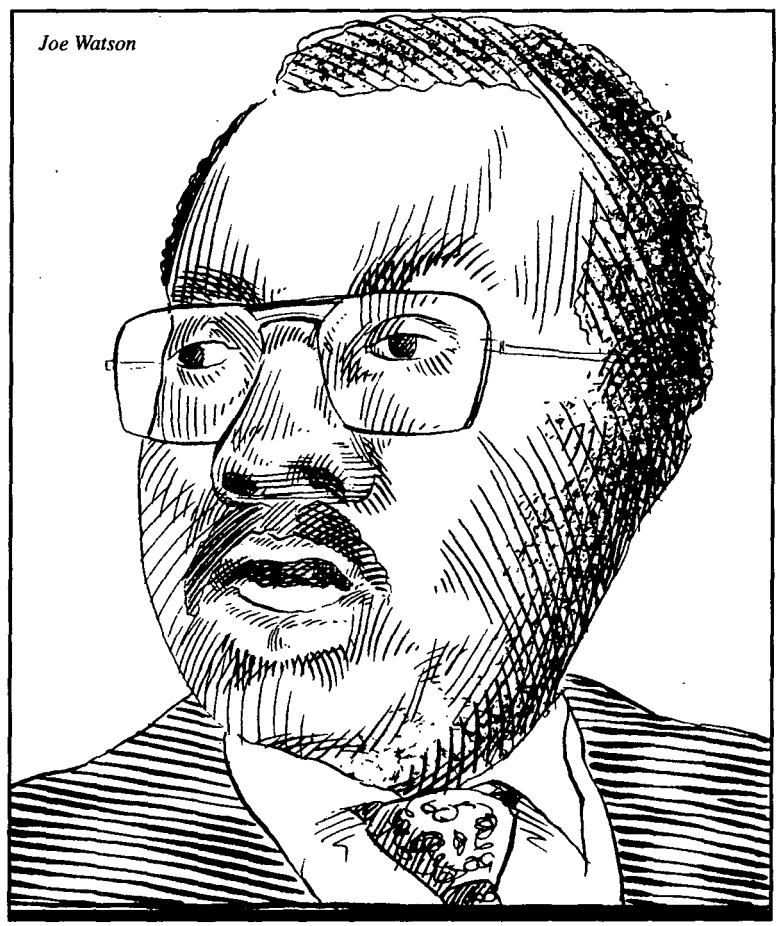
seemed to be, so on to the day's business. The masculine gaze is "a way of seeing" that has long dominated Western culture. It "objectifies" its "object," which is usually, though not necessarily, "an anatomical female." Point follows clear point.

Well-organized, Rafael is—but then so are virtually all of the teachers at UCSD, male and female, progressive, non-progressive, and totally apolitical. "The feminine gaze is always already colonized," he goes on, "by the masculine gaze—the feminine gaze is never sovereign." We first meet the "structure" of the masculine gaze in Europe, during the Renaissance, and this is no accident, for this is when the scientific method, capitalism, and the mechanical reproduction of images arose together. In fact, Rafael discloses, "the mechanical reproduction of images, that is, surveillance, can only happen in capitalist societies. For example, this university's records on you are modeled on police files." An "inhuman, monstrous" situation. No reason to despair, however. For there are other "ways of looking," namely "feminist ways," allowing us to "critique" the "structure," turn it against itself to redress the power balance. Feminist, not feminine. It should go without saying that not only "anatomical females" can look feministically, so to speak. Any questions?



Joe Watson

Poor Dürer! Poor Rembrandt! Poor Cézanne! Poor Walter Benjamin, author of *The Work of Art in the Age of Mechanical Reproduction*. Dead men all, and unable to defend or explain their gazes! And what about the defenseless kids transcribing Rafael's *shtick*?

Well, in fact, as the minutes drag by there is less and less stenography, more and more glazing-over of young eyes, yawning, and even, here and there, yes, there can't be any doubt about it, grumbling. Any questions? A female ponytail: "Are you like saying that oil paintings before lithography didn't have this gaze? I mean, did it really start at a certain time in history?" It certainly did, the lecturer answers bravely and sincerely—it started with Descartes, and he writes the name on the blackboard. This wasn't something he planned to get into in this lecture, but it was Descartes who separated the body from the soul, making the masculine gaze and surveillance as we know it possible. Five minutes Rafael goes on about Descartes, seven minutes. The question has thrown him. Rafael by now has become disorganized, is positively rambling. He knows it. "I'm not explaining this very well, but just trust me, OK?" A ripple of dubious laughter. Rafael is being sincere, he can't be accused of weasing, and in spite of that there's something wrong. Some people are leaving early.

X. My Kind of Radical

You have tenured radicals at UCSD, and then you have tenured radicals. Peter Irons (Ph.D., Rutgers; LL.D., Harvard Law) is a professor in the Political Science department who, by his own description, holds down the department's "left end." There are many things about Irons that set him apart from his fellow progressives. First, the fact that he instantly and with pleasure agreed to have coffee. Second, his language, 99.9 percent free of with-it cant. Third, his extramural work as a lawyer in the real world, even if that means representing the ACLU and a couple of atheists in a pending suit against the city of San Diego and a giant cross on Mt. Helix. Fourth, the fact that he's paid his dues, having gone to jail for thirty months in the sixties in preference to registering for the draft—a conviction vacated after he served his time. Sixth, he knows his subject, his political science, Hobbes, Locke, and the Constitution, inside-out. Robert Bork himself would probably give him that. And last, he really does seem to be fair.

"I have a deep respect for the Bill of Rights and the Constitution, which I carry with me all the time," he told his Standing Room Only class on the first day of the winter quarter, extracting a little black book from his pocket. "But I'm not politically conservative. I'm on the left. Does this mean you have to echo my opinions? No. They are simply points from which discussion may begin."

Without fail, every P.C. professor audited by your reporter delivered himself of such an opening-day statement.

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Maybe it's required. Some added the friendly warning that if a student wished to argue, he had better be able to back up his dissent logically and with evidence, the implication being that parrots needn't do the same. Irons gave no such warning. The oath itself was redundant in his case, since the first ex-con perhaps ever to go to Harvard Law has a reputation among UCSD's non-progressives for meat-and-potatoes teaching and stout fairness, a reputation he mentions without prompting—"I've been favorably reviewed by the *California Review*, you know." All of which may lift him clean out of the P.C. camp.

Irons over coffee labels himself a Eugene V. Debs socialist, of all things. Your reporter would place him in the tradition of the muckraker radical intellectual, an all-American tradition compared with the Stalinoid, hand-me-down Continentalism of P.C., and one which in small doses can positively brace a university. Irons's book on the internment of Japanese-Americans during World War II, *Justice at War*, which he assigns for his "Law and Society" course and informs students they can buy at Groundworks, belongs in this tradition. The book scrupulously flays America for not living up to its own standards, without descending into anti-Americanism. "The American way," Irons quipped without bitterness in his lecture "—socialism for the rich, free enterprise for the poor."

The professor agrees with Berman that due to its hard sciences and technology birthright, neither UCSD's faculty nor its students "are very argumentative." The firemen Irons taught in night school in Boston gave him more arguments. Like Berman, he's a little sorry about that, and says he's grateful when the odd reactionary challenges him in mid-lecture. And like McGill, Irons thinks that free speech reigns at UCSD, though unlike the ex-chancellor he thinks it's the leftists who must risk a great deal to exercise it. Indeed, the impression your reporter took away after a month on campus is that free speech is basically safe at UCSD, though P.C. can force it into bizarre shapes: into the *Koala*, into indirect speech of a kind that gives sophomoric humor a bad name.

What of organized P.C. itself? Does it have a future as sunny as the California winter? At the risk of sounding optimistic, your reporter finally tended to agree with Berman. As fashionable as the perversion of learning for ideological ends has become, and as solidly as the P.C. professoriate has entrenched itself in some departments, in the long run P.C. may have trouble competing in the market. For cliques and fashions need departmental status to endure, and departments live and die, get their budgets or see them cut, according to the number of kids who sign up for their offerings. This is especially true in public institutions. Sufficient numbers will do so only if the work is ridiculously easy, the material sticks to the ribs, or the degree in the major is a passport to a good job, something it has not been for gringo Greg.

Now the jargon of P.C. is easy to learn and no problem to spout. Yet it's a chore to listen to, and of the bored, fidgeting kids your reporter saw concentrated mainly in P.C. classes like Rafael's, there could be some who'll understand that the reason for their distress is that there's more, much more to the world than this doctrine says, that the "liberal education" being foisted on them is really a thin gruel of propaganda. Indeed, some of the kids may already be voting with their feet—there are loads of P.C. courses, but none is SRO like Irons's course. Passive as most UCSD students are most of the time, you sense that their restlessness whenever a rap video isn't distracting them worries their multiculturalist, Marxist, and feminist professors, and with good reason. The P.C. revolution, in a system where the customer is always right, may have an even shorter career than other revolutions, and thus might do less cumulative harm.

And so your sanguine reporter went to see Joe Watson.

Lipsitz was suspected by your reporter of having a good mind. He decided to ask him why he was abusing it. But he never got the chance. "I don't want to be caricatured like D'Souza caricatured some of my friends."

XI. A Pre–Affirmative Action Baby

The vice-chancellor's office is catty-corner from Atkinson's in a very modest compound with a square of lawn in the middle. Watson always wears a dark suit, dark tie, whiter-than-white shirt on the job—no Kenyatta skullcap, not even tasseled loafers. For a quarter-century this large, bespectacled man has been at UCSD, arriving having graduated from public school in Harlem, majored in chemistry at the City College of New York (when tuition was $9 per year), and earned a Ph.D. in organic chemistry from UCLA. Watson is a pre–affirmative action baby, a working survivor living with the fact that certain blacks and whites put him down as a black cat's paw for the white powers-that-be. This has made his job even more chronically thankless than it must be anyway.

For, essentially, he's the dean of students, the man or woman on any campus who is paid to tell them, sincerely, "You must do this, you can't do that." He's the surrogate daddy who must be killed. The man at ante-bellum Harvard who had this job was Skiddy von Stade. He was apt to be kidded in the *Lampoon*, but never, ever got the *Koala* treatment. The worst Skiddy had to deal with was the springtime riots—once the excuse was the end of diplomas printed in Latin, another time a plan to chop down sycamores along the Charles to widen Memorial Drive. These were benign frolics even when tear gas was fired by the cops. Watson's greatest trial so far came in 1973, when he had to announce that the new college of which he was provost wouldn't be called Lumumba-Zapata College. The fuss over that seems to have been no frolic. →

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"Most of the bitterness of that period has dissipated," claims Watson. "The ban on alcohol, the crack-down on the co-ops, may unfortunately displease some people, but the proper and orderly functioning of the university demand no less. The co-ops are meant to be a learning experience. Irregularities in their accounting practices have opened the university to the possibility of lawsuits." He needs to see the books and doesn't plan to let this problem smolder much longer—this is one of the lessons of the sixties: you nip things in the bud. As for alcohol, it and learning don't go together, that's well known, and he has no plans to change the policy, although he knows it's unpopular. The *Koala* especially is always going at him on this issue.

Watson-the-lightning-rod believes affirmative action in higher education is on the way out, giving it ten years at the most. He's not glad about this, nor is he sad. On and off campuses everywhere, he expects things to be difficult as affirmative action is phased out. "For a generation or more, we may have a UC population which includes almost no blacks or Hispanics. That would be disastrous in terms of community and social costs." The deliberate, basically upbeat Watson rarely uses words like "disastrous." Maybe he doesn't really mean it. For he predicts that whatever pain and anger color-blind admissions might beget, and as unjust as it might be, American non-whites will eventually be better off having to get into college on their own steam. But this will take a long time.

"The feminine gaze is always already colonized," Rafael goes on, "by the masculine gaze—the feminine gaze is never sovereign."

Was he offended by the item in the *Koala*? Poker-faced: "Not at all." Really? "Times change and standards change." Weren't they Fighting Words? "No, this is indirect speech," explains the vice-chancellor, handing back the anonymous poster. So he wasn't going to say or do anything? "We encourage good taste, but we prefer to err on the side of free speech."

XII. The Co-op Wars

Watson was to get an earful a couple of weeks later. Indeed, just as Lauren said it might, the co-ops problem got the student body riled, a portion of it anyway. It took a sensational move by the administration. At around 1:30 a.m., January 15, 1992, university police broke into the General Store Co-op, changed the locks, and left. The police action set off the burglar alarm, and at 4 a.m. some co-op types arrived, broke in, changed the locks back, and locked themselves in. They were booted out at 10:00 by the returning cops and Watson's assistant Tom Tucker, who for an hour searched the store for its books in vain. By this time, around 300 not-so-passive kids were mobbing the Old Student Center and smashing the General Store windows. The action would be televised on the local evening news. More was to come. "At 11 a.m.," in the words of the twice-weekly *UCSD Guardian*, "students again broke into the store and regained control." It must have been a scene to remember, as it must have been the next day at the Hump, at the biggest campus rally in years, where between 500 and 1,000 people, according to the *Union*, were addressed or harangued by, among others, Prof. Irons.

Your reporter has to say "must have been." He was away on January 15-16, believing his research done, and missed the first two days of what some called "the '60s in the '90s." But a few of the sights and sounds on the seventeenth did take him back a few decades. *"UC$D Police State!"* screamed one of the new bedsheets hung from the Old Student Center. There were tables on the pavement between the Hump and the gym where you could sign a petition telling the administration to keep its hands to itself, and there were kids wearing Mao caps. The petition was doing well—more than 3,000 signatures already, meaning that the break-in had teed off even some of the apathetic moderates. As for the radicals, they seemed more glad than mad. Greg and Lauren weren't at the pre-confrontation rally for some reason, but Arnie and Andy were certainly there, with their friend Debbie, the Army brat, euphoric in bare feet and clean peasant dress. *"Whump!"* Arnie had his drum.

"JOE MUST GO! JOE MUST GO!" Meeting the protesters in his usual suit-and-tie on the lawn outside the vacationing Atkinson's office, Watson told them he was happy they'd come and would be even happier to answer their questions.

"Why are you screwing us?"

Well, he really wasn't doing that, he was only protecting the university and its students by making sure that irregular accounting and loan practices didn't create liability problems for the university with the co-ops' sundry creditors.

"Bullshit!"

"Joe must go!"

"No, we want to hear what he has to say!"

"Yeah, let him construct his reality!"

Laughter. It was three days before the vice-chancellor would march in the UCSD contingent in the Martin Luther King Day parade in downtown San Diego, and now he seemed to have no special problem keeping his temper with this almost-yet-not-quite ugly crowd.

A crowd with not a black or yellow face in it. He kept his temper when, after he claimed that the administration had always behaved in perfectly good faith, somebody burped. And he kept his cool when somebody yelled, "We and the faculty are the university—you're the staff, Joe!" Laughter, cheers. *Whump!* Somebody rubbed in Superior Court Judge Milliken's order of the day before—responding to a motion from the co-ops' attorney, Lottie Cohen of L.A., Milliken had restrained the university from closing them, but also ordered the books handed over for audit. Watson says he's glad the

(continued on page 46)

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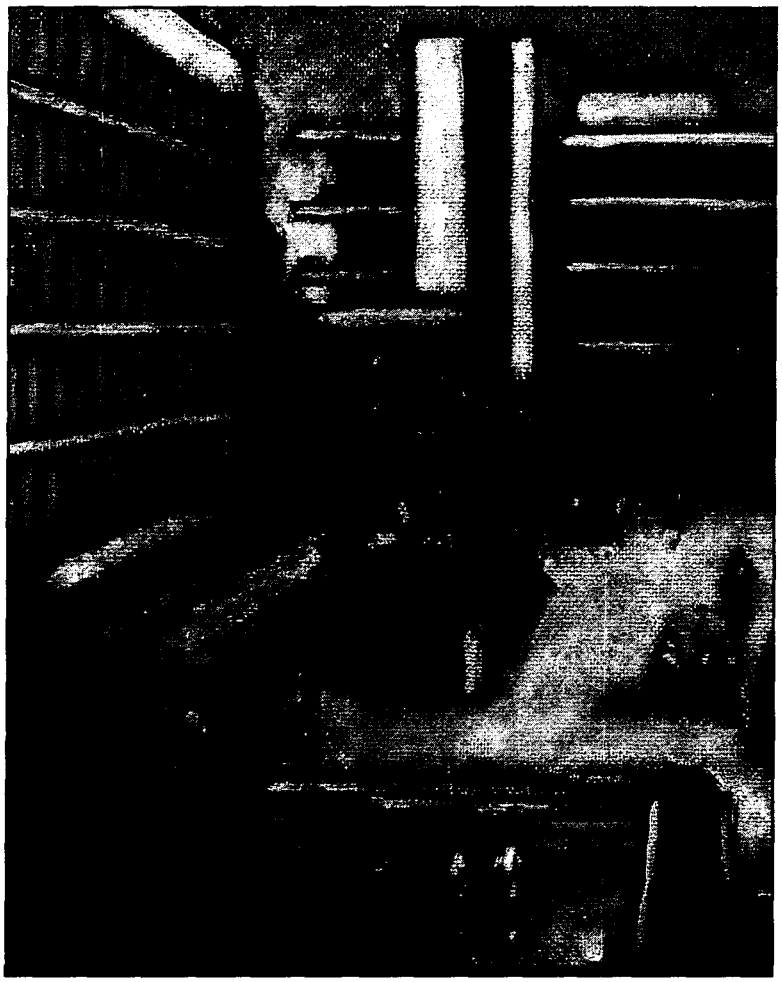
protesters feel positive about that. Maybe progress is possible. But the crowd isn't buying such weasing. "The broader issue is one of power—we're marching out of here now!"

The P-word lets the cat out of the bag. Although the break-in surprised and offended many kids, not just the progressives, it has not raised the UCSD curtain on a replay of the sixties, because "the broader issue" for most isn't student power at all but getting a degree and a job. "As if you needed another reason to hate the administration," said the *Koala*, "along comes this whopper." Or as Michael of the *California Review* said, "Outrageous. They should have sent Gordon Liddy." With the books being pored over by accountants and the whole case in the hands of lawyers, the Co-op War goes on, but so do classes and exams, uninterrupted.

The protesters sought to lump all their complaints into one package—the break-in, the beer ban, the UC-wide fee hikes—and wrap it up in neo–New Left rhetoric, in hopeful imitation of the Free Speech Movement in Berkeley long ago. It doesn't fly, not here. These kids are too lethargic, or too wise, for that. Another few days on campus following the great excitement convinced your reporter that they're probably too wise. Dropping in on a few upper-division lectures in certain departments, just to see what effect things were having if any, he discovered that not all the action at the undergraduate level is one-way—not all classes feature great professors talking while mobs of students dumbly transcribe some of their words.



Take Philosophy 160 with the young, bald, bearded Michael Mendelsohn (Ph.D., UCSD). The class, again, is huge. And the teacher, in jeans, developing the topics of knowledge, the omniscience of God, and free will, adopts the usual friendly stance. In fact, he's a virtuoso at it.

"If I said that I knew that the Regents were in the next room swilling gin and watching dirty movies, you could say after going over to check that I didn't have *true* knowledge." Laughter. "If you say that God knew everything that Mendelsohn would do before Mendelsohn was even born, what choice will I really have tonight when I have to decide between Alpo and Ken-L-Ration for dinner?" Loud, delighted laughter. The point, however, is not that Mendelsohn is an entertainer, but that every few minutes he's pleased to be interrupted by questions and comments demonstrating comprehension, and something more. A classic American adage has it that you get what you pay for. At UCSD, you get considerably more. The rest is up to you. Bitch though they do at the drop of a hat, most of the kids appreciate that fact.

XIII. Epilogue

As this issue was going to press, the usual suspects staged a demonstration. They paraded with torches around the campus, shouting "EDUCATION IS A RIGHT, NOT A PRIVILEGE. NO FEE HIKES!" And then, with a tacit okay by the administration, they spent the night in the undergraduate library on Revelle Plaza. Unlike at other UC campuses lately, there were no police and no arrests, just a couple of TV crews. The next morning, the library was open for business, and a table was set up in the lobby for collecting signatures.

"Wanna sign the petition?"

There were those who walked right by, and there were those who walked right by giving the Visual Arts major who was personing the table a none-too-friendly look. Most, however, gladly signed. They did so not because they bought the global agenda, nor because they thought that Governor Wilson or the Regents might change their minds, but because it would set a bad precedent to shell out more without protesting.

"Wanna sign the petition?"

"Whaddabout?" said a Caucasian male.

"Stop the fee hikes."

"You're on. We're getting good value for the dollar now, but who knows?"

He added his John Hancock and went in to hit the books. ❐

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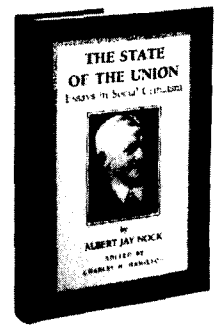

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Liberals: A Tribute

by P. J. O'Rourke

My next book is a collection of articles about—if I may be excused for venturing upon a large theme—the battle against evil. Not that I meant to do anything so grand. I was just writing magazine pieces, trying to make a living, and evil is good copy.

I take on various types of evil. Some are simple. Iraq's invasion of Kuwait is a case of bad men doing wrong things for wicked reasons. This is the full-sized or standard pure-bred evil and is easily recognized even by moral neophytes. Other malignities—drugs in America, famine in Africa, and everything in the Middle East—are more complex. When doing battle against those evils, people sometimes have trouble deciding whom to shoot. And in my new book there is at least one evil, involving the kill-happy Irish, that is being fought whether it exists or not.

Anyway, it's a book about evil: evil ends, evil means, evil effects and causes. In a compilation of modern journalism there's nothing surprising about that. What did surprise me, on rereading those articles, is how much of the evil was authored or abetted by liberals.

Now, liberals are people I had been accustomed to thinking of as daffy, not villainous. Getting their toes caught in their sandal straps, bumping their heads on wind chimes—how much trouble could they cause, even in a full-blown cultural-diversity frenzy? (I mean, if Europeans didn't discover North America, how'd we all get here?) But every iniquity documented in my book is traceable to bad thinking or bad government. And liberals have been vigorous cheerleaders for both.

"Liberal" is, of course, one of those fine English words, like lady, gay, and welfare, that has been spoiled by special pleading. When I say *liberals* I certainly don't mean open-handed or tolerant persons or even Big Government Democrats. I mean people who are excited that one percent of the profits from Ben & Jerry's ice cream goes to promote World Peace.

The principal feature of contemporary American liberalism is sanctimoniousness. By loudly denouncing all bad things—war and hunger and date rape—liberals testify to their own terrific goodness. More important, they promote themselves to membership in a self-selecting elite of those who care deeply about such things. People who care a lot are naturally superior to those of us who don't care any more than we have to. By virtue of this superiority, the caring have a moral right to lead the nation. It's a kind of natural aristocracy, and the wonderful thing about this aristocracy is that you don't have to be brave, smart, strong, or even lucky to join it. You just have to be liberal.[1] Kidnapping the moral high ground also serves to inflate liberal ranks. People who are in fact just kind-hearted are told that because they care they must be liberals, too.

Liberals hate wealth, they say, on grounds of economic injustice—as though prosperity were a pizza, and if I have too many slices, you're left with nothing but a Domino's box to feed your family. Even Castro and Kim Il Sung know this to be nonsense. Any rich man does more for society than all the jerks pasting VISUALIZE WORLD PEACE bumper stickers on their cars. The worst leech of a mergers-and-acquisitions lawyer making $500,000 a year will, even if he cheats on his taxes, put $100,000 into the public coffers. That's $100,000 worth of education, charity, or

P. J. O'Rourke is the author of Parliament of Whores. *This essay is adapted with permission from his forthcoming book,* Give War a Chance: Eyewitness Accounts of Mankind's Struggle Against Tyranny, Injustice and Alcohol-Free Beer, *to be published in April by Atlantic Monthly Press.*

[1]It was that talented idiot Percy Bysshe Shelley who first posited this soggy oligarchy when he said, "Poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world." Modern liberals are no poets, however, and are hardly satisfied with legislating in the unacknowledged manner. Today's liberals love politics as much as they love disappearing rain forests, homelessness, and hate crimes, because politics is one more way to achieve power without merit or risk.

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U.S. Marines. And the Marine Corps does more to promote world peace than all the Ben & Jerry's ice cream ever made.

Liberals hate wealth because they hate all success. They hate success when it's achieved by other people, of course, but sometimes they even hate the success they achieve themselves. What's the use of belonging to a self-selecting elite if there's a real elite around? Liberals don't like any form of individual achievement. And if there has to be some, they prefer the kind that cannot be easily quantified—"the achievement of Winnie Mandela," for example. Also, wealth is, for most people, the only honest and likely path to liberty. With money comes power over the world. Men are freed from drudgery, women from exploitation. Businesses can be started, homes built, communities formed, religions practiced, educations pursued. But liberals aren't very interested in such real and material freedoms. They have a more innocent—not to say toddler-like—idea of freedom. Liberals want the freedom to put anything into their mouths, to say bad words, and to expose their private parts in art museums.

That liberals aren't enamored of real freedom may have something to do with responsibility—that cumbersome backpack which all free men have to lug on life's aerobic nature hike. The second item in the liberal creed, after self-righteousness, is unaccountability. Liberals have invented whole college majors—psychology, sociology, women's studies—to prove that nothing is anybody's fault. No one is fond of taking responsibility for his actions, but consider how much you'd have to hate free will to come up with a political platform that advocates killing unborn babies but not convicted murderers. A callous pragmatist might favor abortion *and* capital punishment. A devout Christian would sanction neither. But it takes years of therapy to arrive at the liberal point of view.

Since we're not in control of ourselves, we are all vulnerable to victimization by whatever is in control. (Liberals are vague about this, but it's probably white male taxpayers or the Iran-contra conspiracy.) Liberals are fond of victims and seek them wherever they go. The more victimized the better—the best victims being too ignorant and addled to challenge their benefactors. This is why animal rights is such an excellent liberal issue. Not even a Democratic presidential candidate is as ignorant and addled as a dead laboratory rat.

The search for victims of injustice to pester explains why liberals won't leave minorities alone. "The minority is always right," said that pesky liberal Ibsen. And, when it comes to minorities, there is none greater—or, as it were, lesser—than that ultimate of all minorities, the self. Here the liberal truly comes into his own. There is nothing more mealy-mouthed, bullying, irresponsible, and victimized than a well-coddled self, especially if it belongs to a liberal.

Liberal self-obsession is manifested in large doses of quack psychoanalysis, crank spiritualism, insalubrious health fads, and helpless self-help seminars. The liberal makes grim attempts to hold on to his youth—fussing with his hair, his wardrobe, his speech, and even his ideology in an attempt to retain the perfect solipsism of adolescence. He has a ridiculous and egotistical relationship with God, by turns denying He exists and hiding in His skirts. Either way—as God's special friend or as the highest form of sentient life on the planet—the liberal grows in self-importance. The liberal is continually angry, as only a self-important man can be, with his civilization, his culture, his country, and his folks back home. His is an infantile worldview. At the core of liberalism is the spoiled child—miserable, as all spoiled children are, unsatisfied, demanding, ill-disciplined, despotic, and useless. Liberalism is a philosophy of sniveling brats.

There! It was good to get that off my chest. Now that I've had my say, however, you may be wondering—don't I sometimes get called a Nazi? Yes, name-calling, in which conservatives such as myself are so loath to indulge, is a favorite tactic of the liberals. I have often been called a Nazi, and, although it is unfair, I don't let it bother me. I don't let it bother me for one simple reason. No one has *ever* had a fantasy about being tied to a bed and sexually ravished by someone dressed as a liberal. ❐

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Rock Bottom

by Benjamin J. Stein

Monday

My beautiful but difficult neighbor T., the stunning blonde from Mississippi who works in the music business, made me promise I would go with her to a concert by Tin Machine. It's a band led by my idol David Bowie, a true genius. So, even though I had not been to a rock concert in fifteen years and had not missed them one bit, I agreed to go. T. and I rendezvoused at 10:00 p.m. at my condo. She was all in black (rock style), and I wore my pink Brooks Brothers shirt and red sweater (Columbia College Class of 1966 style). I could tell T. was humiliated at my not wearing black, but she bit her lip and we went over to The Palladium.

To get to the punch line right away, at the concert there was a mob of miserable-looking people all dressed in black, many young people with pins and rings through their faces, about half of them with leather jackets. There was deafening, indecipherable waves of noise from the stage, and, right behind where T. and I were standing, a man selling *ear plugs.*

You got it, Jack. Ear plugs.

Now, when I was in high school, I used to go to rock 'n' roll concerts at the old Uline Arena in D.C. Little Richard. Screamin' Jay Hawkins. The Platters. The Moonglows. The Shirelles. Big names. The music was beautiful, bewitching, even if sometimes anarchic. The audience was rapt.

In college, I went to concerts at the Lincoln Center featuring Bob Dylan and Joan Baez. In 1962, when Dylan turned music upside-down, I can recall sitting so close to him that I could see the spittle coming out of his harmonica as he played "It Ain't Me Babe."

After law school, I had a girlfriend who worshipped Mick Jagger. We went to Rolling Stones concerts at RFK Stadium in Washington, at Madison Square Garden in New York, maybe somewhere in San Francisco, too, as I think about it. The music was loud, and our ears hurt when we left, but everyone was smiling and happy, and we certainly wanted to hear the music, to hear Mickey talk about Zuma Beach (where I now live) and Wild Horses.

When I worked at the *Wall Street Journal*, covering pop culture, among other things, I went to dozens of rock concerts. Al Greene, Bad Company, even John Lennon and the Faces. I love music. It's a drug, but in moderation it's no worse than the occasional Chardonnay.

There's a point to music, even rock music. It takes you away, amuses you, uplifts, makes melancholy, accesses that upstairs room of the soul that other forms of communication often cannot reach. In concerts, you also get a form of communion with your fellow humans that ends loneliness for a time (and then makes you grateful for it when it comes).

But ear plugs? T. and I left after about fifteen minutes, and after dropping her off, I called D., another friend in the music business. "People wear ear plugs all the time at concerts," she said. "It really makes you wonder why they bother to go."

Sometimes I see hoodlums riding around here in Camaros with guitar cases in back and bumper stickers that read "If the music's too loud, you're too old." Maybe so. Or maybe if the music's too loud, it's not music.

Tuesday

Doo-doo happens. Morning at my house in Malibu. Fatigue. Failure. Loss. Loneliness. All sparked by a story in the *Wall Street Journal* about some stock called TCI that's gone up by an incredible factor of 800 since 1975. I owned a few hundred shares of that stock in the early 1980s and it never went anywhere. Now it's up by 800 times? This is what leads people to suicide.

I lay in bed hugging Trixie, wondering if I should take pills, shoot myself, or what. Then I remembered that I couldn't kill myself this morning because I have to be on a cable comedy channel, Comedy Central, to comment on President Bush's State of the Union Address. That'll be at 6:30 our time, and then I'll kill myself.

I got dressed and read some correspondence, including a cryptic note from Michael Eisner *sending back* the Christmas card I sent him a few weeks ago. Then I went to a meeting that I now call "Voyage into Self-Obsession." People talked about how happy they were that they were alive and not sticking a needle into their arms. I felt glad about it, too, and my mood started to improve. So now I won't kill myself at least until dinner time.

I ducked out of the meeting to listen to my saintly father talking about the State of the Union message on my car radio. Then I called my assistant Susan, who told me that a reporter from Channel 13 was on his way to ask me for my comic views of the State of the Union message. I love being interviewed, so now I can't kill myself until after that interview, the State of the Union address, my comments on it, and then dinner, and it's very possible that, after all that, I'll be too tired to even load my gun.

On my way home, I heard that Bush was going to repeal the luxury tax on yachts. I like it a lot, but there is much more that needs to be done:

•A federal grant to develop a truly good domestic bottled water.

Benjamin J. Stein is a writer, lawyer, economist, and actor living in Malibu, California.

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•National recognition that America, and not just Malibu, is a shared human-dolphin environment.

•Tax credits for those who employ really good-looking Scandinavian nannies.

•Mass-culture vouchers for the elderly, to be used for movie admissions, to bail out Hollywood.

•The mandatory wearing of condoms over the heads of the top officials of the National Organization for Women.

Anyway, I watched President Bush's speech. Actually, it was pretty good, even if it didn't incorporate my proposals. Still, is it just coincidence that George Bush and Michael Milken have the same publicist? Or that George Bush's history teacher at Andover was fond of saying, "Ahh, Poppy Bush—one of the worst students I ever had."

On the other hand, he is a lead-pipe cinch to be bailed out by his opponents, none of whom stands over one inch tall as far as I can tell.

My own particular favorite is Bill Clinton, who looks so disingenuous, so schizophrenically divorced from his real feelings, has a face so utterly disconnected from genuine emotion, that he makes Jimmy Carter look like Abraham Lincoln.

Wednesday

Up in the middle of the night, *comme d'habitude*, to worry about my future and my past. I turned on the TV and saw an interview with Hillary Rodham Clinton. Now, everyone has noticed that she's a maniac control freak. Likewise, everyone has noticed that she's got a look of rage and strain on her face. (Show me a member of the House committee staff that impeached my beloved RN, and I will show you a man or woman who lives by ambition and hate.) But, and this is a big but, has anyone drawn the obvious point about that hair-controlling thing, that headband of jet black she always wears to keep her brains from exploding outward in rage? Yes, I have noticed it, and it worries me a lot.

I'm also starting to get a little concerned about something else. The recent Yale Law School grads who have been put on display have a certain intense, peering looniness about them. Anita Hill, Susan Hoerchner, and John Doggett are the ones I was thinking about at first, but there were a few others whose faces appeared during the Thomas hearings who worried me. Then there's the Clinton family.

These folks went to Yale slightly after yours truly. Here's my point. Did Yale start putting LSD in the water fountains of Sterling law dorms? Was the Defense Department doing some kind of secret test by spraying PCP in the law library after 1970? There's something scary here. Yale is not supposed to be a synonym for Camarillo State Hospital or Willowbrook. But, now that I think about it, what an idea! To have law school classes taught at state mental hospitals! That way, schizophrenics (you can see it's on my mind) would be so fully occupied that they would have no time for writing their names in feces on their cell walls. Instead, they would sue people, get entangled in civil procedure disputes, and actually become self-supporting. What better channel for the energy and craftiness of the demented than law school and the eventual practice of law?

Anyway, I am definitely going to save my pennies to contribute to George Bush for President. "Not as bad as Clinton." I like the slogan. →

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by William McGurn *foreword by* William F. Buckley, Jr.

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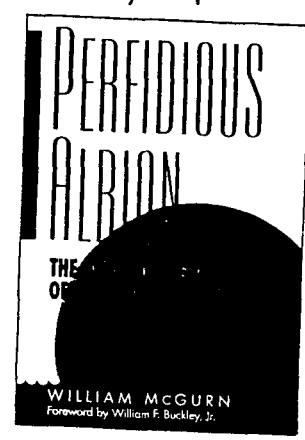

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"*Faute de mieux*," for those in Cajun country.

Off to a show I am taping at Universal City Studios. It's a kids show pilot for Saturday morning television. Sort of a kids' version of Candid Camera. I play a teacher in one part and a producer in another. My main role is to stare into the camera and say "QUIET—NO TALKING" in a very aggressive way. I don't know if this is why I studied for all of those years at the Royal Shakespeare Company.

A visit with my devil boy. I took him to dinner at a pizza place he favors. He was a very good boy and ate his pizza and his bread sticks. Then we went across the street to the Tehran Rexall, as I call the drug store in the Beverly Center. It's a huge store, and obviously many a mosque in Qum was emptied to fill it with its usual clientèle. Tommy ran for the toy department and started to paw through the inventory.

Horrible-looking mutant turtles. Horrible, grotesque bikers. Slime toys. Killer pig toys. Toys of misshapen creatures.

As I studied this merchandise, I also noticed the folks buying it. A young man with cut-off jeans, a shaved head, and a series of rings through his eyebrows (which were shaved, too). A young woman of substantial girth with tight denim shorts and red, dyed hair and at least five earrings in each ear. Their child (yes, their child) with one of those horrible biker-child haircuts where the hair falls down the back of the head while it's fairly short on top. Horses for courses.

I have to wonder: When did toymakers purposely start to make toys ugly? When did human beings decide to *exert* themselves to look ugly? When did young people start to mutilate themselves? What is the point? Is it some sort of overcrowding of rats in a cage phenomenon? Is it the Iranians? Is it the collapse of education in the late 1960s? Is it Hillary Clinton?

I told Tommy he could only have a very cheap toy because Daddy was poor and didn't have any money. He obligingly got a bucket of slime and a slime-thrower. Fifteen ninety-nine.

When I took him home, he ran to his room and got his dinosaur bank, which I had given to his mother so many years and tears ago. He brought it to me while I was watching MTV, and emptied its contents on the bed. His mother was next to me, and she asked him what he was doing.

"There," he said, "now you have lots of moneys. I counted it," he said in his adorable four-and-a-half-year-old voice. "Thirty-three moneys."

"Thank you," I said. "Now, what shall we do with all this money ?"

"Buy me toys, of course," he said.

Of course.

Friday

Whenever I touch the Constitution of the United States of America in any real-life way, it's electrifyingly magnificent. It's like a sunset over Malibu with Mozart's Requiem playing and Cybill Shepherd in my arms. It's monumentally perfect.

I mention this because about two months ago, I was speeding, and I mean speeding, along the Pacific Coast Highway in my battered Acura. I was taking my sister to dinner at Granita and we were late.

I was pulled over by a sheriff's deputy. He could not have been more polite. He asked me how fast I was going and so forth, and then apologetically gave me a ticket. In Los Angeles, you do not just pay tickets. You go to traffic school so the moving violation points get taken off your record; otherwise your insurance kills you.

So, off to court this morning. All of us traffic culprits file up to a counter to be assigned a room. The girls behind the counter are pretty, sweet young women from Ventura County, not tough hags from L.A. They giggle and laugh as they give us our paperwork. Then we wait in a community room that is used on some days for court, on others for Al-Anon, and on still others for the Book Fair.

We sit on folding chairs. Even the judge, who is called a commissioner, sits only on a battered chair behind a bridge table. We all talk to him as if we were old pals, and he gives us either eight- or fourteen-hour traffic school.

The judge issued a gentle warning to one man who had failed to appear for a prior hearing, and that was it. No one was afraid. It was our law, all of us together, whites, blacks, Jews, gentiles, men, women, Hispanics, rich, poor, middle-class, writers, actors, carpenters. We knew we had broken it, and we knew that punishment would be fair but friendly.

I drove into town and met my pal Jane H. for lunch at an outdoor cafe on Sunset Strip. We watched the pretty people come and go and ate our salads. Trixie came along. The man who ran the restaurant made her a salad of bread and chicken, then brought her a bowl of water.

"My mother just got back from Israel," Jane said. "She went to a ceremony. She was at Bergen-Belsen. She was there most of the war. The Gestapo came to pick her family up in 1940. Her brother was a baby, so they just shot him so they wouldn't have to transport him to camp. At camp, my mother and her sister would have two cups of water per day. They would drink one and use one to bathe. Anyway, she was at this ceremony where they honored four Jewish girls who were partisans and somehow got into some gas chambers and jammed them up so they wouldn't work and maybe even destroyed some of them, and then they got caught and hanged. It was my mother's job to cut them down. She's been a beautician in Queens for forty years and now she's retired. She still has dye on her finger tips. She still cries when she talks about her baby brother."

Jane started to cry in the dazzling Los Angeles sunshine. Back and forth along Sunset, the Camaros and Porsches roared. The passers-by threw back their heads and laughed in the sun. It was January 31 and a perfect, clear eighty degrees here in my America. ❐

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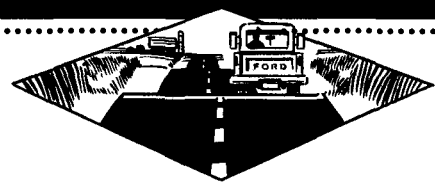

Guns for the Home

by Brock Yates

Somewhere beyond the left's woozy strains of "We Are Family" and the full-auto barrages from the leather-slappers of the National Rifle Association, we seek rational talk about normal people defending themselves with firearms. Yes, yes, we know that law enforcement authorities become apoplectic at the thought of citizens trying to fight off bad guys on their own, but the cops have so far failed to explain how one dials 911 while being mugged. And we are also aware that august legal minds of every political stripe, not to mention the editors of *Guns and Ammo*, have carried on numbing debates about exactly what Messrs. Madison and Co. meant by the "right to keep and bear arms."

All that notwithstanding, the mean streets are getting meaner. And the gunfire is about as intense in locales with draconian firearm restrictions (New York, Washington) as in cities where guns can be purchased with a six-pack of Bud and a tank of high-test. Obviously a fair number of the shooters are drug dealers engaged in turf battles, or drunken galoots whacking away at assorted relatives. ("The family that loads together, explodes together.") Still, the chance of average law-abiding citizens being raped, mugged, assaulted, or robbed in their own homes has soared in the last fifty years, giving rise to nationwide concern, of which karate classes, neighborhood watches, and booming sales of Mace, guard dogs, and security systems are all manifestations. This phenomenon is perceived by the national news media (most of whom—with the exception of muggee Dan Rather and Quick-Draw Carl Rowan—remain insulated from street-level predators) as yet another lurch toward neo-fascist paranoia.

The networks, the *New York Times*, the *Washington Post*, et al. cluck endlessly about the barbarity of selling handguns and rifles to secretaries, housewives, software salesmen, shoe clerks, and social-science teachers. But the public has begun to take the law into its own hands; armies of nascent Bernhard Goetzes are forming from coast to coast. This trend is hardly to be celebrated, but the instinct for self-preservation will not be abolished through lofty intentions and mushy rehabilitation programs. There are *legions* of bad guys out there.

Presuming this makes sense, what is one to do about the personal armaments race? What sort of ordnance are we talking about? Dirty Harry's monster .44 Magnum is perfect for knocking over small buildings, but carrying one is akin to walking around with a crowbar stuffed down one's pantleg. On the other end of the armaments scale are those dainty little pearl-handled .25-caliber automatics that Joan Crawford and Barbara Stanwyck whip out of their handbags, but their sting is so light that they suc-

Brock Yates is the author, most recently, of Enzo Ferrari: The Man, The Cars, The Races *(Doubleday).*

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Before we actually choose our weapons, we must answer a basic question: Exactly what are we trying to do with a gun? Killing someone is not the central issue. Nor is inflicting a horrible wound, if it can be avoided. The mission of a handgun is to *prevent* someone from harming you, to make them stop doing what they are doing. Nothing more, nothing less. It must be used as a deterrent if at all possible and as a machine of deadly force only as a last resort.

The mere presence of a handgun or rifle is often sufficient to deter an assault. Several years ago a friend of mine and his wife were traveling in the California high desert when they were surrounded by a motorcycle gang at a highway rest stop. Any potential for mischief ended when the gang leader said howdy to the muzzle of a Smith & Wesson .357 Magnum when he poked his head into the car window. Polite goodbyes were exchanged, and my friends departed unharmed. Another acquaintance, upon hearing the rustlings of an intruder in his suburban home, simply slammed a round of buckshot into the breech of his Winchester shotgun. The ominous, metallic *chunk-chunk* of a pump shotgun's action was immediately followed by the pitter-patter of footsteps rushing into the darkness. No harm, no foul.

A 12-gauge pump shotgun is a fine home defense weapon. It is simple to use, most reliable, and makes sufficient noise to wake the dead. Better yet, bad guys would rather face the entire Iraqi Republican Guard than a shotgun at close range. But let's hope it never comes to that. After all, a few stray 12-gauge rounds can raise hell with the furniture, not to mention the draperies and the wedding crystal. More often than not, a shot or two aimed out a bedroom window will scare off the intruders and alarm the neighborhood at the same time. It should also be noted that shotgun ownership is relatively unrestricted in most municipalities and requires minimal permits.

Two notes of caution: (1) Forget the romance that surrounds assault rifles. These semi-automatics fire high-velocity, small-caliber bullets suitable only for long-range sport shooting and close-in military or ghetto-style firefights. A home defense weapon they are not. (2) If you choose to keep a shotgun, don't lock

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it away in a closet and expect the intruders to courteously stand down while you put on your bathrobe and slippers, then poke around for your weapon and your box of shells. Keep the thing loaded at your bedside, where it can be used quickly (but hide it when the kids are around). Otherwise forget it and join the Unitarian Church.

Handguns are a bit more complicated. There is a vast choice of such weapons, large- and small-caliber, revolvers and automatics. Revolvers are the old standbys—the six-shooters perfected by Samuel Colt and his famed Frontier and Peacemaker .45s of the Old West. But they are bulky and difficult for the layman to reload quickly; in an emergency your half-dozen shots will have to do the job. By contrast, automatics—like the 9mm Beretta used by the military and many police agencies—carry as many as fifteen rounds and can be reloaded in a wink, but they are complex mechanisms and can jam if not kept oiled and clean. (Most revolvers can be buried in a swamp for years and still work.) Modern automatics are extremely reliable, and considering their compact size and ease of use, they are the weapon of choice, especially for a woman or a man with small hands.

But what about caliber? The larger sizes—say anything beyond .41—require monster frames to handle the shock of detonation, and are difficult to carry around without looking like one of John Gotti's bodyguards. They possess massive stopping power. Getting hit by a heavy, slow-moving .45 slug is akin to being slapped with the flat of a shovel (a smaller, faster-moving 9mm might whistle through flesh without inflicting serious injury). Big pistols, like shotguns, carry with them a bonus "fear factor," and sound like small nuclear devices when they go off.

The mid-range calibers—9mm, .38 caliber, .38 special, .357 Magnum etc.—are more compact, but still have adequate hitting power. The European 9mm, having replaced the aged .38 thanks to higher velocity and improved range and accuracy, is the current designer round. Packed into a modern automatic like the Beretta or the much-improved Ruger P85 are fifteen or sixteen rapid-fire shots, depending on the clip. One is bound to hit *something* with that volley of lead, and, at the very least, impede the progress of all but the most suicidal attacker. Such a weapon is well suited for automobile travel (as is a large-caliber revolver, if one so chooses) but cannot be easily hauled around in a business suit or small briefcase. (Airport security people have no sense of humor at all about 9mm automatics.)

What is needed is a smaller, more compact weapon that will pack sufficient wallop to scare, and perhaps disable. My personal favorite is the time-honored Walther PPK, the .380 ACP cal. (9mm "Kurtz") automatic employed by James Bond. This stubby, German-designed beauty has a number of attractive features, including excellent engineering, near-pocket size, an exposed hammer (it can never be cocked without your knowing it), and a double-action trigger (you fire the first shot simply by releasing the safety and pulling the trigger, presuming a round is already chambered). The PPK's ammo is basically a "short" version of the vaunted 9mm round. This means it has good short-range hitting power and, thanks to its short barrel, produces a howitzer-sized roar (one warning shot fired into the air can often preclude further action, which is exactly what we're aiming at in the first place). The PPK is but one of several high-quality, compact seven-shot (eight if a round is chambered) automatics presently available in the $300-$500 range.

Clearly, discharging a weapon, to say nothing of shooting someone, can often produce more grief for the defender than the attacker. The bureaucracy hates intrusions on its turf, and will sometimes treat an innocent citizen trying to ward off harm more harshly than a criminal. Yet what are the alternatives? Pacifism is one. Reliance on the cops is another, providing they aren't too busy chasing speeders or writing parking tickets. Prayer can never be discounted, although, as has often been noted, our Lord works in mysterious ways (and not always to our immediate advantage).

Then what is left? That blued hunk of metal in your pocket may be your only salvation. If nothing else, it makes a wonderful walking companion and is infinitely cleaner than a Rottweiler. ❐

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Thinking About Rape

by Ernest van den Haag

Most trials leave no doubt that a burglary, a murder, a robbery was committed; the court must decide only whether the accused did it. With rape, however, trials often hinge on whether a crime even took place. The defendant will often insist that the sexual act occurred with the consent of the alleged victim, for if she consented no crime was committed. This defense, of course, is seldom persuasive in stranger rape: the man who jumped out of the bushes or broke into an apartment will have a hard time convincing the jury that the victim agreed to have sex. Any additional crimes committed (e.g., robbery) can provide further evidence for lack of consent. But "acquaintance rape" and "date rape" are more problematic. Consent is less unlikely, and typically there are no witnesses. Under such circumstances it is hard to find anyone guilty beyond a reasonable doubt.

Juries have thus been reluctant to convict, even when presented with evidence that force has been used. They might blame the victim for giving the rapist opportunities or "leading him on." Yet, opportunity—or the silliness or seductive behavior of the victim—neither excludes nor excuses rape. Some legal progress has been made, particularly in the inadmissibility of the victim's sexual history. It never was relevant; a woman can be raped even if she is promiscuous or a prostitute.

But, in practice, consent and refusal are not as clear-cut as the law presumes. Genuine misunderstandings are possible; so is ambivalence. The victim may consent to sexual play but resist going all the way. She may communicate (or *make*) her decision only at the last moment. Her partner may feel that the liberties she permitted implied her consent. She may feel that she made her unwillingness clear, but that clarity may emerge only in retrospect. The idea of some feminists that anything but an explicit verbal statement must be taken as a refusal is patently absurd. Genuine willingness or unwillingness can be conveyed by non-verbal means, and is usually not hard to discern. But sometimes the man cannot be certain, because his partner is not; relationships are far more ambivalent than contracts and laws. (Of course, not even contracts and laws are always clear; otherwise there would be fewer lawsuits.)

Still, a woman should be able to be alone with a man without fearing that he will assume *eo ipso* that she is willing to have sex. On the other hand, a man should not have to fear that being alone with a woman will automatically expose him to a claim of rape. Yet some risk of actual or claimed rape is unavoidable, as long as people want privacy. And, without privacy, how will they find out whether they care for one another, or are attracted? The very situations that make rape and claims of rape possible are indispensable to developing intimacy.

In the past, rape was thought wrong for largely material reasons. The rape of a virgin radically reduced her value on the marriage market, while the rape of a wife violated the husband's property rights. Violation of the woman's will was not taken seriously; women were usually married to men they hadn't chosen. No, rape was wrong because it violated the will of parents or husbands. So seduction—sex with a consenting unmarried woman or someone else's wife—was regarded as no better than rape.

Today, rape is thought wrong because it violates the victim's right to make her own choices freely. To be sure, other crimes, such as robbery, violate the victim's will, but a rapist does not take an object, as a robber does: he takes the very intimacy the victim wishes to reserve for someone else. She is forced to submit to the use of her body to satisfy the rapist's desire to humiliate her—for, in rape, sex is a means, not an end. After all, sex is available at affordable prices to anyone who cares to buy it. Prostitutes, too, may be patronized by men who feel a need to exercise power, but at least the women volunteer, which makes the humiliation less blatant.

The wish to overpower is more central to acquaintance rape than to stranger rape. At first glance, this may seem odd. But stranger rape is committed largely by impulsive men; just as a robber takes a shortcut to obtain jewelry, the man who rapes a stranger takes a shortcut to obtain sex. Either could get what he wants by legitimate means: money can be earned, things bought. But the shortcut seems easier.

On the other hand, the man who rapes an acquaintance thinks: Here is a girl who trusts and likes me enough to invite me up or to come to my place. Why should he want to overpower her, then? Because she likes him, but not enough. The rapist finds it outrageous that she is unwilling to surrender totally. How dare she resist him? Obviously, only because she does not realize what she actually wants. Just as Karl Marx thought that workers who do not share his view of

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their own objective interests suffer from "false consciousness" (they do not realize that they need a Marxist dictatorship), so the rapist believes that his victim suffers from false consciousness (she thinks she does not want sex with him). The rapist feels that he must force his victim to do what is in her objective interest, as he defines it, even if she does not realize that it is. Ultimately the rape (or the revolution) will convince victims that they were wrong to resist. They will be grateful to have had the realization of their objective interest forced on them.

Most people relinquish their childish fantasies of omnipotence and irresistibility as they grow up. They may hold on to minor aspects of these fantasies, but generally become sufficiently aware of reality not to act on them. Yet some people retain undiluted an infantile refusal to acknowledge reality. Unceasing attempts to seduce, to exhibit, to be approved of, are the least harmful ways they find to support their fantasies. Rape is the most antisocial way of doing so.

As sexual mores have loosened, rape has become more, not less, frequent. This is not as paradoxical as it may appear. When sex is greatly restricted by law and custom, a man's fantasies of irresistibility are not often impaired by rejections. Men do not expect non-marital, non-commercial sex. Nor is prostitution regarded as an admission of amorous incompetence, as it is now. However, when non-marital, non-commercial sex is readily available, as it is now, rejection stings. It may be perceived as a personal offense, an insult, by those who are insecure, and have compensatory fantasies of irresistibility. The rejected person feels a greater need to punish those who impair his self-image or, worse, confirm it.

Is there nothing to be done to reduce the frequency of rapes (more than 130,000 last year)? It is not certain whether rape is on the rise or whether it's simply being reported more often, but either way there is too much of it.

The wish of some males to assert themselves by humiliating women by compelling sex has deep psychological roots. Pornography depicts women as fungible means for the gratification of sexual desire, implicitly denying that sex is more than the utilization of women for that purpose. Although statistical proof is hard to come by, common sense tells me that pornography encourages those predisposed to assert themselves by raping women.

Pornography has generally not been considered protected speech under the First Amendment, but courts have been reluctant to enforce anti-pornography laws. If the number of rapes is to be reduced, a willingness of courts to restrict pornography may be required. Fears that such restrictions are a slippery slope to the curtailing of political or cultural freedom are not borne out by historical experience; I know of no case where limitations on, or the banning of, pornography has led to fascism, Communism, or even censorship proper. Courts are capable of distinguishing between pornography and non-pornography, and have a compelling interest to act on their ability to do so. ❐

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In Bed With Bill

by Terry Eastland

However Arkansas Governor Bill Clinton fares in his party's primaries, he and the press managed in New Hampshire to lock themselves into a complicated relationship that will no doubt be the subject of postmortems at the Kennedy School, the Columbia School of Journalism, and other sites of lofty critique. Among the questions that Moderator Cuomo will want to pursue:

Did the *Star* Act Alone?

The *Star*, the supermarket tabloid weekly that circulates 3.2 million copies, broke the adultery story in two stages in the second half of January. First it reported the lawsuit brought by Larry Nichols, a disgruntled Arkansas state employee who alleged that Clinton had had affairs with several women, including Gennifer Flowers. Then it published Flowers's own story that she and the governor had carried on a 12-year affair. The *Star* took a beating from the mainstream press for its shoddy reportorial ways. Nichols dropped his lawsuit, saying he had no evidence of the alleged affairs, and Flowers admitted she had been paid for her story—between $130,000 and $175,000, according to the *Wall Street Journal.*

The journalistic class war was amusing: the prestige press, as it likes to be called, has published its share of Nichols-like stories and has been known to pay cash for trash—and it may well have contributed to the *Star*'s garbaging of the campaign. In late January, Rowland Evans and Robert Novak reported that reporters from the vaunted mainstream had descended upon Arkansas months ago to check out rumors generated by Clinton's local political opponents about the Adultery Question. Thirty years ago, journalism would not have given such rumors the time of day, much less serious inquiry; but post–Kennedy, Johnson, and Nixon, the mainstream press has become more and more preoccupied with such matters. As might have been expected, the carpetbagging reporters struck out in Arkansas. A *Washington Post*, for instance, demands more than a he-said/she-said to justify an adultery charge; it needs to catch the Lothario in the act, so to speak, as when Gary Hart was discovered with Donna Rice. But all this prowling helped create a market tailor-made for the *Star.*

Was There a Feeding Frenzy?

Over and over, pundits and media experts said the press was feeding on the adultery story. Nonsense. For all the encouragement it gave the *Star*, the mainstream press showed little interest in pursuing the story once it broke. The *Washington Post*'s first reference came in two paragraphs at the bottom of an A-14 story on January 19, headlined "Democrats Pit Pay, Perks in Grope for High Ground." It reported that Clinton and his wife had been asked about extramarital affairs at a town meeting, and cited Hillary Clinton's bland answer. Not exactly an A-1 feeding. That same day, ABC's Cokie Roberts, moderating the first televised Democratic debate, said to Clinton: "There is concern on the part of members of your party—that these allegations of womanizing—that the Republicans will find somebody and that she will come forward late and that you would lose the all-important-to-Democrats women's vote." This nonquestion was network television's first reference to the adultery story. The problem having been reluctantly posed in the practical terms of election impact, Clinton answered in kind: "I think it is highly unlikely . . . that you have anything to worry about on that score."

It's true that the Roberts-Clinton exchange occurred before the *Star*'s Part II on Flowers and that, after it broke, reporters in New Hampshire asked Clinton about it as he toured a paintbrush factory. But that day only NBC among the networks mentioned the new charges, and then only in brief. The next day, the *New York Times* noted the story on its inside pages. The *Post* led its report with Clinton's paintbrush-factory statement that Flowers's story was "just not true," and did so deep inside the paper. When the adultery charge finally crept onto A-1 a few days later, reporters typically connected it to the pulse of the Clinton campaign.

On February 3, Don Kowet of the *Washington Times*—in a story that did make page A-1—pointed out that the mainstream press had "no appetite" for the adultery story. Kowet compared the mainstreamers' treatment of the womanizing charge this time to their handling of similar charges against Republican vice-presidential candidate Dan Quayle in 1988 and John Tower in 1989. His conclusion: the press fed on Quayle and Tower to a far greater extent than it did here. Is it just that Republicans taste better?

Does the Public Have a Right to Know About a Candidate's Adultery?

That depends on which ostensible keeper of the public's right to know you ask. The *Star* says yes. The prestige press used to say no but now says maybe. In 1987 Gary Hart denied womanizing but was caught red-handed in the early stages of the campaign. His behavior was compulsive and current—and thus implicitly judged by the press as falling under the public's right to know. This year the prestige press concluded that Clinton's adulterous behavior belonged to the past and thus required no further

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investigation. No right to know here.

I'm inclined to believe that the mainstream press was right to distinguish between Hart's and Clinton's adulteries (assuming Clinton has cleaned up his act), and that the rule that's now evolved—distinguishing between ongoing and past affairs—is correct. But given the presence of the *Star* and its ilk, mainstreamers are naive to think that the public will not be told about allegations of adultery, even those from the distant past, so long as there's someone around willing to step forward and make them. Paul Johnson has come up with the term "media democracy" to describe the present state of Western governments, in which media not only transmit politics but transform it. Our media democracy includes both the *New York Times* and the *Star* (as we've seen, such papers are yoked together in ways the uppercrust press is loath to admit), which means we'll continue to see more dirty laundry being hung out. And on adultery questions, don't think there's not a concerned public. An ABC poll in late January found that fully 26 percent of the respondents would not vote for a presidential candidate who has had an extramarital affair. That's "a very high number," said ABC's Roberts, one of few mainstreamers to take this concern—or at least its political implications—seriously. Ordinarily, the prestige press responds to issues that interest a large segment of the population, but don't expect it to do so here, especially since the candidate is one many reporters favor. ("The great moderate hope of the 1992 race," the *New York Times* called him on August 13.)

Who Devised Clinton's PR?

If Clinton himself did, he was a clever man—and too clever by half. As the rumors floated and reporters chased them last summer, our strategist no doubt sensed that the adultery story would become public. What to do? First came last fall's preemptive strike, in which Clinton and his wife told mainstream reporters that there were some questions an elected official shouldn't have to answer. "Not every 'have you ever' question should necessarily be answered," Clinton said. He stuck to this strategy during his post–Super Bowl appearance on CBS's "60 Minutes." Acknowledging "wrongdoing" and "causing pain in my marriage," Clinton refused to say whether he had ever committed adultery, arguing that he and other politicians, like all Americans, deserve "a zone of privacy." Shrewdly, he also said that this issue "will test the character of the press."

Clinton's purpose wasn't to influence the tabloid press, which is beyond anyone's influence, but to force the prestige press to retreat from the adultery story. By not replying to "have you ever," he in effect conceded adultery without setting himself up for the kind of inquiry that would examine whether he was being truthful. If the story was at all to be pursued, Clinton wanted to make sure it would center on Flowers and her ilk, subjects he knew full well the mainstream had little appetite for. Finding it-

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self on the defensive, the press quickly lost whatever interest it still had in the Flowers story. The day after Clinton's "60 Minutes" appearance, Flowers held her own press conference to call him a liar; the *New York Times* buried this event in a single graph within a larger story. In an interview with the *Washington Post*, the *Times*'s executive editor, Max Frankel, denounced the prestige press's supposed tabloid-like behavior: "I'm quite ashamed of my profession." Clinton had achieved his purpose—at least for a few days.

Some reporters felt Clinton was close to a lie: they were convinced Clinton and Flowers had had at least a dalliance or two. But they could not prove it, nor did they want to. Instead, they found a perfect surrogate in the draft story broken by the *Wall Street Journal* on February 6. A too-clever Clinton added to the concern over his character by violating his own refusal to discuss Flowers: "A woman I never slept with and a draft I never dodged," he said of the accusations against him. A press that could not prove the adultery story now had every reason to zero in on Clinton's fishiness with the draft. As one reporter told me, "The draft story wouldn't have had the impact without the adultery story. In both cases we're talking about credibility."

Do Media Ever Talk About Sources?
It's gospel that the press never does, but ABC's Ted Koppel did after Clinton's 22-year-old letter to an ROTC recruiter was leaked to "Nightline." Planning a program for February 12, Koppel called Clinton. He told the governor that he could not reveal his source but that his impression was that the source had received it from someone at the Pentagon. Clinton immediately held a press conference. Releasing a copy of the letter, he attacked its leak to ABC as part of a "dirty tricks" campaign by "George Bush and the Republican Party." ABC's source then called up "Nightline" to say that his copy of the letter had not come from anyone at the Pentagon. A few phone calls later, ABC determined that its information came from Col. Clinton Jones, a Democrat and former officer in the University of Arkansas ROTC unit who now was willing to be publicly identified. That night, on national television, a defensive Koppel apprised Clinton of these facts.

There was no reason for Koppel to talk about sourcing in his phone conversation with Clinton, but he was right to issue what amounted to a correction, precisely because his loose talk about the letter's origin had made him part of the story. Other reporters might have set the record straight, but it would have taken a while. Koppel's task was eased by Jones's willingness to come forward, but I'd like to believe that he would have corrected his comments to Clinton in any event.

Who Devised Clinton's Anti-GOP PR?
It could only have been Clinton himself. If he ever becomes President, I anticipate a highly partisan Democrat who'll try to work and spin the press, and whose politics, on social and moral issues at least, come right out of the cultural divide that opened in the late sixties—libertarian on matters of sex and personal behavior, opposed to institutional authority, and sanctimonious about opposing the Vietnam war. This much, if nothing else, is what New Hampshire revealed about Bill Clinton. ❐

RUSSIAN PRESSWATCH

Classified Information

by Cathy Young

In the last 1991 issue of the Russian weekly *Novoye Vremya* ("New Time"), émigré Kronid Lubarsky wrote that with Mikhail Gorbachev's retirement, the twentieth century itself was receding into the past. Perhaps, but Gorby is not acting like a man over the hill. The other day, he let it be known that he will fully support Boris Yeltsin as long as Yeltsin stays the course of democracy and reform—an almost exact reiteration of what Yeltsin said of Gorbachev during Yeltsin's visit to the United States eight months ago. This role reversal of sorts was predicted on the very day of Gorbachev's resignation, December 25, by *Komsomolskaya Pravda* commentator Oleg Pshenichny, who even speculated that Gorbachev might someday shock everyone by defeating Yeltsin at the polls.

I don't think that's very likely, but then such criteria may not apply to the former Soviet Union. Still, Gorby's chances for re-election may have lessened with the disclosure by an investigative commission of the Russian parliament that a month before the August coup, the Secretary General of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union quietly signed a decree authorizing party organizations to invest their funds in private businesses. (So much for Communist ideals.)

Hijacking Granny
As I noted last month, the combination of commercialism and state controls gives bureaucrats unprecedented opportunities for self-enrichment, and they are not about to let go of such a lucrative arrangement without a fight. Proof is found in an article by V. Sanatin in *Komsomolskaya Pravda* (January 24, 1992), "The Nomenklatura Comes Out of the Trenches—And Tackles the Market." The report is from Ekaterinburg, Yeltsin's domain back when it was still Sverdlovsk and he still a Communist, and the city that, as the president's home base, was supposed to become a showcase of reform.

As a result of price deregulation, the

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farmers' markets—traditionally far more expensive than state shops—are now offering higher-quality foodstuffs at *lower* cost: "In factory dining rooms, frozen, dried-up meat that lost its taste even before it was imported from the West goes for up to 140 rubles a kilo," while fresh veal at the farmers' market sells for 70 or 80. (This is the case all over the country.) Apparently, says Sanatin, "the self-interest and ambitions of private entrepreneurs are less costly than those of state monopolies," and one need not be an economist to see who is threatened by that: "It's a bad omen for our officials if the village granny in the free vending row has cheaper cucumbers than the state sector." In Ekaterinburg, quick-witted officials found a way out: they "simply hijacked the granny."

In other words, authorities in the Lenin district (name changes go only so far) have decreed that the city's central farmers' market will be "reorganized" as a "trade center" owned by K. Arkhipov, former head of the district party committee and current head of the district council, in tandem with comrades from the local agricultural industry board. Despite official denials, the journalist dug up a paper signed by the city privatization czar placing the market, formerly a municipal property, in the hands of the Lenin district government. (The management and staff of the market had applied in August 1990 to make it a semi-private enterprise on a leaseholding basis—but the same district government refused permission.)

Once the market is in nomenklatura hands, says Sanatin, the price of that farm veal will be jacked up to 200 rubles or more. "And we'll have no choice except to shell out our money and support the invincible conglomerate of power, fraud, and greed."

Meanwhile, well-known political commentator Tatiana Ivanova suggests in *Sem s plyusom* ("Seven-Plus," January 1-7, 1992) that authorities in Moscow may not be very market-friendly, either. Just over a year ago, as the city's oh-so-radical new mayor Gavriil Popov was being toasted by American libertarians, the *tolkuchka* (flea market) at the Rizhsky Market was being eliminated in a crackdown on black-market dealing. Vending stalls and booths where tailors and knitters had peddled their wares, where one could buy cheap lipstick and candy, are gone; only a few, selling imported clothes and shoes at astronomical prices, have been restored. There have been similar "cleanup" operations elsewhere. Two major farmers' markets have been shut down, and street vendors of shish-kebab and meat pies, common a year ago, are now a rarity.

"Nearly every Saturday," fumes Ivanova, "just when people want to sell and buy, vendors are chased away from the Tishinsky market: it's 'sanitation day.' The gates are closed on purpose so people have to squeeze in through some awful hole in the wall." She adds that flea markets are the only place where average Muscovites can find affordable goods nowadays. One such spot is outside the Child World department store (across from KGB headquarters), but there, too, the crowd is often dispersed in the rudest manner, with police "swinging truncheons over the heads of veterans who are selling all or some of their special rations." To add insult to injury, the poor souls are told to go to an approved location—a two-hour trip, counting the waits at bus stops in the cold.

Ivanova charges nothing less than that "the Moscow city government is determined to stamp out all real [private] trade in the city." This sounds startling, but the commentator cites other recent cases in which top Moscow officials, including deputy mayor Yuri Luzhkov, effectively stopped peasants and entrepreneurs from bringing more food into the city by setting impossible—or at least highly inconvenient—conditions.

Love and Work in the Classifieds

Perhaps one way of gauging the state of a country is to look at its classified advertising—a phenomenon unknown in the old Soviet Union, not because people didn't buy, sell, or exchange things but because such deals, even when legal, were supposed to have something unsavory about them, and were certainly not to be dignified through the medium of print. Today, newspapers have advertising supplements, and there is even a weekly paper, *Vsyo dlya vas*

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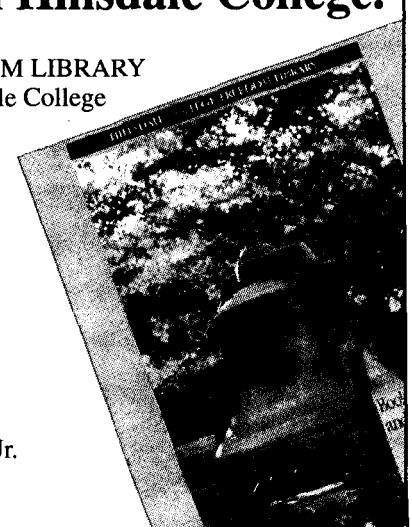

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("Everything for You"), where classified ads can be placed for free. Typical "exchange" ads from a December issue go like this:

> Will trade dark, unpolished queen-sized bed (new) for woman's light coat, size 48, imported woman's boots, size 38, and winter coat size 48, with natural fur collar.

And more exotic ones, such as:

> Will trade invitation for personal visit to the United States for invitation to Switzerland, Denmark, France, Belgium, or Holland. [Such invitations are still necessary for travel.]

Or:

> Two-room apartment in downtown Moscow available in exchange for a job abroad, preferably in my line of work.

Then there are the personals, a good way to measure the progress of the Russian sexual revolution. While Russia's burgeoning pornographic press offers a smorgasbord of ads with matter-of-fact descriptions of desired activities, *Vsyo dlya vas* is reasonably tame, with nothing racier than:

> Willing and able to give intense sexual pleasure to a woman of any age. Forty years old, attractive body and face, with inexhaustible energy and fantasy, decent character.

Inevitably, the sexual mixes with the social: many of the ads mention "living space," either as a requirement or as one's own asset. Nearly two-thirds of the women have young children; some specify that they want "a protector for my child." A 21-year-old eccentric is so determined to marry "a military pilot, commando, [or] border guard (other military specialties also possible)" that she is "willing to move to any garrison." Holder of Passport No. 630889 would like to meet "a man under 45 who believes that earning money and making decisions is a man's job." She might be a perfect match for No. 592970, who seeks "a kind, unliberated, nice-looking" bride, if it weren't for the fact that the gentleman also expects his pliant mate not to care about income and honestly warns that he has "no housing, or almost none."

But if, scanning the pages of *Vsyo dlya vas*, one were to choose the true ad of the year, it would be—no, not the one for Moscow's first school for striptease dancers, but—

> New private detective agency is recruiting former employees of the KGB or the Ministry of Internal Affairs. Experience essential.

Now It Can Be Told

And speaking of the KGB: we all know how uncouth and unenlightened it was ever to mention the World Council of Churches and the like in the same breath as that august organization. Now, in "Church and State Under the Soviet Regime" (*Izvestia*, January 22, 1992), Vyacheslav Polosin, a priest who chairs the Russian parliament's commission on religions, discloses some episodes of more than passing interest to us right-wing paranoids.

Detailing the concerted effort, from the earliest days of Soviet power, to make the Russian Orthodox Church a handmaiden of the secret police, Polosin writes that "KGB involvement in the international activities of religious organizations reached its peak in the 1970s." He cites declassified KGB reports, including one from July 1984: "Agents [code names follow—V.P.] traveled to Switzerland as members of the Russian Orthodox Church delegation to the Congress of the World Council of Churches, with the assignment to get a candidate acceptable to us elected Secretary General of the WCC. The vote went to Emilio Castro, whose candidacy was supported not only by the ROC but by the churches of socialist countries."

The latest of these interesting documents goes back only to 1989, and details KGB-sponsored "state security measures" as a result of which "the executive body of the Central Committee of the WCC has issued eight public statements and three letters that follow the political line of the socialist bloc."

Polosin cites evidence that the Christian Peace Conference was likewise "tenderly cultivated" by the KGB. It's nice to know that the godless Communists were so concerned with the opinions of men of the cloth. ❐

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Going Down in History

by James Bowman

When I was a boy, I used to read lots of history books and scorned fiction almost entirely. Why should I waste my time reading stuff that wasn't even *true*? It was only when I got to be about 17 that I began to realize that the fiction could be truer than the history, which was just some advocate's version of what happened anyway. But I find some of my childish impatience coming back to me in response to historical fiction and fictionalized history. How can it be that it doesn't matter that things didn't really happen this way?

The answer is usually that the fiction serves a higher truth, which it sometimes does. English medieval history was certainly improved upon by Shakespeare. Oliver Stone has taken the same line about *JFK*, a film about which it seems that there can be nothing left to say except that its "higher truth" is not true. You don't need to have surveyed the grassy knoll with the Warren Report in your hand to know that Stone's thesis—that a wicked and corrupt power elite of which Kennedy was somehow not a part was prepared to stop at nothing in order to drag America into the disaster of Vietnam against his will—is ridiculous in its falsity. The world works like that only in the delirium tremens stage of left-wing dementia.

If you can't believe in the propaganda then all the liberties with historical accuracy become more rather than less irksome. Did you really have nothing better to do with that three hours and eight minutes of your life? The feeling is similar, actually, after most propaganda films, even when they are wholly fictional. In John McTiernan's *Medicine Man*, for example, I kept hoping that at least Lorraine Bracco would take off her shirt, as all the native chicks were persuaded to do, as some small compensation to me for having to sit through the idiot-prop which holds that wicked developers who build roads through rain forests will not stop even for the sake of a cure for cancer.

She went native in other ways—face painting, totemic earring—but never did take off her shirt. All there was to make the movie worthwhile was the rather interesting music, a sort of mixture of Latin rhythms, Andean pan-pipe modalities and Caribbean steel-band instrumentation (thank you, Jerry Goldsmith), and the pretty scenery (ditto Donald McAlpine). We owe a bit more to the director in Akira Kurosawa's *Rhapsody in August*, even though it too is part propaganda. At least Kurosawa has the sense not to be like Stone and McTiernan and populate his film with a shadowy cast of evil men whom we are seldom or never allowed to see. In fact, there are no evil people here at all: just a pervasive sense of sorrow for the Japanese who were in and around Nagasaki on August 9, 1945.

We can live with that. Despite protests in the American press, Kurosawa is not being anti-American—except perhaps in one brief sequence where he shows the monuments to the victims of the second atom bomb, most of them donated by former members of the Communist bloc, and has a child ask: "Why is there no American monument?" The answer: "The Americans dropped the bomb." But most of the propaganda here is directed at war itself—a meaningless ideological trope—leaving us free to read Kurosawa's fascinating succession of visual images almost without reference to ideology. In *Medicine Man*, only Lorraine Bracco and Sean Connery swinging in the treetops in rappelling harness is satisfying without being ideological, and in *JFK* nothing is: Stone's continual rerunning of the grainy Zapruder film of the Dallas motorcade becomes a metaphor for his own ideological obsessiveness, not to say madness. If you saw the film without sound it would be even more clear that this man needs help.

Kurosawa, by contrast, supplements his simplistic characters and story and his puerile ideology with truly sumptuous imagery: the hauntingly repeated motif of "the eye of the flash" is as unforgettable to us as the Bomb's explosion itself is to the old woman (Sachiko Murase) whose life it has forever changed. No other filmmaker is so inspired as Kurosawa in finding visual analogues for emotional experience, as he does here too in images of a storm, a water imp, and two dead trees in the forest, all of which reinforce the "eye" imagery's suggestion of a mysterious and rather scary sympathy between the actions of man and the reactions of nature. You don't have to agree with what the guy has to say to be impressed by the cinematic skill with which he says it.

Not the least of Kurosawa's achievements is almost to have succeeded in saying something fresh about World War II, a patch of history the movies have raked over more thoroughly than any other. So much so, indeed, that the Hollywood clichés about it are inseparable from our sense of its real history, just as the cowboy-and-Indian clichés are now inseparable from what we know about the Old West. David Seltzer's *Shining Through* tries to make

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use of our familiarity with this imagery in a thoroughly post-modern way: by making his heroine (Melanie Griffith) movie-mad, by quoting from *Casablanca* and other famous war films, and by using as framework a BBC interview, he deliberately obscures the boundaries between movies and real life before we can complain that his nasty Nazis have been done to death, and then some, in the movies.

Of course they have! That's the point of them. Their usefulness depends on their being clichés, as in the Indiana Jones films or Disney's *Rocketeer*, which are *Shining Through*'s post-modern predecessors. As a convenient shorthand expression for the forces of evil that it is always so nice to have your hero and heroine overcome, these blockheaded, cardboard Nazis serve as a screen between us and the real world where such things as happen in the movies don't happen. Thus it is only natural for Miss Griffith and her co-star, Michael Douglas, to triumph over cliché Nazis by a mastery of spy-film clichés.

In fact, I wonder if the film's odd historical inaccuracies—like having the news of Pearl Harbor reach New York on Sunday morning or having the battle for Bataan (here called an "island") and Corregidor still going on six months after Pearl Harbor—were not deliberate, part of a general effort to create the impression that its events are taking place in some world similar to but different from this one. We have always loved the movie world because it is *not* real. Yet a lot of people are going to see this picture because they simply like to see the old clichés revived. Seltzer figures to get rich catering to the they-don't-make-'em-like-that-anymore crowd while having a little post-modernist joke at their expense.

Sterling VanWagenen's *Alan and Naomi* stands at the opposite end of the war–movie scale as a very late entry in the category of those that dare to take themselves seriously. No post-modernist nudges and winks here. Of course, the only way you can get away with that is to make the movie not really about the war itself but about growing up, overcoming racial and religious prejudice, and, above all, recovery. A young Jewish girl (Vanessa Zaoui) rendered speechless by having seen her father murdered by the Nazis is healed by the at first reluctant friendship of a young Jewish boy (Lukas Haas) ashamed of his Jewishness in 1940s Brooklyn. The setting provides an excuse for another nostalgia wallow, too, with loving recreations of the accoutrements of 1940s boyhood: stickball under the washing hanging across the street, Saturday movies, balsawood model airplanes, and knickerbockers.

Here the history is accurate but inert, a mere backdrop for the sort of therapy movie that *always* takes itself so seriously that we non-victims tend to feel somewhat excluded. Naomi's isolation from everybody is the inner ring of concentric circles that exclude the wider audience, successively, from her trauma, her experience in the war, her friendship with Alan, her middle-class Jewish milieu, and her time and place, which is so emphatically 1940s Brooklyn as to call the universality of all the characters' experience even further into doubt. This film could actually use a little post-modern whimsy in order to make its audience feel more welcome in the world it attempts to create.

To see what can be done to convert history into art we must turn to our Film of the Month, Andrei Konchalovsky's *Inner Circle*. It begins with a notice: "This film is based on a true story," which could be just another post-modernist tease, like Melanie Griffith's BBC interview, but is not. It goes on to tell the story of Stalin's film projectionist (again an opportunity for self-referential jokes that is not taken), played by Tom Hulce, from 1939 until Stalin's death in 1953. Hulce's character, Ivan Sanshin, is the sort of open-mouthed dolt that Hulce plays so well. He worships Comrade Stalin (brilliantly played by Alexandre Zbruev) and is credulous enough to believe in all the plots supposedly concocted by enemies of the people against him.

When his neighbor, Gubelmann, is arrested by the KGB, he is at first convinced that there is some mistake and offers to intervene with Beria, whom he has seen once. But when the KGB come for Gubelmann's wife, he prevents his own wife, Anastasia (Lolita Davidovich), from offering to adopt Katya, the three-year-old daughter of these enemies of the motherland. He knows enough to be terrified of Stalin even as he adores him. But Anastasia continues to see Katya in the state orphanage to which she is taken When Ivan finds out about it he is paralyzed with fear. There is a wonderfu scene when he takes Anastasia into a wardrobe in the flat they have taken ove from the Gubelmanns, so that the neighbors won't hear, and asks her: "Whom dc you love better, me or Katya Gubelmann?" She replies, "Whom do *you* love better, me or Comrade Stalin?" He look at her as if she is crazy and replies "Comrade Stalin, of course."

During the war, the Sanshins are evacuated from Moscow along with the Soviet leadership, but Ivan is sent back when Stalin decides to stay while Anastasia becomes the mistress of Beria (Bob Hoskins). When she reappears, pregnant a year later, he is prepared to take her back—in effect, it seems, to answer the question posed in the wardrobe differently. But when Anastasia looks in the wardrobe, she finds a bust of Stalin that Ivan has rescued from a bombed-out school. She says sadly, "He doesn't love me anymore. He used to hide me in the wardrobe, now he hides Stalin." In spite of her confident and independent appearance (Beria is looking after her), she is slowly going mad and eventually hangs herself.

Ivan is a simple man who never understands his own relationship with the historical forces at work around him He is devastated by his wife's death but even then is unable to make the connection between the leader he so admires and the ruin of his own private life. It is only when Katya, now 17, reappears coincidentally with the death of Stalin, that he finds something really worth living for. One of the most moving moments in this moving film is when he tells her that her being Jewish shouldn't prevent her from getting a good job and she replies, gently, "Oh, Uncle Ivan, you are so naive."

His naïveté is indeed of Candidean proportions, but it is not his alone. Even Katya shares in the popular hysteria of grief at Stalin's death and has to be rescued from the crush of people by Ivan, who at last leaves his idol behind, honors his dead wife's wish, and offers to be a father to the orphan girl. Here is history beautifully and brilliantly rendered into drama whose relationship to the events it portrays really is that of a higher truth: one that enables us to understand better both history and the human heart. ❐

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Spending Time With Pat

by David Frum

Concord, New Hampshire

We're all Big Government conservatives now. Pat Buchanan and President Bush may disagree about many things, but they do agree on one thing: it's impossible to cut the federal budget.

That's not what they say, of course. The President told the New Hampshire state legislature on February 12 that "government is too big and costs too much." Buchanan proudly insisted that his principal difference with the President was his faith in small government. But when it came time for specifics, both these conservative Republicans succumbed to political laryngitis.

In his address to the New Hampshire legislature, as in his State of the Union message, the President claimed that he wanted to eliminate 246 separate federal programs. He didn't have the nerve to name a single one. And when he did come to specifics, Bush exulted in how much his administration was spending, and how much more it was planning to spend. He promised universal health insurance. He promised money for Head Start. And he bragged that federal spending on research and development had hit unprecedented highs.

The President told the legislators that he had decided to issue no more federal regulations until March 20, and that he would use the intervening time to do away with federal regulations that "do more harm than good." They applauded. Here too, though, he didn't mention any specifics. Bush has described himself, after all, as "the environmental President," and 58 percent of the avalanche of new regulations—as many issued in three years as Ronald Reagan eliminated in eight—have come from the Environmental Protection Agency.

Disgruntled New Hampshirites seeking to cast an anti–big government ballot did not find much of an alternative in Pat Buchanan. Despite his abhorrence of "big government" in the abstract, and his fierce newspaper columns, Buchanan the candidate was willing to name only two specific programs he would eliminate: the National Endowment for the Arts (1993 budget, $176 million) and foreign aid (1993 budget, defined broadly, $13.5 billion). He also called for rolling back

half the congressional pay raise, for a whopping savings of not quite $9.6 million.

In the coming fiscal year, the United States government will spend more than $1.5 trillion, a sum as large as the entire gross domestic product of unified Germany. From that vast ocean of money, fed by roaring rivers of unnecessary and destructive spending, greasy with floating blobs of waste, Buchanan is willing to blot up about $13.186 billion, or rather less than one percent.

It's true that in his standard stump speech, Buchanan promised a "freeze" in federal spending, federal hiring, and federal salaries. But when asked at a press conference shortly before the New Hampshire primary vote whether that freeze would apply to Social Security—nearly 30 percent of the budget, after interest payments and the cost of the savings and loan bailout—Buchanan flinched: No, he said, it would not.

Buchanan hastily explained that since Social Security is financed by a separate tax, and since that tax now raises more revenue than is actually spent on Social Security payments, the program should be exempt from spending limits. By that reasoning, federal highway and airport construction—both financed by trust funds that are now in surplus—would also be exempt from Buchanan's freeze.

Buchanan would exempt unemployment insurance from the freeze, too. As he told the *New York Times*'s Steven Holmes on February 15, "You can't go into those unemployment offices, see those guys about to lose their homes without saying, 'Well, we ought to go ahead with 12 more weeks of unemployment benefits.'" Holmes later sardonically observed, "In sports, going on the road makes you tough. In politics, it seems to have exactly the opposite effect." Congress's February 4 vote to extend unemployment benefits for an additional thirteen weeks, which followed a November vote to extend them for thirteen-to-twenty weeks more, cost $2.7 billion—about fifteen times as much as would be saved by scrapping

(continued on page 81)

David Frum is an assistant features editor at the Wall Street Journal.

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TROLLOPE: A BIOGRAPHY

N. John Hall

Oxford University Press/581 pages/$35

reviewed by DONALD LYONS

Most of Anthony Trollope's forty-seven novels were about marriage and money, but his life would have been worth the telling even if he had never written a word of fiction. He was born in London in 1815 to a barrister and a vicar's daughter. His father, Thomas, was to lose his custom and drive the family to ruin through an irascibility and unpleasantness bordering on insanity; his mother, Frances, took to writing slapdash travel books and novels to support the six surviving children. The family moved to Harrow, where Anthony was able to attend, virtually for free, the famous local public school. He was miserable, friendless, scruffy, ungainly, slow; by 19, he seemed hopeless. His mother nearly packed him off to join the Austrian cavalry, but at the last minute got him, through a family connection, a clerkship at the London General Post Office, where he was miserable, lonely, and poor, but found a flair for the postal business. His break, the key change of air and pace, came in 1841 with his successful application for the lowly job of clerk to the postal surveyor of central Ireland.

It proved the making of him. Ireland woke him up, gave him character, tone, flavor. He was soon darting about the countryside, doing the work of ten to bring efficiency, speed, and honesty to the rural Irish post, and developing that blustery, intimidating, fee-fi-fo-fum personality that was to mark him all his days. He actually liked the Irish, not only the Ascendancy but also "the working classes" and the Catholic clergy. He started hunting and keeping hounds—an avocation that was to obsess him for thirty-five years. He wed Rose, a Yorkshire girl he had met holidaying there with her family. Ireland also gave Trollope the initial impetus and subject for fiction; steeping himself in Irish life and fiction, he set his first two wild and uncharacteristic novels in Ireland: *The Macdermots of Ballycloran* (1847) and *The Kellys and the O'Kellys* (1848). Throughout his career, he was to return to the matter of Ireland, most memorably in his still-underrated novel of the famine, *Castle Richmond* (1860).

Energy and discipline characterized everything he did. In the 1850s he zigzagged all over Ireland and England on special assignments, homogenizing and modernizing the post; he was an early champion of the letterbox. He rose every morning, home or away, at 5:30 and wrote ten pages before 8:30. After the two unsuccessful Irish novels, he hit his commercial stride with six novels of (mainly) clerical life set in the imaginary county of Barsetshire. In the first, *The Warden* (1855), he groped, with some reliance on Fielding's *Joseph Andrews*, toward his true vein, which he found in the next, *Barchester Towers* (1857), a comic masterpiece of ecclesiastical jostling. By the third Barset novel, *Framley Parsonage* (1860-61), Trollope was a hit with the public. The final entry of the series, *The Last Chronicle of Barset* (1866-67), contains a full-length portrait of a tragic figure much like Trollope's misanthropic father. The American scholar N. John Hall, who gives Trollope's life its latest, fullest, and best recounting, delights in the minutiae of this amazing literary career: how and where he wrote; how much and how he got paid (always money down, never royalties); how he got along with an array of publishers; what the reviewers said; and how the books sold. On the business side Hall is definitive and refreshingly uncondescending. George Eliot, Trollope's highbrow chum, only wished she could write with his undeviating regularity. But Hall is less satisfying on the sources and strengths of Trollope the artist, remarking, for instance, that "a close observation of daily life, a naturally good ear for dialogue, and the habit of day-dreaming" account for it. I think, rather, that those who love Trollope feel the ubiquitous presence of Jane Austen in his language. Q. D. Leavis supplies the necessary analysis:

> His own equipment was the belief that *Pride and Prejudice* was the greatest of novels, and he clearly formed his habits of composition, natural dialogue and use of the correct, refined and educated language of the speech coming down from the eighteenth century by his admiration for, and sympathy with, the objects and techniques of Jane Austen. . . . But he *had* a real equipment in his now mature experience of rural and educated England; and a professional life in public service (highly creditable to him in its execution, he was even a success in Ireland) gave him, one feels, his interest in organizations and professions, an interest that he turned on the Established Church, where he no doubt felt that the intrigues, clashes of personalities and wills, the tragedies and comedies, were translatable from those of the postal service he knew from the inside.

To this should be added the insight of his best (and by no means unvaryingly favorable) contemporary critic, Henry James: "Trollope settled down steadily to the English girl; he took possession of her, and turned her inside out . . . he bestowed upon her the most serious, the most patient, the most tender, the most copious consideration. He is evidently always more or less in love with her. . . . But, if he was a lover, he was a paternal lover, as competent as a father who has had fifty daughters." (James once shared a transatlantic crossing with Trollope and was amazed at the Englishman's matutinal scribbling in all weathers.)

Fame and money saw Trollope settled in a country home with wife and two sons, welcomed in London clubs such as the Garrick, of which he at once became a convivial pillar, and palling around with Thackeray and other lions. He loved to hunt and to entertain—

Donald Lyons is a frequent contributor to the New Criterion.

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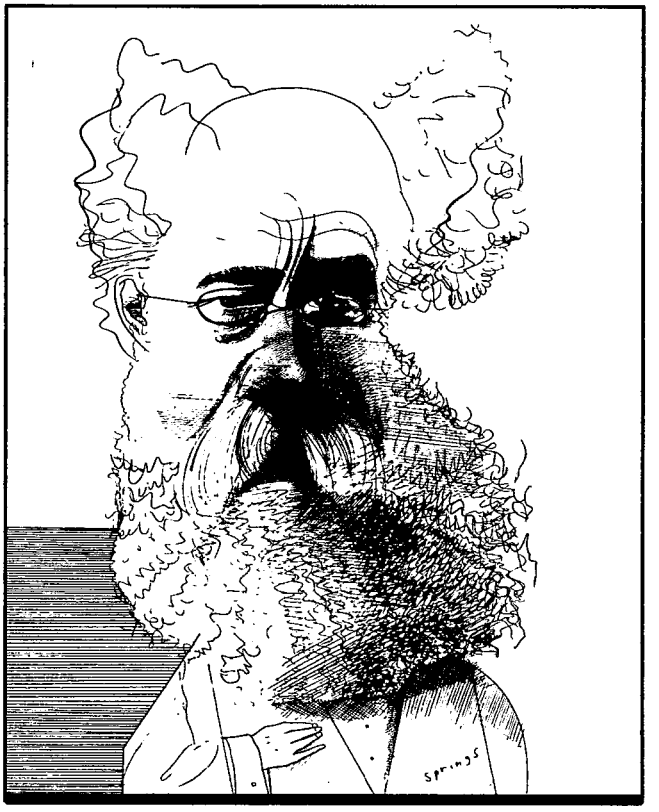
glimpses of him seem to cross Squire Western with a Dickensian paterfamilias letting the children win at cards. He nourished a typically Victorian sort of semi-public crush on a much younger American feminist/author/actress called Kate Fields; it was as though a woman had stepped back out of Henry James's as-yet-unwritten fiction into Trollope's real life. The dalliance remained, if intense, innocent.

In his prosperous fifties, Trollope flirted with politics, actually making a run for Parliament in 1868 in the notoriously corrupt borough of Beverley in the West Riding of Yorkshire. He ran as a Disraeli-hating Gladstone Liberal and lost ignominiously in an election later voided for bribery. But he was able to use his new feel for the big world in his second great series of novels, the six Palliser tales, centering on Plantagenet Palliser, Duke of Omnium and "advanced conservative liberal" Prime Minister—as well as on his wife, the bewitching Lady Glencora. Starring in two Palliser novels was Irish politician Phineas Finn, and contemporary Irish questions figure in the plots. The Palliser books were less immediately popular than the Barset series, but have come to enjoy at least equal esteem.

Trollopean fecundity remains a daunting marvel of Victorian workmanship, like the railroads that were at the time reconfiguring the English landscape. Of the forty-seven novels, most appeared in three or more volumes; I have yet to sample one that is without pleasures, be it *The Way We Live Now*, a comprehensive indictment of literary and political London, or *Is He Popinjoy?*, a brilliant comedy of inheritance, or *Nina Balatka*, a pseudonymously published story of love vanquishing anti-Semitism in Prague . . . but each reader of Trollope has his favorite *trouvailles* and none is wrong. Hall has read everything from the mighty pen, including a long, late life of Cicero. Trollope loved reading the great Romans (not to mention minor Elizabethan and Jacobean dramatists) and saw in Cicero a fellow clubman across the ages: "What a man he would have been for London life! How he would have enjoyed his club, picking up the news of the day from all lips, while he seemed to give it to all ears."

Hall treats fully the four memorable contributions by his subject to that quintessentially English genre, the travel book. The Post Office was forever sending him to places like Egypt to bring order; when they sent him in 1859 to the West Indies, he extracted from his publisher a contract for a travel book. In the Caribbean, he climbed mountains dutifully, and poked about busily in the appalling heat, although, as readers of his fiction know, scenery was always a bore to Trollope, running a distant second to people and their talk. By the time his ship reached home, he had finished writing *The West Indies and the Spanish Main*. Professor Hall finds its views on blacks worrisome.



Trollope's mother Frances, a queer and opinionated gadabout long before her son, had lived in America in Anthony's youth (without Anthony) and written *Domestic Manners of the Americans* (1832), a book whose fastidious, disdainful pictures of social rawness and religious fanaticism caused enormous cisatlantic resentment. Hoping to atone for the maternal offense, Anthony visited the U.S. in 1861. He went all over, west and east, scribbling away daily at *North America*. He liked America; his bow-wow, can-do, get-on-with-it energies were arguably more American than English, anyway. He did criticize much, especially the Post Office and Lincoln's too-quick embrace of Emancipation, but he found much to praise, including—astonishingly for us—the New York City public schools. In contrast to the pupils in London free schools, Trollope found that, as Hall writes:

> The New York pupil is neither ragged nor dirty nor stigmatized socially. One knows not if the youngster's father makes a dollar a day or $3,000 a year. The amount of learning is "terrific": in one classroom of girls that he visited, the discussion about the properties of the hypotenuse quite overwhelmed him.
>
> In another class, on ancient Roman history, he felt more at ease. The mistress asked the girls why the Romans ran away with the Sabine women. "Because they were pretty," answered one little girl.

Trollope is hard, though, on the pushy, rude women he saw on streetcars in New York. Up in Boston, however, he saw something of Kate Field.

One of his sons was getting bogged down in a feckless attempt to run a sheep ranch in Australia, and in 1871 Trollope sailed out to help—and, of course, to write it all up. The ensuing *Australia and New Zealand* caused distress down under, though Trollope thought he was being friendly. He had liked the rough-and-ready Aussie ways. Once again, Hall faults Trollope's insensitive views on aborigines and Maoris. Finally, in 1877, Trollope sailed to South Africa; the volumes that quickly followed showed sympathy for the Boers and—to the approbation of Hall—for the noble Zulus and their king Cetywayo. Gaping with horror at the huge Kimberley mine, he found a Trollopean hope even in it: "Who can doubt but that work is the great civilizer of the world—work and the growing desire for those good things which work only will bring?"

Eighteen eighty-two was a time of trouble in Ireland involving Charles Stew-

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art Parnell, violent Fenians, and assassinations of English functionaries. Trollope decided to do another Irish novel (his views on Ireland were growing quite conservative) and dragged a niece thither with him to do some looking around. He was not to finish *The Landleaguers*. Back in London, he fell ill. In October, he thanked his fan Cardinal Newman for a home remedy for asthma. On November 3, he had a stroke at his brother-in-law's. He died on December 6.

One can take the measure of N. John Hall's calmly comprehensive biography by looking back at James Pope Hennessy's 1971 attempt. The grandson of one of the models for Phineas Finn, Pope Hennessy brought much Irish Trollopeana to light and was praised by Auden. But compared to Hall's, the 1971 book seems arch, amateurish, and sketchy. Though he weighs his pages with plot summaries of the novels, Pope Hennessy pretty clearly has not cracked the travel books or the Cicero biography. Where Pope Hennessy often obtrudes his epigrammatic cleverness, Hall is ever the deferential, efficient servant of Trollope, who would doubtless have warmed to his latest chronicler's modesty, industry, and common sense.

Trollope's return to popularity after a posthumous eclipse is often dated to the Blitz and attributed to a longing for his cozy, windless, and edenic daydream world, now as exotic as that of *The Tale of Genji* (to use Pope Hennessy's comparison). This reduction of the great writer to an artificer of nostalgia is unnecessary. In the great tradition of nineteenth-century novels about women and marriage and money, he comes just behind the giants—Austen and Eliot and James—who rethought the very premises of the genre. Trollope did not do that, but he did import some of the manly flavor of Henry Fielding and his *plein-air* eighteenth century. In his comedies of courtship, where bright and passionate women often strain sympathetically against various social codes, Trollope never lets one suppose that the human heart can do without order or structure of some kind. Oxford is currently reprinting, in its paperback World's Classics series, nearly forty Trollope titles, many long unavailable. Let it never be said that we live in a barbarous time. ❐

THE RADICALISM OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

Gordon S. Wood

Alfred A. Knopf/446 pages/$27.50

reviewed by MAURICE CRANSTON

Histories of the American revolution have hitherto depicted it as similar to either the English revolution of 1688, as much conservative as radical; or to the French revolution, as a class struggle to be explained by sociological laws of a more or less Marxist kind. Gordon S. Wood, professor of history at Brown, offers something commendably original: social history that explains the revolution by marshaling often-overlooked details without reference to sociology.

Wood sees the revolution, as did European observers at the time, as marking a deep rupture with the past. While eighteenth-century thinkers were intensely interested in republican government, they assumed it could be established only in small states, such as the Italian republic of Lucca or the Swiss canton of Zug. The world was astonished when the Americans set up a republic with a population of millions and a territory larger than any European kingdom. How was it accomplished? And, given that political theorists had always said it was more difficult to maintain a republic than to establish one, how could it be kept in being?

Wood argues that a far-reaching change was the secret of the United States' enduring success. Pre-revolutionary American society reflected the imperial design of the colonial régime, but although the colonists shared every Englishman's love of political liberty, American domestic and community life before 1775 was more authoritarian than England's: wives and children were more submissive, servants more servile, parishioners more docile, and tradesmen more deferential. American society was also more stratified into patricians and plebeians. Even a scientist and philosopher as renowned as Benjamin Franklin did not count as a gentleman until he had retired from his trade as a printer and, as Wood points out, "made no attempt to appear to be one" (although one suspects this was part of Franklin's well-known pose of being a plain man among his betters). The great planters were protectors, creditors, and counselors—"friends"—to the lesser farmers. Artists and shopkeepers had patrons, not customers, and patronage characterized the relations between rich and poor. The financial innovations that had made England a commercial society by 1750 were slow to take hold in the New World.

This patriarchal order was accepted as part of the great chain of being stretching down from God to king to father of the family. Seventeenth-century metaphysics, with its picture of a systematically designed universe, reinforced this image of man's subordination to superior powers. Protestant studies of the Old Testament yielded numerous suggestions that a patriarchal order was inspired by God. Besides, American religion centered more on commandments and interdictions than on rituals of worship. Parliament and other medieval institutions that resisted patriarchalism in England meant little to Americans. It could be argued against Wood that those institutions that most historians have seen as the breeding grounds of American democracy—the colonial legislatures and town meetings—were as subversive of patriarchalism as the institutions that preserved the medieval

Maurice Cranston is the author, most recently, of The Noble Savage: Jean-Jacques Rousseau, 1754-1762 *(University of Chicago Press).*

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liberties and franchises of Englishmen; but on the other hand the public dignity conferred by representative office may well have bred in heads of families and households a tendency to tyrannize in the home.

Rebellion against the king destroyed the pivotal element of the patriarchy, allowing a new and altogether freer society to take its place. This was doubtless because rebellion against King George III developed into rebellion against kingship as such, and if Wood is correct, the Americans' conception of domestic society was too closely allied to their conception of political society for the one to change radically without a corresponding change in the other. Although the plebeians did not invent the republic, it was they, transformed into citizens, who kept it in being. They succeeded, Wood thinks, by becoming a different sort of people, as distinctively republican as they had previously been distinctively monarchical. They achieved perhaps unconsciously what their leaders achieved consciously and deliberately.

The revolutionaries were fortunate in having leaders of exceptional culture, not merely "gentry," as Wood calls the educated property-owners, but also men of ideas—"philosophers," in the Enlightenment sense. It was they, of course, who promoted republicanism, an idea they derived not from the experience of Lucca or Zug but from books, and chiefly from books about ancient Rome.

It is ironic that European kings and bishops had their elites educated in the classics, i.e., in literature that exalted ancient Greece and Rome, which were neither monarchist nor Christian. The cult of Rome was especially strong in English schools in the early days of empire. Unfortunately for that government, the authors of antiquity had far more to say in favor of republican than imperial systems.

The Founding Fathers feasted on Cicero, and relayed his wisdom as the guiding principles for transforming subjects into citizens. But if the newly liberated Americans made themselves good republicans, it was not on the Ciceronian model, for the republican virtue that all authorities from Cato to Montesquieu had insisted on as essential—entailing the sacrifice of the private to the public in all things—could not be conjured in the American people. What they wanted was a republic that would respect their private rights and interests, a republic committed to *individual* life, liberty, and property. Their virtue, writes Wood, would be of a different kind:

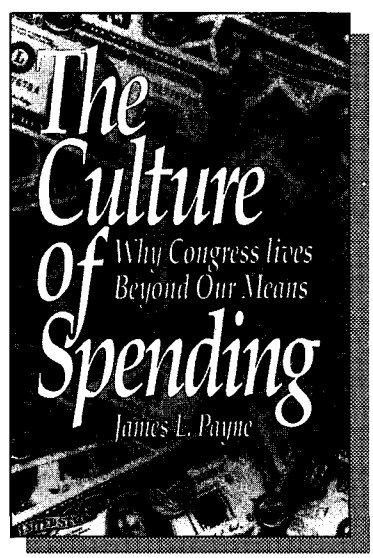
> Virtue became less the harsh self-sacrifice of antiquity and more the willingness to get along with others for the sake of peace and prosperity. Virtue became identified with decency. Where the ancient classical virtue was martial and masculine . . . the new virtue was feminized and capable of being expressed by women as well as men; some, in fact, thought it even better expressed by women.

The new republicanism was built not on love, respect, and consent, as the Founding Fathers had hoped, but on social competitiveness and individualism:

> The revolution resembled the breaking of a dam, releasing thousands upon thousands of pent-up pressures. Nothing contributed more to this explosion of energy than did the idea of equality. . . . Within decades following the Declaration of Independence, the United States became the most egalitarian nation in the history of the world.

The American conception was not simply one of equality of rights, or equality of opportunity, or equality in the eyes of God; it was, as Wood puts it, a "basic down-to-earth belief [that] no one was really better than anyone else."

This belief extended into family life. Wood even suggests that Locke's theory of education (directed against patriarchalism in the family) was more important for Americans than his theory of government (directed against patriarchalism in the state). Locke called for recognition of the child as an independent being to be taught to rule itself, not as a junior member of the group to be trained to obey. This assertion of individual autonomy was crucial to the American commitment to democracy, for it saved America from what liberal philosophers had always thought of as



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democracy's ruinous defect: the triumph of the majority at the expense of individual rights.

The fusion of democracy and individualism was furthered by the merging of the old social classes into what was, in effect, a single middle class:

> In America, in the North at least, already it seemed as if the so-called middle class was all there was. Middling sorts in America appropriated the principal virtues of the two extremes and drained the vitality from both the aristocracy and the working class. . . . The aristocracy lost its monopoly of civility and politeness and the working class lost its exclusive claim to labor.

The disappearance of class divisions clearly saved America from the instability of the new European republics, which were undermined by conflict between bourgeois and proletarian interests. Even in Switzerland, social difference produced oligarchies behind the façade of popular sovereignty. And the divisions in the American republic that were more or less identical to those in Switzerland led, as in Switzerland, to civil war—namely, the political divisions inherent in any federal constitution that fails to achieve equilibrium between central authority and local autonomy.

Wood has little to say about the constitutional roots of the Civil War, aside from pointing to the asymmetry between the North, where equality was seen as universal, and the South, where it excluded slaves. He does not explore the problem of loyalty that is posed by the double allegiance inherent in a federal republic: Is the *patria* to which patriotism is directed the state or the union? Most Americans today would say the latter. The Americans Wood describes in this excellent book were not so sure. But at least they were not made uncomfortable by a period of exciting uncertainty. The Americans of the eighteenth century were fortunate in several respects, not least in being able to live through what Wood calls "radical" changes and come out with their optimism undiminished. The age of ideas was not an age of ideologies, and innovation was not feared in a world confident that the future would be better than the past. ❐

CHILDREN OF CAIN: VIOLENCE AND THE VIOLENT IN LATIN AMERICA

Tina Rosenberg

William Morrow & Co./404 pages/$25

reviewed by

ARTURO J. CRUZ, JR. and CONSUELO CRUZ SEQUEIRA

For Spanish Americans, political violence has been both the enigmatic object of an ancient query and a brutal reality that haunts each generation. In *Children of Cain*, Tina Rosenberg travels to Argentina, Chile, Colombia, Peru, El Salvador, and Nicaragua to determine the motives of the violent, comprehensible only as part of their efforts—most often vain—to orient themselves in their nations' politics.

As a description of these lives and efforts, the book is a success. A naval officer who participated in Argentina's *guerra sucia*, or "dirty war," is particularly well-evoked: Enamored of personal authority, he was habitually benevolent towards prisoners; abhorring disloyalty, he felt revulsion when any of his foes among the *montenero* guerrilla movement became a collaborator. One *montenera* described him as "a kind of worthy enemy. He wasn't corrupt. He didn't rape. He was fighting subversion and communism, not trying to get rich. His vision of the world was terribly Neanderthal, but he was convinced of what he was doing. He was there to save his country." A more hardened *montenera* disagreed. For her, the officer was "part of a system that kidnapped defenseless people, maintained them in inhuman conditions, and killed them."

For Rosenberg, the central problem is "a disregard for law and politics as a way to solve marked social contrasts." Her awareness of this problem makes her descriptions of Argentine life rich and believable, and her facile conclusions perplexing. The military's brutality, according to Rosenberg, was the "product of years of methodical indoctrination," while the viciousness of the monteneros "seemed more the spontaneous expression of a wild, formless anger." That anger, moreover, "was the entirely rational outgrowth of years of *bronca* [rage] in Argentine politics, a grand tradition of intolerance, vindictiveness, and resentment." If it were only so, one could hope that education could transform souls for the better. In fact, the methodical indoctrination of the military and the montenteros' ruthless kidnappings were motivated by the same animus: each wanted to eliminate the foe—the *problem*.

Orientation is everywhere the urgent objective for the children of Cain. In Peru, where far too many people must choose between despair and ideological dementia, Gladys Meneses, at the age of 23, is despondent. She has tuberculosis, raises her two children, and has to suffer her uncle's shouts of *"Whore!"* when she visits her lover. Gladys is also exploited, by her neighbor. Their houses are contiguous—the miserable and the less miserable on either side of the same wall. If Gladys is so beaten down that she has come to believe that the *patrón* is always right, then her perfect opposite is the young urban *guerrillero* Javier, who is far from despair but almost irretrievably lost to madness. As a member of Sendero Luminoso, or the Shining Path, Javier dreams of tennis shoes available only on the other side of the desert, in Pinochet's Chile, and considers the massacre in Tiananmen Square a "very hopeful and uplifting event." Javier worships the memory of "Comrade Mao" and "Comrade Stalin"; repudiates the revisionist deviations of the Albanian Communist party; and argues

Arturo J. Cruz, Jr., a visiting research fellow at the Hudson Institute, and Consuelo Cruz Sequeira write frequently on Latin American politics.

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that Pol Pot had the right idea, but lacked party guidance. Though frightening, Javier is a more benign version of the horrifying *comandante* people call La Gringa. Fair as the driven snow and with a "sweet face," La Gringa tears out the eyes and tongues of her enemies.

These enemies are, in the main, *los de abajo*—the peasants at the bottom of the hierarchy—and anyone who stands by their side. La Gringa's choice of methods and targets does not violate the mission of the Shining Path. As Javier explains, not all *campesinos* are the same; some are richer than others, and thus not peasants at all. And as Rosenberg concludes, "Sendero doesn't want people to make the peasants' life better, but to make it worse, to the point of being intolerable."

In Colombia, astronomical profits from the drug trade have begun to alter even the elemental values of the old society. Young men abound who repent for the sin of theft but kill with scientific precision. Known as *sicarios*, they believe that in the course of business they help society; as they settle debts of rancor, they eliminate the vile. And they contribute to prosperity by eliminating inflexible judges and politicians. Of these, only one appears alive in the book. Rosenberg thinks disregard for law and politics is the problem in Colombia, but, as in Argentina, she overdraws the distinction between left and right: "The traffickers have, at various times, formed alliances with the guerrillas. Certain fronts of the FARC and National Liberation Army (ELN) guard jungle labs for money. But the narco-guerrilla connection is tiny compared to the narco-right."

How insignificant is this connection in reality? Oxford historian Malcolm Deas, who specializes in Colombia, thinks the connection is quite complex. The guerrilleros, after all, combine the coercive power of the state with the business acumen of a successful corporation. They blackmail small enterprises in the petroleum industry, and share the revenues of the municipal areas under their control. Among cattle ranchers, they collect a *vacuna ganadera*, calibrated not to break the "taxpayer" but to "milk" him. In the transport industry, they charge drivers for the right of transit. Distributors of cigarettes, soda, and beer pay a "tax" as well. Of course, the guerrilla movements are also in the business of kidnapping, primarily members of the urban upper middle class. Finally, the FARC, the oldest and most powerful of the guerrilla armies, protects the poppy fields for heroin production, a new interest in the diversified portfolio of the Cali cartel.

Rosenberg argues that the incalculable profits of the drug trade led the traffickers to invest in land, and thus to make common cause with large ranchers and the army in order to dodge the guerrillas' tax-collectors. But what exists in Colombia is not a war between the vile and the less vile; it is a war between traditional potentates from the Conservative and Liberal parties, the drug lords, and the guerrilla comandantes. An obstacle to peace among them is the fact that for the guerrillas it is especially dangerous to demobilize. To make the point that in Colombia it is safer to be a guerrilla fighter than a leftist politician, Rosenberg offers the example of Carlos Pizarro:

> the dashing son of a Colombian admiral, who was the candidate of the M-19, whose guerrillas signed a peace treaty with the government in 1990, piled their guns in a heap under a Colombian flag, and registered as a political party. As a reward for renouncing violence and accepting democratic rules, Pizarro was shot to death on a commercial airliner seven weeks later.

Demobilization everywhere entails extreme danger for the demobilized. Pizarro's fate was almost identical to that of Colonel Enrique Bermúdez in Nicaragua, though Rosenberg omits this fact from her chapter on that country. Bermúdez, the former military chief of the contras, tried to organize his former soldiers into a political force after the electoral defeat of the Sandinistas. He was shot once in the head, at close range. According to the OAS, more than one hundred demobilized contras and contra messengers were executed in the mountains of Nicaragua in the first quarter of 1991. No one knows who killed them or Bermúdez, just as no one knows for certain who killed Pizarro, who in his twenty years of warfare accumulated a long list of enemies—among the right, the drug-traffickers, the army, rival guerrillas, and the relatives of his victims.

Rosenberg also takes us to El Salvador—minuscule but teeming with people, naturally rich but torn to pieces. In early colonial days, El Salvador was the most prosperous province of Central America, and as such was exploited by the bureaucratic capital in Guatemala. El Salvador was also renowned for its cocoa plantations, the wealthiest and most despotic on the isthmus. Today, a typical businessman in El Salvador is likely to believe that repression is a more cost-effective way to manage labor unrest than salary adjustments; according to James LeMoyne, former bureau chief of the *New York Times*, the country's political culture is one of "perennial conquest." Not too long ago it was even worse. For to grab a neighbor's property, and to defend one's own with the sword was not enough. It was not enough even to kill. The promise of a slow, brutal agony—mutilation—was needed to paralyze the impudent. Hence the displays of corpses covered with the eloquent signs of torture.

The oligarchs have proved steely in their resolve to keep their enormous share of the economy, yet dissipated in their personal habits. Rosenberg claims to have mingled with them. She drank their vodka, rode in their sports cars, bathed in their swimming pools, and suffered their frivolities. She found that,

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when drunk (every weekend), they utter inanities they think clever; when sober, they feel misunderstood by the world; and almost invariably they have a failed marriage in the background. (Excessive drinking, it should be added, has become a serious problem among the region's elites, be they of the left or the right, as has divorce. In Cuba, the leaders of the revolution are in the habit of marrying three and four times, although not Fidel, who is married to the island.) Finally, Rosenberg found that the wealthy of El Salvador live protected by walls "higher" and "thicker" than the rich have anywhere else. This is hyperbole: the grandees of the Mexican political class live in exquisite fortresses, and in Cuba, the potentates live in hidden palaces.

The Salvadoran guerrillas, Rosenberg says, are not like Shining Path. True, to the extent that Mussolini was not Hitler. The comparison is reminiscent of one frequently made in the seventies, when it was argued that the Sandinistas, or at least the Ortega faction, were not like the Salvadoran guerrilla front, whose leaders were prepared to kill anyone, even one another, for the sake of ideological purity. Rosenberg claims that the Salvadoran left lacked ideological coherence: its leaders disagreed about the use of strikes, the proper balance between urban and rural action, and potential alliances with known Marxist organizations. They split, for example, on how best to cope with the election of Ronald Reagan ("Some wanted to overthrow the government before Reagan took office, while others thought the time was not yet right"). But fundamentally, all the guerrilla leaders were determined to reorganize El Salvador according to the core principles of Marx and Lenin. They even came to look upon Castro as a revisionist. Thus, in 1975, when Roque Dalton, the best poet of his generation, returned from Cuba to live in secrecy in El Salvador, he was promptly eliminated by a guerrilla commando force which is thought to have included Joaquín Villalobos, now the principal military strategist for the FMLN. A variant of the traditional accusation was invoked to justify this execution: the poet was a double-agent, working for the CIA and Cuban intelligence.

Jealousy, an element not to be underestimated in politics, was also a factor in the assassination of the poet, who was believed to have the personal support of Fidel. The assassination in turn intensified the suspicions that attend jealousy *and* tactical disagreements. The result was a rupture in the guerrilla front, and the formation of the more intelligent, more liberal faction known as the National Resistance. Its founding father, however, was soon killed in a mysterious airplane crash. His comrades accused Villalobos, who not only survived all suspicion but thrived. Later still, after the guerrilleros were united in Havana and the FMLN was created under Fidel's tutelage, the legendary "Marcial"—the Ho Chi Minh of Latin America—ordered the death of his comrade "Ana Maria," who was stabbed eighty-three times with an ice pick while Marcial was on a visit to Libya. Ana Maria had been living in

Managua, preparing to attend a guerrilla congress in El Salvador, where, backed by the Cubans, she was to wrest command away from the obdurate Marcial. Immediately her murder was attributed to the CIA. A few days later, the culprits were captured in Managua, where retributions awaited Marcial. According to one of four versions of his death, Marcial committed "suicide" with a rifle shot to the ribs. His funeral took place on a rainy morning, when even the volcanoes disappeared from sight. The mourners were few, and the only Sandinista leader in attendance was the very one who had apprehended him: Tomás Borge.

Since then, thousands have died in El Salvador. Previously unimaginable things have happened, too. Villalobos removed his military uniform, put on a suit and tie, and helped negotiate a political resolution to the crisis. Rubén Zamora, arguably the most lucid member of the democratic left, has been in his country for four years, where he functions as one of the most important representatives in Congress. Leonel Gómez, a courageous critic of public corruption and human-rights violations, has returned home under the personal protection of the American Ambassador William Walker. According to the judge who presided over the trial of the military officers accused of murdering six Jesuits in 1989, 70 percent of the evidence necessary to try the murders was unearthed by Gómez, with the support of Democratic Congressman Joe Moakley and Ambassador Walker. Roberto D'Aubuisson, alleged mastermind of the assassination of Archbishop Romero and founder of the rightist ARENA party, died in February of cancer. Before his death, D'Aubuisson, "the country's most beloved politician," in the words of Rosenberg, allowed his political heirs to engage in face-to-face negotiations with the guerrilla movement. Finally, military officers like Colonel Emilio Ponce, a former high-ranking official of "the brutal treasury police," began talking about democracy and the importance of winning over the people.

Rosenberg perceives the change in Ponce's language as part of an inauthentic democratic conversion that coincided with the arrival of a billion dollars in military aid. This is possible, even probable. The same can be said, however, of Villalobos, now forced to speak the language of negotiations after a series of unfavorable turns: the breakup of the socialist bloc, the Sandinista loss in Nicaragua, and the ramifications of Castro's struggle to maintain his position as *caudillo* of socialism in one country. At any rate, even after a historic peace accord, the future of El Salvador remains highly undetermined. At best, it will be filled with daily battles for democracy, some of which will end in defeat. At worst, it will bring the complete resumption of violence.

In Nicaragua, the future is equally uncertain, notwithstanding a neat dialectical story with a happy ending told by Rosenberg. The dialectic—writ small in the relationship between Sandinista comandante Luis Cerrión Cruz and his father—is this: The son, idealistic and socially committed, and the father, who is concerned for his children

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but is also a multimillionaire in the midst of poverty, are alienated. The son becomes a guerrillero in defiance of the father; once in power, however, he repeats the mistakes of the older generation, most particularly those of the not-well-intentioned Somozas. In the meantime, the father, though dispossessed by the revolution, learns to appreciate its noble aspects. Gradually, the two generations increase their mutual understanding and initiate a dialogue. As mistakes are acknowledged, a new synthesis emerges, which eventually makes elections possible. In a surprise outcome, the Sandinistas lose, but Carrión Sr. is elected as a Sandinista representative to the congress.

In the dialectic writ large, it is in their moment of defeat, according to Rosenberg, that the Sandinistas execute their most "revolutionary" coup: "By turning power over to the oligarchy, they brought to Nicaragua the bourgeois democracy they had so scorned." Indeed, Rosenberg not only concludes that Nicaragua is now on its way to a system based on the rule of law, but she makes an even broader claim: "Revolutions at least produce a few fleeting hours of hope. At least they bring about one glorious moment when a people can rise up and say: We can change our destiny."

The happy ending is an American predilection with a universal appeal. Whether in films or in books, it is applauded around the world, particularly when carried off by a skillful writer like Rosenberg. Unfortunately, it is often unbelievable—as it is here, where the plausibility of Rosenberg's outlook for Latin America is inversely related to the reader's knowledge of the region. Important details about the Carrión Cruz family, central to this account, are inaccurate, and occasionally patronizing. Rosenberg states that the comandante was brought up by a mother who, given the local context, was a "bit of a rebel": she expected her children (not their maids) to make their beds, and sided with her daughter when she refused to be introduced in society. In fact, most women of the Nicaraguan upper class know the importance of a minimum of self-reliance for their children, and few condescend to put their daughters through the embarrassing ordeal of a debutante ball. If Mrs. Carrión had a rebellious streak, it was because she came from a family in which people not only endured prison but also died in the struggle against Somoza. Rosenberg also states that Carrión Sr. lost a "mansion" to the revolution. In truth, he "lost" (actually, put up for rent) a well-appointed house straight out of a Florida middle-class suburb. (The real mansions belonged to the Pellais-Chamorro-Benard clans, and were never confiscated.) Nor did he lose a "financial empire." As Rosenberg points out, he was a share-holding executive, but in an emporium that was diminutive compared to the vast holdings that were preserved intact by the truly wealthy, who were quick to enter into a tacit pact with the victorious FSLN. Other assertions are implausible. The Sandinista revolution, says Rosenberg, was inevitable if democracy was to have a chance in Nicaragua. But "false necessity" has been invoked time and again to justify either the sanctity of a status quo, or radical attempts to transform it. From the start, moderates in the Sandinista government favored democratic reform over dictatorial orthodoxy, and counseled prudence in the conduct of foreign policy, but they were ignored by the comandantes, who still believed in an inexorable historical logic. Conversely, advocacy of the contra war was premised on precisely the notion that there was no other way to bring about the democratization of the Sandinista regime. In the end, the war did not unify the country against the régime in power, nor did it unite Nicaraguans against the United States, as Rosenberg claims. Which is not to say, as Rosenberg argues, that the contras found support only among wealthy businessmen and campesinos from the North. They also came, for example, from Chontales—the birthplace of the Ortegas' mother, and the region where in the nineteenth century the oligarchs of Grenada recruited campesinos to fight off William Walker's invasion. To be sure, many contras do hail from the North. But this is not surprising, since for five centuries the North has offered refuge to *los de abajo* in rebellion against the powerful. It was in Segovias, for example, that campesinos gave support and shelter to General Sandino's first column as it retreated after the Liberal General Moncada signed a pact with the Americans.

The rebel movement was authentic, and wide enough to sustain on its campesino shoulders a "comically inept" leadership. This fact has perplexed many. Daniel Ortega was particularly confused by two aspects of his electoral defeat: (1) Pinochet had fared better in his plebiscite; and (2) campesinos voted three-to-one against the FSLN. The party now acknowledges the need to "co-opt" former contras if it is ever to become a significant political force in the countryside. Furthermore, Sandinista official Alejandro Bendaña recently authored a devastating critique of the FSLN's campesino policy, as part not of an academic discussion but of an attempt to destroy the political future of Jaime Wheelock, who as minister of agrarian reform accumulated land *pari passu* as Humberto Ortega acquired tanks.

If Rosenberg judged that the appeal of the contras was limited, she also discovered that anti-American sentiment was widespread as a result of the war. Undoubtedly, such sentiment did exist, but it was never as extensive in reality as in the imagination of foreign intellectuals. Indeed, many Nicaraguans felt emboldened by the U.S. invasion of Panama to vote for Violeta Chamorro, on the calculation that if the FSLN committed electoral fraud a reinvigorated imperial power would redress the wrong *manu militari*.

At any rate, Rosenberg is wide of the mark in her claim that the FSLN turned over power to the "oligarchy" by allow-

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ing the electoral victors to assume office. Humberto Ortega, decidedly not an oligarch, is still *el General* in a country with a strong military tradition. And tradition, according to Rosenberg, is so powerful that it accounts for the rage of the monteneros in Argentina, the economic "success" of Pinochet in Chile, and the undemocratic behavior of the FSLN in Nicaragua. "Leninism," she asserts, "is repressive by its very nature. But the Sandinistas' repression seemed to me less an outgrowth of Leninism than an outgrowth of Nicaragua, with its political culture shaped by its authoritarianism and violent traditions." Rosenberg forgets that Leninism tends to gain hold in societies that are already repressive, producing nasty hybrids: not for nothing has *sandinismo* been called "scientific *somocismo*" by Carlos Coronel, a former Sandinista. Nor was power returned to the oligarchy: it was never really taken away. Instead, a new pact was negotiated, which today is constantly revised by the Chamorro government. For example, El General's brother, Daniel, leads his *turbas divinas*—mobs—into the streets, and thus exercises de facto executive veto power. The government, for its part, agrees to bargain with Daniel, in no small measure because President Violeta Chamorro, mother of two prominent Sandinistas, has a familial stake in the durability of the pact. Above all, however, the pact is maintained because it is the quintessential power-sharing arrangement of the Nicaraguan elites. But like all the others, it will bring only temporary peace to the rival blocs, and more violence to the country.

So is there hope for the children of Cain? One must always answer in the affirmative. A necessary—though not sufficient—condition for such hope is the willingness of observers to abandon all effort at precise assignation of culpability between the camps they perceive as the "left" and the "right." There is blame enough for all, and such efforts frequently contribute to the very violence being repudiated, as they become ammunition in conflicts that are atavistic yet profoundly complex. We must learn to see the dead not as evidence to use against a foe, an ideology, or a system, but as the implacable advocates for the critical self-examination of the living. ❐

ADAM CLAYTON POWELL, JR.: THE POLITICAL BIOGRAPHY OF AN AMERICAN DILEMMA

Charles V. Hamilton

Atheneum/545 pages/$24.95

reviewed by ARCH PUDDINGTON

In his heyday, he was regarded by many as America's most notorious black militant. While comparison with such firebrands as Stokely Carmichael and H. Rap Brown does insult to his memory, there's no question that Harlem congressman Adam Clayton Powell, Jr. delighted in taunting white politicians of all stripes. He would skewer not only reactionaries like John Rankin of Mississippi but also progressives like Fiorello LaGuardia or, for that matter, FDR himself. Powell even managed to alienate President Truman by referring to Bess as the "last lady" for attending a tea sponsored by the Daughters of the American Revolution—who had denied Powell's wife of the moment, the jazz pianist Hazel Scott, the right to perform at Constitution Hall.

To whites he may have been an arrogant loudmouth, but to blacks Powell was an uncompromising opponent of discrimination, a man prepared to stand up for them in every forum and against all adversaries. He was particularly admired by urban blacks, just emerging as a political force and more drawn to Powell's cynicism and insolence than to Martin Luther King's sermons on the brotherhood of man. To divert attention from the corruption charges periodically brought against him, Powell became a master at exploiting urban black obsessions with conspiracy. From Jack Johnson to Marcus Garvey to W.E.B. DuBois, blacks had witnessed the persecution of outspoken leaders whose only crime, it appeared, was to speak and act independently. Powell found many willing listeners whenever he insinuated that the issue of corruption was contrived by whites to thwart the rise of strong black leadership.

The problem is that Powell *was* quite thoroughly corrupt. He enjoyed the good life, and shamelessly used his congressional post to satisfy his appetite for wine, women, song, and foreign travel. All of which was made possible through the usual forms of graft: kick-backs, no-show jobs for relatives, and what today are called "campaign finance irregularities."

He was forever under investigation, and the reactions of press, Republicans, and segregationists were predictably harsh. Powell would invariably hide behind a racial shield and accuse his tormentors of much worse, or blame his troubles on the threat he posed to the racial status quo. He always delivered his pitch with a wink and a leer, as if to say that what really disturbed his antagonists was the public spectacle of a black man having so much fun in Washington.

But Powell was not just any politician; he claimed the mantle of racial leadership at a delicate point in Negro history. He liked to think of himself as the most important Negro in America, which he wasn't, and as a formidable deal-maker in Congress, which he was. As the civil rights revolution moved from the courts to the streets to Congress, Powell, a Democrat with high seniority, was ideally positioned to influence the course of his people's history. Lest we forget, he was also a Baptist minister, another reason one could have expected less brazen behavior from a representative of a movement seeking to appeal to America's conscience.

For all his addiction to fast cars and fast women, Powell's real failing was a deplorable standard of political morality.

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His career is filled with examples of lies, betrayals, and venality, all in the service of advancing himself or destroying a rival. One kind of corruption often led to another. In 1956, Powell abandoned the Democratic ticket to endorse President Eisenhower's re-election, despite Ike's unimpressive civil rights record and personal coolness toward the very idea of race-mixing. Powell cited increased access to the White House and Adlai Stevenson's uninspiring civil rights achievements as reasons for his action, but the real reason was expectation that the Eisenhower Justice Department would resolve certain problems he was having with the IRS. There are also indications that Powell sold his endorsement in the 1958 New York gubernatorial race to Averell Harriman for a "contribution" of $50,000. Powell even dropped sponsorship of anti-discrimination legislation deemed inconvenient by the Kennedy Administration, which in return closed the books on an investigation into his financial affairs.

But money was not always at the root of Powell's less honorable behavior. He craved attention, and thus resented anyone who might upstage him as point man on civil rights. He missed few opportunities to undermine Martin Luther King. In what ranks as Powell's most reprehensible action, he threatened to "reveal" a non-existent sexual relationship between King and Bayard Rustin, whose homosexuality was well known in civil rights circles, causing King to dump this loyal and valuable deputy. In another revealing incident, Powell called a press conference to denounce the NAACP as a collection of Uncle Toms, a transparent message to the young militants of the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee that only Adam Powell among the movement's elder statesmen was capable of understanding their anger and impatience.

Powell acted on the dictum that in politics there are no permanent friends or allies. At one time or another, he aligned himself with just about every important figure in Harlem, and eventually betrayed them all—on some occasions, at least, with good reason. In the 1930s and '40s, Powell worked closely with the Communist party, a major force in New York black politics. The party-line editorial content of a newspaper he operated even drew the interest of the FBI. With the onset of the Cold War, however, Powell rapidly changed from fellow traveler to red-blooded patriot and anti-Stalinist. To demonstrate his concern for the cause of freedom, Powell went so far as to abandon his attempt to attach anti-discrimination amendments to military appropriations legislation during the Korean War, a compromise that genuinely patriotic black leaders like A. Philip Randolph would never have countenanced.

Then there was Powell's performance at the 1955 Bandung conference, which officially launched the "Non-aligned Movement" that was to torment American diplomacy for the next three decades. Nothing more suggests Powell's flair for the dramatic than his selection of this forum, dominated by the world's foremost (and windiest) exponents of anti-Western resentment, to prove his patriotic bona fides by offering fulsome praise for America's race record, declaring that it was a "mark of distinction to be a Negro in the United States." Folks back home found Powell's remarks bewildering, but Powell got what he wanted: controversy, publicity, and a reputation as an authority on foreign policy.

In Adam Clayton Powell, then, we have the ideal subject for an incisive interpretive biography. Although Charles V. Hamilton earns high marks for thoroughness and objectivity, his plodding style and stubborn refusal to make informed judgments about Powell's character and career make this book less powerful than it should have been. Hamilton is probably best known as the co-author, with Stokely Carmichael, of *Black Power*; he is, in fact, a highly respected authority on black history. This reputation is all the more reason to deplore the flattened prose and absence of sharp analysis, weaknesses that seemingly reflect the author's misconceptions about the nature of scholarly biography.

For example, one wishes that Hamilton had engaged in a little speculation on the role Powell's light skin color played in his pretensions to super-militancy. He could have passed for white, and indeed was recruited by white fraternities at Colgate (who discovered their error only after undertaking a background check). Harlem, meanwhile, was already the most color-conscious community in black America: Was Powell's racial bravado motivated by a fear of being outflanked by someone claiming to be more "authentic"?

Powell's most admirable period was his early years as pastor of Abyssinian Baptist Church, the huge Harlem congregation established by his father, a modest and serious man whose demeanor contrasted sharply with his son's. Well before King, Powell used the pulpit as a base for political protest. Where other Harlem politicos operated out of Tammany clubhouses, unions, racial associations, or cult movements, Powell mobilized from Abyssinian, with its large, relatively stable, and politically aware membership. His rise was facilitated by certain personal attributes: a brilliant oratorical style, an innate sense for scheming, ideological flexibility, and an absence of snobbery. He won concessions from local merchants and sent more than a few chills down the spines of New York's leaders by threatening to disrupt the 1939 World's Fair. →

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As chairman of the House Education and Labor Committee, Powell helped shape the civil rights legislation of the 1960s. Yet one suspects that the major laws would have emerged essentially unchanged had some liberal white Democrat filled the chairman's seat. Meanwhile, Powell was subverting the very programs he helped write, by using a Harlem antipoverty agency as a base for patronage. In the course of a power struggle over the agency, Powell thrust aside the respected psychologist, Kenneth Clark, but not before trying to buy him off, telling Clark: "Kenneth, with your brains and my power we could split millions."

Powell's cynicism and gluttony for bourgeois luxury made him immune to the bitterness toward America that has infected so many other black leaders. But like most cynics, he was treated with less regard than his abilities merited. Had he taken himself or his mission more seriously, he could have become a congressional power par excellence. Instead, he is dimly remembered as a symbol of defiance, and, in Harlem, has had an office building and a thoroughfare named for him. There is, unfortunately, another Powell legacy, epitomized in the career of the disgraced former District of Columbia mayor Marion Barry, who too was once a respected protest leader who ultimately let his people down. ❐

THE TRUTH OF THE MATTER: MY LIFE IN AND OUT OF POLITICS

Bert Lance with Bill Gilbert

Summit Books/256 pages/$20

reviewed by FLORENCE KING

Bert Lance has two problems that will never go away. The trouble he got into involved banking, a subject few people understand, especially the English majors in the media who never miss a feeding frenzy no matter how indigestible the fare. The only way an accused banker can tell his side of the story is to deliver monologues on compound interest and read aloud from balance sheets. Most people tune out immediately; the hardy few who try to follow it soon grow numb. In the end, nobody has any idea what the accused banker did—and nobody cares except the people who despise him on sight.

Being despised on sight by those with the power to ruin him is Bert Lance's other problem. He blames it on anti-Southern prejudice among the media elite, but in fact it's an American thing, and Sinclair Lewis would understand it. Bert Lance is an amiable big lug out of Central Casting: the Jack Carson part, the Sonny Tufts part, the guy who talks like the toastmaster's handbook. In short, he makes people think of Babbitt, and that's enough for the pseudo-intellectuals of the scribbling classes. He comes from the town of Calhoun in the North Georgia mountains, where introspection is probably not encouraged. The youngest of four, he was born in 1931, shortly after his seemingly healthy older brother died without warning of a cerebral hemorrhage. "My parents saw my birth as an example of the Christian belief that whenever God shuts a door in your life, He opens another one."

He met his wife, LaBelle, in elementary school and never had another girl. He was on the football and baseball teams ("I was introduced to sports, and the valuable lessons about life that you can learn from them"), she was a cheerleader. He was voted Most Likely to Succeed, she was crowned "Miss Gordon County." He went to Emory, she to Agnes Scott. He gave her his Sigma Chi pin and soon they were married.

Her grandfather gave Bert a job as teller at Calhoun First National so he could learn banking from the ground up. His greatest lesson was the difference between country and city banks. Character, not collateral, was his grandfather-in-law's rule of thumb; know a man and his family history well enough, and you know whether or not to lend him money. "Collateral never repaid a loan," said the old banker, and Bert found out how true this was when a farm woman who had borrowed money to buy a cow showed up one day and said, "Mr. Lance, I brung you your cow." Unable to make her payments, she had done the honest thing and wanted to hand over her collateral to the bank: it was tied up outside. Lance reasoned that the bank had no use for the cow—meaningless collateral—but the woman did, so he extended her loan on the strength of her demonstrated character and she eventually paid it off.

This is the kind of story Southern men tell so well that it's easy to miss the dark vein of existentialism that throbs deep down in the prayer-breakfast brain.

By the early sixties, Bert was the youngest bank president in America and a pillar of everything ("It was in high school that LaBelle and I formed our habit of becoming involved in community affairs"). He was also a born lieutenant in search of a captain, and Jimmy Carter was a state senator with his eye on the governor's mansion. Carter lost to Lester Maddox in his first try but shortly afterwards he was consoled, if you will, by the birth of daughter Amy. "I sent him a note telling him that the press was saying he looked like one of the Kennedys—and now he appeared to be acting like them," writes Bert. That sounded better in 1967 than it does now.

Carter won the governorship in 1970 and appointed Lance state highway director. Life with the man Bella Abzug called "a little fart" was not easy for a big lug:

> I knocked on the door of the governor's office and Jimmy called out to me to come in. He was reading the paper when I entered the room, and he kept right on reading it.
>
> I waited, and then I waited some more. He never did look up from that newspaper. I shuffled my feet. I

Florence King is the author, most recently, of With Charity Toward None: A Fond Look at Misanthropy *(St. Martin's Press).*

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coughed. Nothing got his nose out of the paper. After five minutes of that nonsense, I steamed out of my boss's office and stormed across the street to my own office.

We can bet he neither steamed nor stormed. The note he sent Little Cart trembles with the jocular masochism of water carriers and troubleshooters everywhere:

> I'm about ready to quit and go back to Calhoun, but if I stay, you're going to have to advise me as to how you want me to communicate with you. Do you want me to use personal visits, the telephone, or smoke signals? Whatever avenue you want me to take, please let me know and I won't waste your time and mine standing in front of your desk.

Little Cart instantly apologized, illustrating what Lance ingenuously calls "another great stride in our no-holds-barred relationship." That it was actually a love-hate relationship seems honestly to elude him. After a lifetime of small-town good fellowship, he's incapable of telling a revealing story without tacking on an upbeat bloviation.

During the Ford administration Lance was investigated by the Justice Department on charges stemming from loans he had made as a Georgia bank president. The main charge against him was conspiracy, which was thrown out. Tried on twelve other charges, he was found not guilty of nine; the three remaining charges were dropped. He doesn't say what these three were, or go into much detail about the rest—sensible of him, since few readers would understand it and certainly not this reviewer.

He thought it was all in the past when he joined Little Cart's cabinet as director of management and budget, but *New York Times* columnist William Safire suddenly resurrected the charges in a series of columns based, Lance says, on a whispering campaign of leaks and innuendoes by Treasury Department officials.

Other than alluding to bad blood between himself and Treasury Secretary Michael Blumenthal ("Mike was never secure in his relationship with President Carter, and he felt mine was too secure"), Lance never names the leakers, but he nails Safire with a quotation from the columnist's own book, *Safire's Washington* (1980): "I hung in there . . . encouraging some whistle blowers to do their thing." Finally, Safire's exasperated editor, A.M. Rosenthal, lost patience with the fishing expedition and demanded to know what specific law Lance had broken. By then, says Lance, Safire had a ready answer: "18 U.S. Code 656—misapplication of bank funds."

Thereafter, Safire wrote about "Broken Lanced," the "Lance Cover-Up," and—significantly—"Lancegate." The *Times*, Lance believes, resented the *Washington Post*'s Watergate coup and wanted its own gate story, while the *Post* jumped on the get-Lance bandwagon because going after a Democrat would stifle criticism of their liberal bias. *Time* joined the fray with a story on the "Lance affair." Next, Senators Ribicoff and Percy claimed to have "important new information" that Lance *might* have embezzled from Georgia banks. Their informant was a jailed embezzler whom Lance himself had exposed. He does not give the felon's name, but the man recanted and the senators apologized.

On it went. He was never found guilty of anything except the appearance of guilt, as in a *Los Angeles Times* editorial: ". . . we find no blemishes on [his] record. But we are worried about him now. He should resign."

Little Cart vowed he would never cave in to the mounting calls for Lance's resignation, then promptly did, whereupon LaBelle phoned the Oval Office and said: "I want to tell you one thing—you can go with the rest of the jackals, and I hope you're happy." She later wrote *This, Too, Shall Pass,* and it did: she told Little Cart she would always pray for him.

Lance displays the same spirit of understanding that passeth understanding with regard to William Safire. He claims that when he confronted Safire in person, the columnist confessed, "We didn't want you to become chairman of the Fed," yet he assures us, "Over the years since, we have become good friends."

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Reserve, and the U.S. Senate—conducted investigations of Lance and found nothing. "To this day," he writes, "I don't know what crime I'm accused of committing." It has the ring of truth in light of Clarence Thomas's reference to his "Kafkaesque" troubles, and makes this book, bland as most of it is, a valuable document on the media's increasing propensity for calumny.

Challenging the principle that public figures have not been libeled unless intent can be proved, Lance speaks at last with passionate conviction:

> Individuals who find themselves attacked by the media, with its growing malice and disregard for the truth, have no redress—unless you'd like to find a lawyer in the yellow pages, hope you can afford his fee, and then try to outspend and outlast *Time* magazine or "60 Minutes" in a court case. . . . It's a common practice in the media to repeat someone else's allegations and to claim, when they are bound to be false, that the reporter was only repeating what he or she had picked up from someone else's earlier story. The truth, of course, is that the tale bearer carries the same responsibility as the tale maker, or should.

Lance longs for the good old days when reporters were so circumspect that Americans didn't even know FDR was paralyzed, but America operated under a masculine ethos then. Over the last twenty years of feminist ascendancy, the surge of women into previously all-male enclaves has set in motion a kind of Gresham's Law of gender in which male values are driven out.

The growing feminization of America has turned journalism into a cat fight. The media's favorite buzzword, "mean-spirited," has a definite hiss to it and cannot be uttered without an accompanying sniff. Girlish double emphasis flies as reporters demand to know what the President *really* said and what he *really* meant. The ubiquitous figure of our time, "a highly placed administration official who spoke on condition of anonymity," suggests a beldame in britches hanging over the back fences of government whispering, "Don't you *dare* tell a *soul*!" Hysterical retractions and clarifications dominate the news, and the obsession with apologies brushes perilously close to, "If you don't take that back, I'll *never* speak to you *again* as long as I *live*!"

The beat goes on. You'll never guess who Lance's lawyers were during his 1977 troubles! Clark Clifford and Robert Altman. *Well*, you know what *that* means . . .

When the BCCI scandal broke in 1991, *Time*'s casually nostalgic and unsubstantiated reference to a "Lance connection" led to the AP's "Banking Scandal Traces Roots to Georgia," which led in turn to an excited call from an *Atlanta Constitution* reporter: "My editor wants me to do a story about you and the BCCI as a result of the *Time* magazine article." All referred to past allegations of banking "irregularities" but none mentioned that he had been cleared of them. Lance states vigorously and unequivocally ("It's a damn lie") that he had nothing to do with the BCCI scandal, and anyone who has lived in a girls' dorm tends to believe him.

What you think of this book will depend upon how much kissy-face Christianity you can stand, but despite his aversion to introspection and kneejerk good cheer, I now find that I like ol' Bert better than I used to. ❐

HARLOT'S GHOST

Norman Mailer

Random House/1,334 pages/$30

reviewed by JOHN R. COYNE, JR.

We didn't know it then, of course, but in the decade or so between the publication of *The Naked and the Dead* in 1948 and the late fifties we were living through what may have been the last truly literary period of our century. It was a time when writing and reading fiction was serious business, and what we read directly affected the way we lived our daily lives.

They were all still with us then, writing and talking—Hemingway, Faulkner, Steinbeck, O'Hara, Dos Passos, Farrell. Fitzgerald might just as well have been there. Eugene O'Neill was alive and writing, as were Frost, Eliot, and Pound. We waited for their new books and poems and plays much as we wait today for the Super Bowl or the primaries. We talked about them endlessly in classrooms, dormitories, bars, coffee houses, diners, and barracks.

The Hemingway model was extremely popular: the drinking, the unspoken but deeply felt code, the stoicism, the women . . . in those days everyone had his Lady Brett or Catherine (Norman Mailer still does, and somewhere, I suppose, we all do). And some of us carried the code to the point of enlisting for the Korean War, in hopes of experiencing first heroism and then disillusion.

The new crop of writers was also respected, for the best of them had also won their spurs in war. Mailer, James Jones, Irwin Shaw, William Styron—each had written his own *Farewell to Arms*, and each was bidding for the unofficial title held by Hemingway. For a time it seemed that the Beats would blow away Mailer and the direct descendants of the Hemingway tradition, just as Hemingway and Fitzgerald had blown away an older tradition that survived only in the novels of John P. Marquand, James Gould Cozzens, and a few fine mannerists like Edwin O'Connor. But the Beats, it turned out, were light cavalry, no match for the ideologists of the coming decade. Kerouac was their Jeb Stuart, and when Kerouac was unhorsed, there was no one available to lead the charge.

The ideologists themselves, for two

John R. Coyne, Jr. is author of The Kumquat Statement *(Coles) and* The Impudent Snobs *(Arlington House).*

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dreadful decades, produced little writing of distinction. Ideologists seldom do. What they *can* do is stamp out anything like literature, which tends to glorify bourgeois values such as individualism, and even suggest that a whole set of recognizable human values exists independent of social, political, and economic forms.

Now, with the Cold War over and the ideologists confined to universities and federal prisons, we've come full-circle. In 1948, the world had shed an alien, anti-human ideology, and the possibilities for creating a new world seemed endless. Today, half a century later, while it may not be springtime, the possibilities are nevertheless there again. And so is Norman Mailer, attempting once more to give shape and continuity to a period of unprecedented national redefinition. The job is much more difficult this time. For one thing, post–Cold War America has lost much of the cocky sense of natural national superiority that once was taken for granted—and had been proved beyond any doubt in World War II.

For another, Mailer began writing *Harlot's Ghost* seven years before the Cold War ended, when Albania was still serene and well before the first fissure appeared in the Berlin Wall—like starting *The Naked and the Dead*, say, on December 8, 1941. To foresee the end of the Cold War seven years ago would have made Mailer more prescient than the faculty at Harvard University or the Sorbonne, the governments of the United States and the Soviet Union, the entire United Nations, Daniel Patrick Moynihan, and—especially—the CIA. It would have made him Nostradamus.

Seven years ago, the assumption that the CIA was an institution that could serve as a defining metaphor for our national life would have been less than controversial. This was Mailer's assumption, and it is a fictional history of the CIA that gives structure to *Harlot's Ghost*. The first 103 pages are straightforward. Narrator Harry Hubbard, a CIA agent, describes his drive from a meeting with his mistress, a waitress in a diner, to his home on an island off the coast of Maine, where he learns that his mentor, Hugh Trevor Montague (codename Harlot), has washed up in Chesapeake Bay with most of his head blown off by a shotgun blast. (The Hemingway parallels are frequent.)

Because of the complications surrounding the death, Harry flees to the Bronx (a funny place for anyone to flee to), where he holes up for a year to write his account of what led up to Harlot's apparent murder, then decamps for Moscow, where he rents a hotel room and proceeds to read his 2,000-page microfilmed document. At this point, if we intend to continue *Harlot's Ghost*, we read it along with Harry, following him from 1955 to 1963: from training to Berlin to Uruguay to Florida; through masses of letters, transcripts, tapes, diaries, memos, and bugged telephone conversations. Along the way we catch glimpses of real characters as Mailer imagines them: Frank Sinatra, Sam Giancana, a Judith Exner stand-in, Allen Dulles, the Kennedys, and—of all people—A.J. Ayer, explaining logical positivism to Ethel Kennedy.

Many of the techniques here, pioneered by John Dos Passos, one of Mailer's mentors, are highly effective, but the problem is that the world lurched violently after Mailer began this book, and one result of that lurching was that the CIA was revealed as having been composed in large part of bean-counters, climbers, time-servers, and small-minded, bickering refugees from academe. Reality overtook its fictionalized shadow, and the truly suspenseful factual correlatives—the Bay of Pigs, the Berlin Wall, the Cuban missile crisis—have either become as arcane as the War of Jenkins Ear or have been pre-empted by Oliver Stone and novelists like Ian McEwan and Don De Lillo. In short, the metaphor imploded.

So what's left? Among other things, Mailer's talent, and the courage of a man of letters who still—in an age of cautious writers—dares attempt to sum up a nation, its people, its ideals. He's nearly 70 now, and this book must have cost him dearly in the seven years he wrestled with it. Listen to Harry Hubbard, describing his CIA work:

> I am used to living with fear, I suffer such occupational stress the way a good businessman worries about cash flow and his breaches of government regulations, his lawsuits, his health, and where he should be buried. No, it is worse for me. I live with a prime fear. My specific professional assignment becomes my first fear.

Later, Hubbard describes the book he had been expected to write:

> Great hopes had been attached to this book. . . . The job, however, was never honestly begun. Too monumental. Notes proliferated, yet over a decade and more the actual writing hardly progressed. I was bogged down in confusions, lack of desire, and too many petty literary jobs.

No doubt this could be taken as Mailer's apologia, and apologia perhaps it is. But Mailer has given us a fat novel with many fine things in it. All his descriptions of men of character are superb—especially Harry's father. His fiftieth-birthday lunch at the 21 Club is handled deftly, with a sureness and a feeling for detail—the setting, the mood, the drinks, the conversation—that inform the very best of Hemingway's short stories. His descriptions of people and nature are evocative, as when he shows us the heroine's mother by describing her flower garden. Then, of course, there is the heroine herself—Hadley Kittredge Gardiner, out of Hemingway, by way of George Lyman Kittredge's cousin, and perhaps even Ava Gardner too, thrown in just for the hell of it. She is the quintessence of the Hemingwayesque heroines, Lady Brett all grown up but ageless, and isn't it still pretty to think so.

"People kill themselves," says Harry Hubbard at one point, "for the obvious reason: that they are washed up, spiritually down to zero; equally, they can see their suicide as an honorable termination of deep-seated terror." Mailer has lived with the kind of terror Hubbard frequently describes—you can feel it in his prose and in the very heft of this overweight and sometimes formless novel.

Even if *Harlot's Ghost* is not the success Mailer would have hoped, it's off his back, and it has allowed him to clear away four decades of increasingly oppressive debris, just as with *The Naked and the Dead* he cleared away the detritus of the thirties and forties. Having survived the Beats, the ideologists, the deconstructionists, and the academics, Mailer has checked his Cold War baggage, and we'll be hearing from him again. I'm sure that he still intends to write the Big One. And none of us should be surprised if he pulls it off. ❐

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SPENDING TIME WITH PAT
(continued from page 65)

the National Endowment for the Arts.

But why single out Messrs. Bush and Buchanan? The dirty secret of Republicanism is that almost nobody in the party has ever been serious about reducing government spending, and for the very compelling reason that voters don't like it. They're always happy to hear about cuts in the exotica of government—tea-tasting and endive-growing programs, congressional gyms, and dolphin studies—but never in the huge middle-class transfers that burn up more than half of the federal government's revenue. The last important Republican even to talk about cutting spending in a significant way was Ronald Reagan in 1976. Shortly before that year's New Hampshire primary, he speculated out loud that as much as $90 billion might be cut out of a federal budget that was then a niggardly $372 billion. That heresy lost him the primary, and, quite probably, the nomination. Reagan never repeated his mistake. In 1980, he promised only to cut "waste, fraud, and abuse" from the federal budget, and over the next four years left spending pretty much alone.

In the last full year of the Reagan boom, 1989, federal spending (measured in constant 1982 dollars) was 34 percent above its level of ten years before. Reagan's *nondefense* spending in 1989 was 30 percent greater than Jimmy Carter's in 1979. And more eyepopping yet: direct payments to individuals—the radioactive core of the welfare state—were 37 percent more generous in 1989 (once again measured in constant 1982 dollars) than they had been in 1979.

If Reagan had actually instituted the domestic spending freeze that he, like Buchanan after him, kept promising, federal spending as a proportion of gross domestic product would have fallen—even with the 1981-1985 rearmament—from 20.6 percent in 1979 to about 14 percent by 1989. Instead, it rose to 22.2 percent.

Buchanan makes much rhetorical hay out of the fact that federal spending as a share of gross domestic product has risen to nearly 25 percent since 1989. On examination, however, the bulk of that bulge can be explained by two events: the recession, which reduces the size of the economy while boosting federal spending on, for example, unemployment benefits; and the bailout of failed savings and loans and banks, to which the federal government is committed by the "full faith and credit" guarantee it gave depositors in those institutions. Isolate those events out of the budget, and the federal claim on the economy under Bush is not appreciably larger than it was under Reagan.

The Republican record on spending since 1980 is one of frequent exhortations to diet and exercise even as deadly fatty globules continue to accumulate around the economy's heart. Conservatives tend to blame this failure on Darmanesque traitors within the Republican ranks. But these traitors know something about the Republican party that most conservatives don't: the Republicans are only secondarily the party of limited government and free markets; first and foremost, they are the party of the self-interest of the American middle class. And the American middle class is as eager to help itself to the wealth of others as the mangiest inner-city mugger. That is why President Bush demands the line-item veto, and candidate Buchanan insists that the President already has it, while neither of them dares breathe a word about what it should be used to excise.

I spent an amusing half-hour on Buchanan's campaign bus trying to get a group of his staffers and advisers to say an unkind word about student loans—damned by Milton Friedman as the single most unjustifiable program in the federal budget, because they transfer wealth so blatantly from the poor 65 percent of the population that does not attend college to the rich 35 percent that does. No takers.

Bush's first post-primary punch at Buchanan was to cite a nine-year-old Buchanan column suggesting that Social Security be made voluntary. "I don't believe that," said the President, and of course neither do the 30 million American retirees who have collected vastly more from the system than they have paid in and who know that those younger than 35 are paying in vastly more than they will ever get out.

It's not lavish government spending that offends the American middle class; it's paying for it. Reagan got himself elected and re-elected by figuring that out; Bush has put his re-election in danger by forgetting it. ❒

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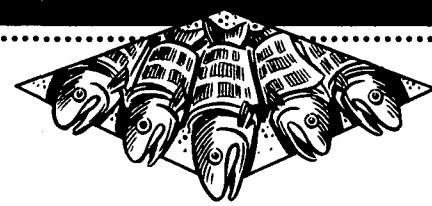

Village Voice

The venerable *Voice* of New York, New York, falters into reactionary "ableism" and dons a condign dunce cap:

In her review of Nancy Friday's most recent book on women's sexual fantasies ["Different Strokes," January 14], Judith Levine says of sex books she looked at as a child, "Some were even kinky, like the illustrated handbook on sex for the disabled."

Disabled people having sex is per se "kinky"? Sex "*for*" the disabled? (Rather than *between* people expressing their sexualness?) "*The* disabled"? (A phrase that objectifies, connotes radical differences and distance.)

Articles in the *Voice* specifically about disability (most recently, by Nat Hentoff and Mary Johnson) have tended to respect and understand disability. But frequently, offhand remarks appear in other articles and in reviews that demonstrate an absence of recognition that disability is political, not an oddity or an individual misfortune. This is a curious, harmful absence in people presumably on the left. I attribute it to the depth of terror disability arouses in non-disabled people, as well as the profundity of personal change needed to acknowledge that there is such a thing as ableism, and to learn about, recognize, and challenge its manifestations.

I'm not asking for censorship of such remarks, but I am asking for editing that sends a piece back to the writer pointing out ableism, and asking the writer whether he or she wants to stay with what they've written. As it is now, readers never know when they are going to be hit with a piece of flying mud.

—Eleanor Smith
Atlanta

Judith Levine replies:
I regret very much having committed an offhand act of ableism. Ms. Smith is correct that prejudices of the body run deep, and I thank her for calling me on mine.

[February 18, 1992]

New Republic

In a fleeting discourse on "family values," Sid Blumenthal goes Mediterranean:

The timing of these events conspired to favor Clinton. Unlike Clarence Thomas, he went first—before the accuser could establish herself as a sympathetic presence. And if any woman was sympathetic, it was not the gaudy Gennifer Flowers, but Hillary Clinton. The real feminist canceled out the fake one. Hillary Clinton's statements had an authentic air to them, making her husband's defense appear more than politically expedient. While George Bush—all whiteness—talks about "family values," the Clintons demonstrate them by confessing to adultery.

[February 17, 1992]

Sports Illustrated

An edict from the Ministry of Sport:

And it was while luxuriating in Magic-ness again that the lesson was learned. Sometime in the last two minutes, between the moment Magic took on Michael Jordan one-on-one and the swishfest he put on at the end from the three point circle, I forgot, just for a second, about somebody on the court having HIV. And that's when I realized it was not about basketball. It was about the patients. It was for every HIV-positive who has locked himself away and comes out only to shop for tombstones. It was for every AIDS patient who has heard the hostess at the dinner party whispering, "Just don't let him kiss the kids."

Now I knew of the educating Magic was talking about. "The players here today helped me educate the people," he said to the press afterward. "And you will help me to educate the people tomorrow." Across the way, Magic's mother, Christine, had a calming look on her face. "You don't have to be afraid of him," she said simply.

Keep playing, Magic. Keep teaching. Come to the Summer Olympics. Come back to the NBA. Not for the playoffs. Now. Keep reinventing the game until all the fear and stupidity about this awful virus slink off of their own embarrassment. Some of us deserve another chance.

[February 17, 1992]

The Great Books Series

For the progressive intelligentsia of this world—all scrawny and shivering and pallid—the demagogue Jeremy Rifkin provides food for thought:

If there were any lingering doubt as to the powerful symbolism Western cultures still attach to meat and machismo, the statistics linking domestic violence and quarrels over beef are both revealing and compelling. Authorities report that many men use "the absence of meat as a pretext for violence against women." Believing that they are being denied their maleness by being denied their meat, husbands often lash out at their spouses. Their rage is sometimes violent and uncontrollable. Said one battered wife, "It would start off with him being angry over a trivial little thing like cheese instead of meat on a sandwich." Another woman reported, "A month ago, he threw scalding water over me, leaving a scar on my right arm, all because I gave him a pie with potatoes and vegetables for his dinner, instead of fresh meat."

[From: Beyond Beef: The Rise and Fall of the Cattle Culture, *by Jeremy Rifkin, Dutton, 353 pages, $21]*

Nation

Whilst appraising the presidential candidacy of the Mullah Brown (former governor of California and future self-propelled astronaut), a quaint editorialist demonstrates that at the venerable *Nation* 1968 has never ended:

No other Democratic candidate this year even begins to make the radical connections between war, politics and corporate power that Brown sees as the matrix of the one-party state and the dictatorship of the incumbents. As he insists, the way to get a decent health care system, to convert military excess to domestic production, to restore the integrity of devastated communities and to create a world without want is to make a revolution that will allow ordinary people to participate in social decisions now made exclusively by the elites.

Unfortunately, Brown does not yet seem to have a plan . . .

[February 3, 1992]

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New Indicator

(University of California, San Diego) Prettily put dicta to the benighted, albeit sweet-smelling students of U. Cal, S. D.:

To douche or not to douche? For me, there is no question. Absolutely not!

Women, we have been told that our crotches stink, that they are dirty and hold some lurking evil. We have been taught that to be whole members of society—and even to be liked or loved—we must change our natural scent and reduce the amount of our vaginal discharge. Don't believe the hype! Those so-called "feminine" sprays and washes, those douches of all chemical concoctions, and even those baby powder tampons, they are developed by our capitalist society to convince us that we need to purge or disguise the evil of our vaginas. They are designed to create insecurities in order to exploit them for profits.

Don't believe it. Vaginal scents and secretions are natural and certainly normal. The scents are beautiful and we need no baby-powdered tampons or flowery douches to make us "better women." We must not let them convince us that their products somehow improve us. We can determine what is a normal odor and a normal amount of discharge for ourselves, and we can seek medical attention when we think it is necessary. After all, this is the current protocol for breast cancer detection.

With information and trust in our own thinking, we can demand non-oppressive health care. If we question authorities that dictate from a place of capitalist interest, from douche and tampon corporations, right up to our own health care professionals, we can once and for all dispel this myth of the "evil vagina."

[December 1991]

Whole Earth Review

Proof that artistic innovation remains possible even in a Dark Age, as demonstrated by the strangely unaccoladed Jim Nollman:

How about a whale film entitled *Talking to Beluga*? Instead of the usual gang of whale scientists, why not ask a few creative artists up to the Arctic and film them attempting to communicate with one of these fascinating, beautiful, most intelligent, and least known creatures on the planet? Invite a guitarist, a rap musician, a ceremonialist, a synchronized swimmer, an ice sculptor, a psychic, a chanting Tibetan lama. A tap dancer on a metal raft. Or a neon artist. Be sure to let the whales themselves initiate the interaction.

[Fall 1991]

Nation

Another *Nation* writer appeals to Amnesty International:

The simple guitar hook that threads through Michael Jackson's new single "Black or White" (Epic) owes its life to Keith Richards, twenty or thirty years ago. So does the tune's catchy combination of acoustic and electric guitars. Its swaggering bass line and percussion breakdown are right out of Stevie Wonder. The rap is a nod to that format's growing dominance of early- and preteen taste. The patented squeals and muddled, treacly sentiments are Jackson's. I really don't like the song except "in a shallow sort of way," as a clever friend of mine, the head of A&R [Artists and Repertoire] for a major label, said of his own attachment to it. And I absolutely hate the video, except for a technical admiration for the seamless editing so many millions can buy. But I've been bopping to "Black and White" every day now for the last two weeks. So what's my problem?

Like a lot of people I know, I'm a prisoner of pop.

[February 3, 1992]

City on a Hill Press

(University of California, Santa Cruz) Logorrhea on paper, from a Heroine of Our Times:

Elfland is where I decided to take a stand against those forces which I see strangling the character of UCSC as an appendage of society as a whole. After the repression which ended '60s activism, there was talk about this society being headed for fascism. Today, in the '90s, it has gone so far to the right that any kind of dissent is almost impossible. I took a stand at Elfland to protect the environmental and cultural character of this campus, and also to fight fascism by demanding democracy because it has been systematically denied in this instance.

It hurt so much to see the convoy of loggers' pickup trucks begin driving into Elfland that I felt compelled to step in front of the gates to block them and make a statement that they had no right to be logging here because local people were taking action to stop the logging after their right to a hearing, which local elected county officials appealed for, was unjustly denied.

As I stepped in front of the advancing pickup truck, images ran through my mind of myself as the pro-democracy demonstrator in China who had stepped in front of an advancing tank. I experienced a momentary rush of satisfaction in actually putting my beliefs on the line for a cause—despite all the meetings, debating, and writing, it had come down to this. Only here there were plenty of police on hand to stop the process, and I was arrested by the UCSC police. . . .

I was placed in a bunker-type room which was mentally tortuous. I analyzed all the markings on the floor as well as all the graffiti on the walls. Visions ran through my mind of the political prisoner in *A Tale of Two Cities* who was kept in a dungeon for many years. The upshot of the tale, of course, was the French Revolution.

As it turned out, I spent that one day in jail.

[January 23, 1992]

New York Times

Yet another critic of modern architecture clears his or her throat:

The widespread, persistent and increasing loss of wild birds (a high estimate of 976 million fatalities) from window collisions (not just winter feeders, but through the year, particularly during migration) contrasts sharply with the relatively meager losses from such catastrophes as oil spills, pesticides and collisions with vehicles. You did not go far enough in "Windows Near Bird Feeders Can Pose a Deadly Threat" (Science Times, December 31, 1991).

The Fish and Wildlife Service's Office of Migratory Bird Management introduced me to the expert on this subject, Dan Klem, when I was preparing a booklet on backyard bird problems. Dr. Klem, an associate professor at Muhlenberg College, may be the only ornithologist to consider "plate glass predation" worthy of study. The results of his nearly two decades of research have been published in journals, including an article on prevention techniques for *Living Bird*, the Cornell Laboratory of Ornithology's popular magazine, in 1985.

Dr. Klem's studies show that the scare techniques you mention, falcon silhouettes and owl decals, do not significantly reduce window deaths.

Homeowners can prevent a major cause of bird killing by requiring architects to use angled or nonreflective glass and by retrofitting windows with an external covering. Now that I know it's not just a few birds, I've chosen to cover my killer windows with bird netting.

—Heidi Hughes
Vice President
American Backyard Bird Society
Jefferson, Maryland
[February 4, 1992]

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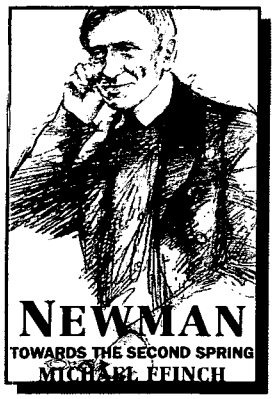
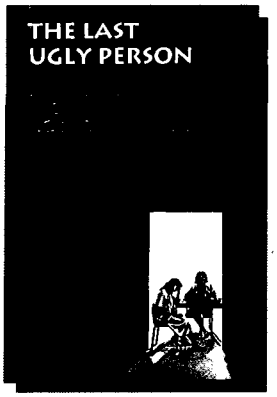
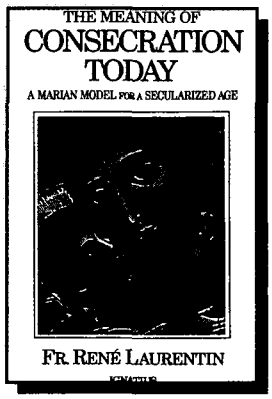
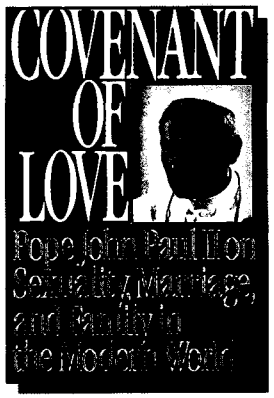
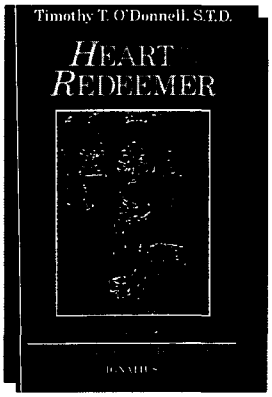
NEW SPRING BOOKS FROM IGNATIUS

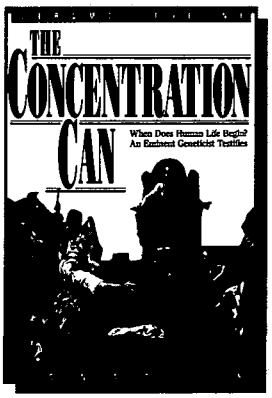


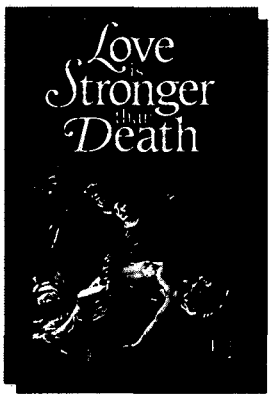


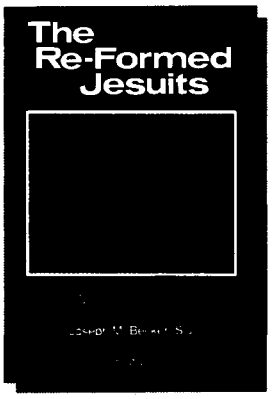












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